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LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

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Letters of Travel

THROUGH

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, FRANCE, SWIT-
ZERLAND, HOLLAND, BELGIUM,
GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

Made in 1883.

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PREFACE.

These Letters contain the experiences of my second extended Tour.

They were written from day to day in such moments as could be snatched from Travel, without any regard to style, and for the purpose of keeping me in communication with the dear ones to whom they are addressed.

I now print them for their gratification, and in no sense whatever do I intend this printing to be regarded as a publication in whole or in part.

The very hurried manner in which they were written, and the persons named and the subjects discussed, sufficiently evidence my design and desire as to their publicity; and I feel sure will be regarded by those into whose hands they may come.

FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

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LETTERS.

[No. 1.]

GILSEY HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
TUESDAY, *April*, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

As I will write from time to time, and these letters must have a beginning, I will mark this No. 1, though it will not contain much of interest.

When I left Winchester yesterday morning, you know my cold still clung to me, and I feared would be much aggravated, not only by the bad weather, but also by the quantity of talking I would probably have to do in meeting acquaintances by the way. The anticipation of the acquaintances and the apprehension of the evil effects of the talking were not realized. Mr. William Baker was with me to Baltimore. When we reached that city, he remained. I took a street car across to the Charles Street depot, and in an hour or so was en route to this city. On one of the fast trains we arrived here at about 5.20 p. m. Soon after leaving Baltimore a gentleman came up and spoke to me, whom I recognized as Mr. William A. Stewart, the cattle and salt man of southwest Virginia. He was going to meet his daughter, a school-girl, returning from an absence in Europe of six months. Of course, we had much and many things to talk about, and my lungs, throat and tongue had no rest till we reached this city; but no harm resulted. I came forthwith to the hotel that heads this letter, five miles up town, and as I was about to register, Taylor came in and we had a happy meeting. It is an excellent house.

This morning I took a cab and started out to fix up my affairs and make ready for the sea. I went first to the office of the

"Cunard Line," not to get my ticket, Taylor had already done that, but to enquire when I could take my trunk aboard—and who my roommate was. I learned that he was an Australian. This is curious, for you remember one of my companions on the Pacific and through California and Colorado was an Australian. I am destined to associate with antipodes. I hope I may find this as pleasant and good a fellow as I found the former. Mr. Brown told me he was well spoken of by those who made him known to them.

I then went to Brown Bros. & Co., Bankers and Brokers, in Wall street, to get my letter of credit. I had to be identified. I referred the young man who waited on me to several. He sent to Roger A. Prior as the nearest.

So soon as I was known began those attentions and courtesies, which my good fortune seems to bring me wherever I go. Whilst the proper officers were putting my letters of credit in form, Mr. William H. Gilton, who appeared to be one of the chief men in the house, came in and introduced himself. Said he knew Mr. William Frazier and Col. Skinner of Staunton. Had met them at Capon Springs, and talked with me about Virginia and her affairs. He said he would send me letters of introduction to his correspondents abroad that might aid me in my journey, and tendered every facility in his power. I then went and called on Mr. William J. Hunt, at his place of business, to thank him in person for his kindness in getting me a stateroom on the steamer; he is the gentleman, who at Mittie's request, was so polite. He expressed the gratification it gave him to comply with her wishes, and for any aid he had afforded me.

After looking in on Leggat, my bookman, I drove to the steamer "Gallia," went aboard and viewed my room, which I am to occupy on my passage over the sea; it is an excellent one and all that I could desire.

The afternoon Taylor and I spent together and walked up and down Broadway, wondering whither this rush is tending and what is going to become of it. I will now stop; you will not hear again till a letter mailed by me on the other side can come back. Love to all at home.

Send this to Charles, as do the letters I shall write whilst away. I intended answering his card in Winchester, but he must take this in lieu. When you write to me abroad (which you must do soon and often, to meet me there not long after my arrival),

address to care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., Founder's Court, Lothbury, London, E. C., England. Good bye.

Affectionately,

F.

I forgot to say that Taylor and I heard Modjeska last night as "Viola" in Twelfth Night. I was disappointed; like so many, she mistakes the movement of the limbs or violent action for the expression of deep emotion; which is quiet, or ought to be.

[No. 2.]

STEAMSHIP "GALLIA," *between New York and Queenstown,*
April 18-26, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

When I left you in New York City, I took a cab and was rolled with myself and trunk to the steamer on which I am now writing. I think I told you I had received a letter from the agents of this line, Vernon H. Brown & Co., politely asking me to exchange my stateroom, to suit the wishes and convenience of a family, who were far separated on the steamer, and much desired to be together. Such requests I am always inclined to grant, if possible, for they are not unreasonable. And I have met with many kindnesses and courtesies on my travels, which have so greatly enhanced the pleasures and comforts of the journey, that I am always inclined to reciprocate, hoping for the same appreciation upon the part of others.

I went to the office at the pier, and informed the clerk he might thus telephone to the chief office up town. He, a bright, nice fellow, recognized me and introduced himself as Mr. Bowly, a nephew of our Mr. Bowly (Dorsey & Bowly). He was very glad to meet me, and tendered his services. He said he had seen me on his visits to Winchester. I told him, as far as I could, of the members of his Winchester family, now so scattered. I accepted his services, and asked him to see that my trunk was put into my stateroom and things made comfortable for me; as I could then go into the city and spend the few hours that intervened before the departure of the vessel. This he kindly promised and did.

On my return, a short time before the hour of sailing, I found everything as I desired. You must tell George, when you see him, of his cousin's politeness.

The departure of the steamer was a splendid sight. The passengers numbered nearly 300; of course many of them had their friends, who had come down to the water with floral offerings, to speed them off. Christine Nillson and Albani are on board. Their rival corps of singers and operatic friends came down in harbor steamboats with flowers, bunting, and music.

The wharf from which we sailed, and others, were crowded with men, women, and children, in their best attire; and as we slipped cable, the view from the deck was beautiful exceedingly. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the sky without a cloud, the temperature as balmy as the season, the waving of handkerchiefs and bouquets from hundreds that covered the decks, responded to by the thousands that thronged the piers, was a sight so brilliant and joyous, that it seemed prophetic of our voyage. And then the jaunty steamboats followed us several miles, discoursing music from their bands, giving pleasure to all, save, perhaps, the two for whom the honor was intended, each jealous of the other, and fearful that the spectators might compare unfavorably as to their respective claims: for the knowing ones aboard say there is enmity between the sweet singers.

My room-mate is a New York merchant, a bachelor of about 45. He tries to make himself pleasant and does not altogether fail; but it is a success more owing to my ability to adapt myself to him, than any peculiar interest or virtue in himself. Like many men of his class with whom I have had the fortune to meet, he is very ignorant beyond his own business, and is not aware how ignorant he is, of which I take care not to inform him in an offensive way. And so we sail well together, as I've no doubt he thinks me a reasonably good fellow.

Among the 300 passengers, of course there are "birds of every feather," merchants, professional men, men of no pursuit or profession, Americans, Germans, French, English, Irish, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, &c. I know some of them, as many as I want to, but I know none of any especial note or mark, or whose association has afforded me any particular interest. I have met men of Chicago, of Cincinnati, of New York, of Boston, of Philadelphia, but not one Southern man.

All have treated me with consideration with whom I have been thrown in contact, and with some I have had daily talks. But in the crowd have met with scarcely any highly cultivated men.

Mr. Atkinson (of Boston, you know), who was mainly instrumental in getting up the Atlanta Cotton Exposition a year or so ago, and who has talked and written a good deal on the cotton culture and question, is on board, and sought my acquaintance. He said he intended to have paid his respects to me in Richmond when I was in office, but his stay was so short he did not have time. We were interrupted in our conversation, and I can therefore express no opinion now of him, for I could form none. I may see more of him. The fact that I have met few men of culture among so many has surprised me somewhat, though it does not imply none are with us. I do not know them all, but the general appearance of the lot is rather commonplace, though many of the large northern cities are represented, and the "Hub" has some among them. My next at table, Mr. Kelly, an Irishman, born not far from Cork, now a merchant in Boston, who left Ireland more than thirty years ago, and seems from his appearance to have thriven and to be a worthy man. He has two children with him, a boy and girl of say 16 and 17 respectively, whom he is taking to visit his fatherland. He has excellent Irish sense and temper, and we may travel through the "Emerald" together, and for me it may be another fortunate meeting, so many of which occur.

The word "*meeting*" in the line above shows a sudden tremor of the hand; just then a heavy sea struck us and shook the vessel from stem to stern, a port-hole was open, and the water washed in and filled some of the ways and created for a while a panic among the passengers. But it was soon settled, for this fine vessel is so built, that she can suffer a flood in part, without affecting other portions. As I finished these words, however, a young lady came running to me in great excitement and told me that the water had flooded some of the rooms below, and one old lady lying in her stateroom with the door open, received the whole benefit of the wave which came into one of the port windows on the opposite side, and was near being suffocated with its rush.

My room happily escaped. Of course I am sorry for the old lady, and not either with any secret joy after the fashion of de la Rochefoucauld. This leads me to say we have had a good passage so far.

For some days (I am now writing on Tuesday 24th) the weather was balmy and pleasant, and we could sit on deck and enjoy the run of the vessel.

But for a day or two the weather has not been so favorable. While not assailed by storms, high seas have been running and chilly breezes have prevailed that render the deck uncomfortable.

The contrast between the northern Atlantic and the Tropie and Pacific seas, I traversed a year ago, are very noticeable, and much to the disparagement of the first, as a scene and source of pleasure. This is bleak in water and air. No birds enliven the latter or fish the former. There seems to be no time of day, sailing in the tropics, when one cannot sit on deck, and enjoy the changing hues of sea and sky, ever brilliant and charming, watching the fish as they speed from crest to crest of the sparkling waves, or the graceful birds as they arch the ship from morning till night with untiring wing. Here it is only the mighty "waste of waters" into which men "go down in ships;" and strange, though we are traversing the sea-thoroughfare of the world, and hundreds of vessels are out upon it, coming or going, we have rarely seen, since we left the harbor of New York, a smoke or a sail. The expanse is so vast, that each can follow its own track and never seem to cross or come in view of any other. Vessels lead a lonesome life, save when they gather into port, at their journey's end.

You remember I spoke in my former voyage of the scene I witnessed, probably on my first evening at sea, when the moon got up as the sun went down, and how they vied with each other in the wonders they performed, painting their beauties upon the waves. The same conjunction occurred on our first evening on the Atlantic, but without any of the effects I witnessed then. The sun went down and the moon arose, but the environments were not such as to herald them as in the tropics. And they did not, as then, write the splendors of their going and coming upon the waters; they simply set and rose—nothing more—and the murky Ocean paid no attention or obeisance to them.

As usual, I have not suffered from sea-sickness. You know, I left far from being well; my liver was out of sorts and I had a cold. I rather hoped I would be sea-sick; I thought it would set me straight. I have been getting, I hope, somewhat better all the time. The cold seems to be slowly going, and the liver is doing as

it should, and I hope, when I get ashore, I will be ready to enjoy the scenes for which I have longed so many years.

This is a fine ship and finely conducted. It is the largest sea-going vessel I have ever travelled in—I think 450 feet long, and her employees number one hundred and fifty—quite a settlement. Yet everything is conducted in perfect order and quiet—the stewards and attendants are polite and respectful, and the fare all one could desire.

There is no flash and show in anything, but solid, good and substantial. It is wonderful how the hours slip by. I am now writing on Wednesday, just one week since we sailed, and what has gone with the time? It seems so short! I amuse myself walking the deck, when the waves do not roll with too much swell, reading, talking with the passengers, lying on my back in my berth thinking, or watching the clouds as they drift, or the sea as it dashes sometimes its waves to meet them. I never suffer *ennui* on the Ocean.

Thursday, 26th.

To-morrow we hope to reach Queenstown. There I shall get off, send my trunks on to Liverpool by the ship, and I shall, with my satchel, look over the “Green Isle.” I hear that should fogs prevail, the vessel will pass on at once to Liverpool. In such an event my plans must be changed.

Whilst sitting on the deck to-day, a young man introduced himself to me as a Mr. Brown from Providence, and politely asked to obtain some information about the South. I found he was the son of Brown, of the Brown, Ives & Co., the manufacturers. He was a gentlemanly fellow, and I talked with him some time, telling him of Virginia and the Confederacy.

We are going with a bright sky above us, around us the waves are tossing somewhat, and we have against us a stiff breeze. I am writing, as the foregoing, from time to time, has been written, in the dining saloon, and with me are many engaged in the same occupation, anticipating land. We do not know certainly when we will reach Queenstown, some time between sundown and midnight it is thought. But I must close this letter now, so that I can mail it and look out for the shores of Ireland. I will tell you of my arrival in the next.

I have had another talk with Mr. Atkinson, this time on politics. He is intelligent, enterprising, and industrious, and has been a useful

man in exciting interest in and developing the resources of our country. In political thought, he is like most of the people of New England, full of public schools, township systems, and the like, and thinks them a panacea for every ill that threatens the Republic. These are, of course, good things in their way, and have their proper sphere and work, but when you mount into the high arena where the elements of government prevail, and where its life is assailed by forces equally as subtle and strong as its own, these ideas become purely mechanical, and their advocate has his images soon knocked to pieces, himself sent far from shore and is bewildered as one lost. It is sad to feel that on this ground, where at last the fate of all governments have to be decided, shallow people are now wielding our destinies simply by their number and material wealth.

And now good-bye. Love to home people. Send to Charles with my love for all. He must write often. Send him, too, my London address.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 3.]

LONDON, CHARING CROSS HOTEL,
SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

If you have received my letter addressed to your Uncle Taylor, closed on the 26th inst. and mailed in Queenstown, you may be surprised to find this dated London. Yet here I am in London—the city towards which my eyes and thoughts have been turned since boyhood! May not my long acquaintance with its topography, its history and its associations make it seem so familiar that the very familiarity take away something of its charm? We will see.

When I last wrote I had almost determined to leave the steamer at Queenstown and go through Ireland. Soon, however, after my letter was closed a stiff wind sprang up from the east, bringing mist and rain. When we arrived at Queenstown, about midnight of the 26th, the rain was coming down in torrents. This deterred Mr. Kelly, as both his son and daughter, who were with him, were delicate. This alone would not have stopped me; but Irish and

Scotch gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had made on the vessel, advised me I could not now visit profitably either Ireland or Scotland. It is too soon in the season. Vegetation had not as yet put on its leaf, and the various tourists' lines of stage and boat are not open for travel. I concluded not to attempt it—a wise conclusion, I am sure, for I find that England is not at present much, if any, further advanced toward summer than Virginia was when I left home; so that, had I gone, a dreary journey it would have been, had it been possible for me to make it at all. Thus, I have postponed Ireland and Scotland to a more convenient and agreeable season.

Early on the 27th I was up and on deck, to see the rim of "Erin," which I did from the time the steamer left Queenstown till the shore-line disappeared along our northwestern sky. It was, unfortunately, a foggy, rainy morning, and the brightness of the green, which has given her so poetic a name, was obscured, and I could only enjoy the beauty of outline and infer the coloring. The early day, too, was damp and chilly, and it was not enjoyable to be on deck and I bade good-by to Ireland, hoping to see her under better skies. After awhile the clouds drifted, the sun came out and lighted our way towards Liverpool. The sea brightened up, too, and put on a better face. Birds came as if to welcome us, and the loneliness which had been about our pathway across the waters was enlivened by ships of sail and steam, as they sprang up around our horizon. Holyhead stood boldly on our right and the Skerries and the coast of Wales, and I went to bed with the promise that we would be in Liverpool in the morning.

The 28th came and we were, it is true, off Liverpool; but it was a sure enough English morning. Though Liverpool was nigh; we could not see it—a fog prevailed that the eye could not penetrate, mixed with drizzling rain. It was some time before we could reach our landing, and it was 10 o'clock before we, with our baggage, were put ashore.

As I was leaving with some new-made friends, and as I stepped upon the dock, I was politely saluted by a touch of the hat and an inquiry, if I "was Governor Holliday?" I responded in the affirmative. The individual informed me he had been sent by Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co. to see after me. That they had been cabled by Messrs. Brown, Bros. & Co., of New York, that I would arrive in the "Gallia," and that he had come to take charge of me,

to help my trunk through the custom house, and to obey my orders. This was a considerable relief, for the crowd was great, the quantity of baggage greater, and each trying to pass his through the officer's hands first. My active and experienced guide and guard got my trunk off and into the custom house in a moment. I gave him my key and very soon (in a few minutes) he returned with the officer, who, with a polite salutation, handed me the key and said all was right. In a few moments more I was in a cab, with my guide and trunk on top, and whirling to the office of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co, the earliest to get away. I saw the chief in the office, thanked him for his courtesy, and in response to tenders of further services, told him that the weather induced me to postpone my visit to Liverpool and hurry on to London; for, at that moment, it was raining, with not much promise of a let up.

I then drove, at once, to the North-Western and London Railway Co. House, regarded as a first-class hotel. Not expecting to remain long in the city, I went there more particularly to be able to take the train to London, without a transfer of baggage, as the track is alongside of the hotel. In a few minutes after my arrival, I met an acquaintance, whom I had made on the Gallia, by the name of Murrill, from Chicago, and he proposed we should procure third-class tickets for London, only about one-half charge of first-class. There are three classes. I told him my object was observation, and I had no objection, provided the associations were not unpleasant. He said we could go and look at the train just making up, and see the cars for ourselves, and then determine. We did so. I found them coaches, entering from the side, with seats facing each other. The seats of the first-class were divided by two arms, thus making three seats and only three on each length. The upholstering and curtains were better than the second and third class, whose seats were similarly arranged, save that they were undivided by arms, allowing, in case of crowd, a greater number of passengers to a length. My hotel porter said he would save me trouble of baggage (luggage they call it here) and seat; he would look after both for me. My friend, Mr. Murrill, bought our tickets. The porter soon came and showed me the van where he had put my trunk. These vans are luggage cars, very similar in appearance and construction to the coaches for passengers, and are attached to them in close conjunction. He informed us he had a car for us two of third-class, which was empty; we took it to ourselves.

Before starting I saw another friend, whom I had met on the steamer, by the name of Inglis—a Scotchman who came to America forty years ago, and, I should infer, had done well. I called him in. He had a second-class ticket, but said we looked so comfortable, he was obliged to me for the invitation. Thus, we had the whole compartment to ourselves. Afterwards an English laboring man, but a decent, respectable fellow, got in, with whom I had a pleasant chat as we travelled, and, towards the end of our journey, two highly genteel-looking young men, evidently of education, thus showing that this third-class is used by respectable people of moderate circumstances to save expense; and you can infer how much is thus saved when I tell you my ticket—third-class—cost 16s. 9d. (\$4.18), to London, 205 miles, whilst a first-class ticket would have cost \$7.85—nearly twice as much. We had this compartment almost entirely to ourselves and could enjoy the view on either side, for the sides are glass and really quite as good, if not better, for observation when thus occupied than our own cars. I shall, from time to time, take the different classes that I may see the different phases of English life. I am getting into their modes and will soon feel at home. As far as I have gone, I have been struck with the politeness and courtesy of officials and employees and people generally—than which nothing tends more to make travelling enjoyable.

You remember Mr. Blackford recommended me to the Inns of Court Hotel and gave me a letter of introduction to the proprietor. I, of course, appreciated his kindness; but the gentlemen with whom I am had before stopped at this (Charing Cross) and said it was regarded as excellent, and then, being in the very heart of London and opening on the great thoroughfares of the Strand and Fleet Street, I resolved to come here. The train we were on was the express, running through from Liverpool to London in five hours. We made few stoppages—two or three—scooping up water for the engine as we ran.

We sped through a country largely manufacturing and grazing. At first I was disappointed in its cultivation. The fencing, mostly hedges, seemed in many places to have died out; and not renewed, presented a ragged look. The houses were plain, without any attempt at ornamentation and sometimes needing repair. The trees were as yet without foliage—some few fruit trees in blossom, but not many, and vegetation backward. As we came towards London

things looked better. Not much wheat, but frequently, on either hand, extensive reaches of country, clothed in the richest grass and thronged with cattle and sheep. The clouds, from time to time, lifted and the sun peeped out, and the country laughed like "Merry England" again. And so we came to London.

After obtaining our rooms Mr. Murrill and I walked up the Strand, Fleet and Ludgate and looked old St. Paul's in the face. I will tell you of my thoughts when I write again. It is time for me to go to bed now and thus end this Saturday night—my first in London. I close my letter that I may post it by the earliest mail. Love to all. Send to Charles, with same.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 4.]

CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

April 29, 30, 1883.

Dear Margaret,—

I wrote (No. 3.) to Mary and mailed it on Sunday, bringing my Letters up to April 29th (Sunday).

On Sunday, Mr. Murrill and I determined to go and hear Spurgeon, and we also determined to walk. His church, called Metropolitan Chapel, is on the south side of the Thames, and distant from this hotel two miles. We crossed the river on Waterloo Bridge, and walked in a direct line through Waterloo street to a circle whence other streets radiate, called St. George's Circus, (these circles or radiating points are sometimes so called in London) and thence along London Road to another circus called Elephant and Castle: near by, is Spurgeon's chapel. The proximity was indicated, as we were told by a policeman it would be, by the crowd tending towards it.

When we arrived at the door, a respectable old gentleman accosted and invited us to follow him and he would give us seats. He escorted us to the front of the church and seated us in his own and an adjoining pew. Though our point of observation was good, he informed us after a few moments he had just learned that Spurgeon

was too sick to preach. It seems that his constitution is considerably shattered, and that whilst he is struggling on he every now and then completely breaks down, and is unable to enter the pulpit. Our disappointment was great, but I had a good opportunity of seeing the church and his mode of conducting the service. The auditorium is large and fine for the purpose intended. It is elliptical, with three galleries around without a break. There is no pulpit, but two platforms near one of the foci of the ellipse; the smaller, with a simple desk or lectern surrounded by a rail from which he speaks, and below another platform, larger, where the orphans of his church-school are gathered with their teachers. There is no choir, only congregational singing led by a clerk, who stands on the left of the preacher's desk and simply leads without any instrumental accompaniment.

Spurgeon seems to have drilled his people well, for the whole assembly appeared to join in song and filled the building with a volume of sound.

My friend, who had been so polite in getting me a seat, had his wife with him, a kind, motherly old lady, and we had much talk when we could slip it in. She idolized Spurgeon, and said I must be sure to come again. She said his people seem very anxious about him, and feared he had broken himself down by over-work. And who was to take his place? He had two sons, but neither of them could fill their father's shoes. One of them had a charge at Greenwich, and would preach here to-night—I must come and hear him, and much more that made us friends, but which I have not time to repeat. I forgot to say that they claim for this church a capacity of 7,000. The man who conducted the service to-day and preached, bored me very much, and I brought away with my disappointment only my knowledge of the church and the pleasing memories of my kind and good Englishman and wife; for we shook hands at parting with many wishes for each other's welfare.

The morning had opened badly, with fog and threats of rain, which continued till we entered the church. When we came out, the clouds had begun to drift, and the sun was trying to shine. We determined to return by another route, and mounted an omnibus on the outside. These busses are like ours, save that the tops are seated and will accommodate ten or twelve passengers, two or three with the driver, and seats lengthwise, with their backs to each other,

or sometimes facing the horses; an excellent way to ride through the thoroughfares of London. We returned by Westminster Bridge, and as we crossed it, on our left and on the south side of the river was the St. Thomas's Hospital, and on the opposite or north side I saw, for the first time the Parliament Houses, stretching with their hundred spires and points along the Thames, which washed their base with its now turbid waters. And, beyond, Westminster Abbey bid me all hail and welcome! And I felt that I was, sure enough, in London!

In the morning I had met with an American, a Mr. Pew, of New Jersey, now living in Canada and engaged in railroading. He had come over to attend to some affairs connected with his schemes. Mr. Murrill was used up with fatigue, so Mr. Pew and I went to Westminster Abbey together to attend the afternoon service. We had an excellent sermon from Canon Berry, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." It was put in a clear, concise, and scholarly way. The Abbey was full of people. I happily was near enough to hear the preacher, but alas! our beautiful liturgy was *intoned*. The puny voice of the reader was whined and lost, insignificantly, amid the far-reaching arches of the noble structure. But the unpleasant sensations thus produced, were clean swept away when the organ and choir sent out their volume of harmony. The old cathedral seemed to open up its farthest spaces, that it might receive and glorify, and be in turn glorified by the joyous song.

When the service was over, we came away. I could not then stop to examine the Abbey and its curious contents. I simply looked around me, and took a glance, as I and the crowd passed out. It seemed very familiar to me, and as if I had been there before, and excited in me no wonder, as, when yesterday, I walked the Strand and Fleet and Ludgate Hill, and elbowed the throng which has been ebbing and flowing there ever since old Sam Johnson counted his steps along their crowded way. After strolling the streets for awhile, I went to bed and sound asleep.

SAME HOTEL, April 30, 1883.

The places and houses and spots I write you of, I cannot stop to minutely describe. I left my Harper's Guidebook of London in my library; you can get it and follow me with the map you will find

in one of the volumes. Charles has Black's Guidebook, which has a map.

This morning we were up early, and by half-past eight o'clock Mr. Murrill, Mr. Pew and myself started to get our breakfast. We were to learn that our hours were altogether too soon for London. We went to Spiers & Pond, on the Strand—a stylish eating-house where we had a good dinner on our first day in London—but they were not open, and this we found to be the case with those of any import. But we came across one of second or third-class, not much more ready for custom, but still open. We called for chops and coffee. We were waited on by girls. Thus I have found it generally in England. The eating-houses at the railway stations and the offices at hotels are in most instances served by girls—many of them good-looking and well-behaved. One such waited on us in this eating-house. Her cheeks were as red as roses, and she bloomed with a radiance which does not often exist in our country without an artist-touch. I made bold to tell her so. She took it in very good part, and, opening her eyes in wonder, asked: "And is that true?" I said yes. She asked: "And why don't the women have bright color in America?" I told her I supposed because our climate was so dry and sometimes so hot; but, I added, we have lots of "fellows in America who would admire vastly such a bloom." She bridled up somewhat, but not by any means ill-naturedly, and said: "And we have lots of fellows in London, too." Having no emigration schemes on foot, I let the conversation drop.

When we had breakfasted, I told my friends I hardly thought they could undergo the fatigue I proposed for myself, as I intended to walk for some hours. I bade them good morning, and, agreeing to meet them at the hotel at five o'clock, I started out alone to see London as I have always thought it ought to be seen. The genius of this "Nation of a City" is too big to need companionship. Our communings must be with it alone. So I have always thought, and my to-day's experience assured me I was right.

I strolled up the Strand and Fleet and Ludgate Hill, and now, after walking around St. Paul's and seeing how it lifted itself up over London from the rushing current of its trade; after looking among the few worn and shattered tombstones—too old, some of them, to tell any story—which are enclosed by an iron fence in what is called St. Paul's Churchyard—not much of a yard,

though they have made the most of what there is with grass and flowers; after looking up at its weather-beaten walls and turrets and dome, which seemed as if some giant had smeared them with soot, I went in and wandered about, and read the inscriptions upon the slabs and busts and stones and monuments—some preserving names whose deeds, if any they did, have long since passed from the memory of men, and some preserving names which will survive their stone effigies and which the world will not let die; some in excellent taste and some so wanting in it as to excite surprise. For instance, old Sam Johnson clad in classic style! Loving the classics as he did, wouldn't he have roared till Bozzy's hair stood on end, if he had been told they would put him by a column with nothing around his bulky body but a sheet, and his ungraceful, strumous legs, arms and breast exposed to the gaze of the vulgar multitude? He would have looked just right in his snuffy coat and wig, blinking his bleared eyes as he poured out his ponderous, honest thoughts.

Whilst I was thus lingering and enjoying myself, the hour of morning service came and I remained again as at Westminster Abbey, to be annoyed by the intoning whine, yet again to be charmed by the heavenly notes of the cathedral organ, as bearing with it the voices of the choir, it filled the dome and arches of the historic church.

When I left St. Paul's, I sauntered on down Cheapside and Poultry, and stood with the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House about me. I walked around the Bank; I did not care to go in: that at another time. I saw "17 Moorgate Street, the Council of Foreign Bondholders," but I did not purpose then to answer Mr. Bouverie's cablegram. I was walking through Lothbury street, and thought I would go in and see my bankers, simply to let them know I was here and to inquire for letters and papers. I was looking for the number, and seeing a gentleman with a bundle of papers in his hand, I asked him to direct me, he remarked at once he would with pleasure; that he having observed and regarding me as a stranger, was about to tender his services. And thus courteously have I been treated since I have been in England.

I wish I could give you the incidents of my rambles over London, but it is impossible. I stop and chat with all sorts of people and gather knowledge which I could not get from books or in

riding. I found Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., and told them I had not expected to see them so soon, but being in the neighborhood only called to inquire for letters, hardly hoping to get any. They were very polite, and tendered their services whilst in London.

I then wandered down King William street towards London Bridge; this you know stands upon the site of the oldest and most famous of the Thames bridges. It was formerly in the nature of a street, having booths or houses on either side where great traffic prevailed. Now it is a massive viaduct of granite, spanning the river with stone arches over which a crowd of wagons, coaches, carts, horsemen, footmen and passengers of every sort are streaming in an unbroken flow. I walked across that I might view, especially down the river towards the east, the craft which filled the channel. I wanted too to have a sight of the Tower of London on the one hand, and St. Paul's on the other, for you remember the oft-quoted words of Macaulay when he wished to signify the durability of the Romish Church, that as it had survived so many powers and dynasties, so it would, perhaps, the most imperishable of British things, "when perchance some traveller from New Zealand shall take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." We will not stop to quarrel with Macaulay for having, without giving credit, stolen this striking figure, but we will quarrel with the London and Southeastern Railway Co., for having destroyed its potency by building one of its modern mammoth depots on Cannon street, which has shut out the view of St. Paul's save from the bridge's extreme southern arch.

The Tower of London still lifts itself boldly out upon the east, and as you stand on this arch, looking northward toward London, the view of these two objects, St. Paul's on the left, and the Tower on the right, rising so grandly from their surroundings, and so thronged with memories, is very striking.

I then recrossed the bridge and inquired the name of a large granite building located near the northern end. The cockney whom I asked responded, "Fishmongers' 'All," leaving me to guess whether they were *all* fishmongers, or that he had dropped an H, as my table steward on the Gallia would ask me, with great unction every day, "whether I would 'ave 'Am and Heggs."

I then inquired my way to Billingsgate, redolent of odors both labial and nasal. Another polite Britisher showed me the way

by a flight of steps down from the bridge's end, and towards the Tower. I followed his direction and, as he said, I could not "mistake the market when I got there," there can be no more dirty and stinking place out of Cologne. There has been otherwise reformation; the dreadful women, who once gathered there, and gave rise to "Billingsgate," as a term of speech, have disappeared, and their places taken mostly by men, dirty and frowsy enough, in all conscience, but with mouths not so loud and foul as formerly. I passed, as rapidly as I could, through the reeking place, taking with me a good idea of how Billingsgate looked and smelt. And then strolled on down Tower street and soon stood looking up at its walls. It was too late in the day for me to visit it, for I want to spend some hours there.

I retraced my steps, and followed Cannon and Victoria streets till I reached the northern end of Blackfriars Bridge, which lies higher up the river than the London. This is of iron as the London is of stone, and whilst, of course, the travel and traffic is large, not nearly so great. I walked across this too, that I might get another view of the river up and down, and also of St. Paul's, for as St. Paul's lies northwest of London Bridge, it lies northeast of this, and having no obstruction, the view is admirable—the best, I have no doubt, in the city.

I have omitted many things of interest because I have not time to name them, such as the monument of the great fire, the monument of Sir Robert Peel, near the Bank, and of King William, near the fire monument, both the latter near the London Bridge, &c., &c. From Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster, sweeps on the north side of the river, Victoria Embankment—one of the most splendid works in London. On the opposite, from Westminster Bridge to above Lambeth Palace, sweeps the Prince Albert Embankment, another noble work—the former nearly a mile and a-half in length, the latter about four-fifths of a mile. They are immense. Where lately the tides ebbed and flowed is now solid ground, protected by a water-wall of granite high above the river in its flood, on which are delightful walks and drives, the Victoria sometimes laid out in parks and gardens, ornamented with flowers, grass and trees. On a pier of the water-wall of the Victoria Embankment stands an obelisk—the fellow to the one now in Central Park, New York.

Along this charming way I strolled, from Blackfriars to Charing Cross, about two-thirds its length, and came to my room after a walk probably of fourteen or fifteen miles. A delightful time I had—we, Gog, Magog and I! London has many secrets, even to those who think they know the names and appearance of her numerous sights; for through them there is a genius which comes from the heart of the greatest city probably that has ever been built, and which makes us feel that it is only by patient investigation we can appreciate its immensity.

My two friends, Murrill and Pew, and I took dinner at a restaurant together, and then strolled up Regent and Oxford streets—the rendezvous of fashion of an evening. And here I will mention how the weather favored me. It has been a delightful day, when simple walking was a luxury. We then went to visit Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. Everybody goes to see these, and Charles will remember how in our old friend's (Mr. Thomas F. Nelson) mind they survived the memory of the Tower, the Abbey and all. They did not so affect me; but she has, or rather her survivors have (for she is dead) many things of historic interest and value, which make her rooms worth visiting. After a long and profitable day, I came home and did what I always do with pleasure—went to bed and to sleep.

SAME HOTEL, *Tuesday, May 1, 1883.*

This morning my two friends and myself, profiting by experience, did not attempt to get our breakfast till half-past nine o'clock. This we did nicely at the Adelphi Restaurant, nearer our hotel, and suited me better as having the only first-rate bread I have seen in London—more like our American bakers' bread—what I had hitherto eaten being heavy and hard; but I will add that even 9.30 o'clock was much too soon for them, their rooms not yet being set in order. The Britisher don't like to see the sun rise. You remember I had the same experience last year in Victoria, Vancouver's Island.

One of my friends, Mr. Murrill, left for Paris this morning to meet his family, who had been in Switzerland. I parted with the other, to join him for dinner at five o'clock, whilst I again began my wonderings. At this hotel, there is a large depot and railroad bridge across the Thames; the depot being the only object between the hotel and the river: the front of the hotel facing

the Strand, with a large plaza between it and the street, which is ever thronged with pedestrians and carriages of every sort. I could not, by possibility, have selected a hotel better suited to my purposes, for across the street are two American Exchanges, a little further away is Trafalgar square, with Nelson's monument, guarded by four colossal lions, with equestrian monuments and statues on the square. In sight is the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the National Gallery and Pall Mall, pronounced, you know, "Pell Mell." Not far, again to the south, are Whitehall and Parliament streets, that take us to the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey. A little further still, St. James' Park, all in easy walking distance.

When I left my friend, I walked through the depot and across the footway of the railroad bridge, which is about half way between Westminster Bridge up, and Waterloo Bridge down the river. The view of the Parliament Houses and the Abbey was admirable. On my return, an officer of the road very politely informed me that it was not allowed to foot-passengers. I expressed my regret at having infringed the rules; but the deed was done and the benefit obtained, which, I was happy to say, could not be returned. This was in good part and pleasant.

I then descended to the Victoria Embankment, of which I have hitherto spoken, and strolled to Westminster Bridge, which I crossed, and then walked the Albert Embankment, the river on one side and St. Thomas' Hospital on the other. Whilst across, I had a fine continuous view of the Thames front of the Parliament House. I continued my walk to Lambeth Palace, and then crossed the river upon the Lambeth Suspension Bridge, and back through the streets of London to the Abbey, having much talk with the people, which I have not time to relate. Indeed, the incidents and scenes so crowd me, that I hardly know what to write most to interest you with my movements. I will rarely stop to describe any building, monument, or other scene or object that you can get from my guide-books which I left at home; were I to attempt it, I would and could do nothing else, and weary you with details you already know, or can know by easy reference.

I now visited the Abbey, to inspect it and the treasures it contains, and I was hours there oblivious of time. I read the inscriptions, in Latin and English, on the slabs and monuments, and

felt that I had done it before in my life at some, now forgotten, time, and wondered how some of them ever found their way into this mausoleum of the great, and wondered more at not finding some, who ought to be there among the greatest; for of the former, history has not one word to say, of the latter her pages are full. It is marvellous how many are gathered here, and yet, in the glorious building, there is room for more.

At first I felt too familiar with surroundings to be much moved, but as I walked on and on for hours, inspiring exhalations, as it were, from hidden sources seemed to glide into my lungs, and rays of scattered light to come from the shadows of the old pile, and with every moment of time I spent under its arches new revelations dawned, and before I came away it was not hard to realize that I was in, perhaps, the grandest pantheon that man has ever built. Whilst there oblivious of time, the hour of evening service came and I was compelled to put off my further investigations till another time. But this I do not regret. Such a place ought to be visited more than once.

When, at the gait I am going, I will get through London I do not know—nor do I care. I am seeing it as it ought to be seen, and I have always longed to see it. I am in no hurry; if I see nothing but London in my voyage of 3,000 miles I will have been most richly repaid. I have ever thought that whilst London is so full of individual things which interest the English-speaking man, yet there is that which these things inherit, which a simple sight will not give. It is the genius of the place, the “Nation of London”—to walk through the rushing tide of her vast population, to mingle in the crowd, to go from place to place, to see how centres of attraction are not confined. Other cities have one or two great thoroughfares—London has many. You walk the Strand and Fleet and you say, London must be here; but Cheapside and Poultry are the same and Oxford and Holborn and Regent and Cornhill and others I could name.

In the evening Mr. Pew and I went to the theatre—Her Majesty’s, on Pall Mall and Haymarket. I saw nothing worth describing—a medley, called a “Trip to the Moon,” some good singing, comic opera and ballet dancing. The theatre is large though the crowd was not.

I will now close this letter. I will go again to my bankers, hoping to receive letters from some of you. I trust Taylor and all are

well. He must tell me about his building scheme. How he is progressing, too, with my farm improvements? Send this to Charles with love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 5.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,

May 2d, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I closed a letter to Margaret (No. 4) yesterday, May 1st, and mailed it at the American Exchange, which has its quarters, as I have said, across the street from this hotel. I went there to look over the list of arrivals in London from the United States, and was so much pleased with the looks of things that I became a subscriber for one month—\$2. Cheap enough when I tell you it not only gives me knowledge of arrivals here from my own country, but furnishes me with papers from prominent cities and a nice room in which to read them. I felt quite near home when I sat me quietly down and read the *Baltimore Sun* of the 18th and 20th of April, the last received up to this time. To-day I hope to get the issues of several days more.

To go on with my rambles. This morning my friend Mr. Pew and I took our breakfast at the Adelphi at 9.30 o'clock and then we parted, as usual, to meet at 5 p. m. for dinner. I spent most of the day in the National Gallery—as I told you, I think, in sight of this hotel and across from Trafalgar square. I will not bore you with an attempt to describe the paintings, which now number more than a thousand. I could not if I would, I would not if I could. I spent a long time most pleasantly in its halls—not that I could thoroughly appreciate its works of art, but because there were many pictures of the old and later masters of which I had read and heard and of which I have engravings, and it was a gratification to see how the originals looked as they came from the artists' hands.

I was especially gratified to see some of Hogarth's—his own well-known portrait of himself, with his bulldog and easel and the series

of "Marriage à la Mode"—and to see a good many of Landseer's and of Turner's, about whom Ruskin raves as wildly and as gloriously as only Ruskin can, and some of Rubens' and Titian's, about whom only those can speak and write who have studied much, and yet from whose canvas there steals upon the most uncultured eye a strange and subtle something that has charmed many generations and has made their names famous. But I will now stop and only say that, when I had finished the rooms and was about to leave, my watch told me the day was well-nigh gone.

The remaining hours I spent in walking along Pall Mall and around—a little too soon, however, to see the parks in their prime. The foliage is coming, but has not fully come. The grass is rich and green, and awaiting the shadows the burly English trees will cast in a few more days; but I enjoyed my stroll along the Mall, with Carlton Terrace, St. James' Palace and Marlborough House (residence of the Prince of Wales) on one hand and St. James' Park upon the other. The Mall is a broad carriage, horse and foot-way, that bounds the Park upon the north and ends at Buckingham Palace, which marks its western limit. Following the Park towards the south and east, I walked along Birdcage Walk, a way somewhat similar to the Mall, on one side of which lies the Park and on the other Wellington Barracks, where I saw them drilling the new recruits and the awkward squads. And here it occurs to me to remark, if I have not done so before, that the English people have never tired of honoring three names—Wellington, Nelson and Victoria. Wherever you turn you find some memorial of them, which tends everywhere to beautify and adorn their capital. Wellington and Nelson made them famous on land and sea, and the sturdy Englishman is proud to be ever telling it to the world in works of usefulness or art; but the gentle life of Victoria has stolen into the hearts of the truly thoughtful, and made them know and feel that England's greatness, however much it may thunder on the field of arms, comes at last from the quiet strength and beauty of their homes.

On the east side of the Park the walk and drive continue, the Park on the left and the Government Offices and Horse Guards on the right, through to Charing Cross, *via* White Hall and Parliament street, making one broad and handsome thoroughfare, of which I have already spoken as leading to the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey.

Whilst walking by the Parade Ground of the Horse Guards, I met a gentleman and we had a long talk about English things. In the course of it, he said that quite a panic quietly prevailed since the dynamite explosion in the Government Offices not many days ago. Now, he said, those guards you see, are new men, the old have been ordered to other posts, and if you were to hang about much your business would be inquired. He said, he, though an old citizen of London had been quite often stopped and accosted. I thought, perhaps, that the late Philadelphia Convention in behalf of Ireland, of which I have read since my arrival here in the English papers sent by cable, would excite some distrust of Americans, but I have seen no evidence of it. On the contrary, the courtesy and attention have been unvarying.

By the time I reached my hotel, it was near the dinner hour. After dinner Mr. Pèw and I strolled awhile and I then came to my room and had a good night's rest. I must tell you how fine the weather has been. I have had to wear my overcoat all the time, but there has been no heavy rain, and the temperature fit for wandering.

Thursday, May 3, 1883.

On looking out this morning, the sky was over-cast and threatening, and I feared I would be stopped in my sight-seeing. But after Mr. Pew and I had breakfasted at our usual hour, 9.30, I started for a day. I mounted the top of an omnibus and rode through the Strand, Fleet, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside and Poultry to the Bank of England. I came in this direction to-day more particularly to inquire of my bankers, Brown, Shipley & Co., for letters and papers, hoping I might receive one or more from some of you, for so many steamers come and go, that were letters written every day on either side they should in due passage be received every day upon the other. On the omnibus I fell in with a genteel Englishman and had much conversation as we rode. He said he had studied medicine and was then in her Majesty's service. He was anxious to tell me many things of London, and was much surprised when he found I knew as much or more than himself. When we parted at the Bank he gave me his address, and urged me to come and see him.

I went then to Brown, Shipley & Co.'s, but got no letters or papers; as usual, they tendered me services, none of which I wanted.

I then wandered about this wonderful centre of traffic. From the Bank, Royal Exchange and Mansion (residence of the Lord Mayor) which surround an open space radiate many streets, some I had walked before on my former visit to this locality. I now sauntered through Threadneedle, Lombard, Fenchurch, Cornhill, Leadenhall, Prince's, Moorgate, and smaller cross streets. Wherever I went, I was threading a throng: in many places, policemen, as on Broadway, to help passengers across the ways.

When satisfied with this, I passed through Lothbury and Gresham streets to Guild Hall, the City offices where the Lord Mayor has his dinners, and where Gog and Magog live. It was an interesting place to me. The great hall is ornamented with monuments of Nelson, Wellington, the two Pitts, and Lord Mayor Beckford, and its open timber roof is certainly grand, and the figures in wood, of Gog and Magog, carved near two hundred years ago. The ancient fellows looked quite familiar to me and I felt like asking them, "How-d'ye-do."

I then visited the library and museum in the same building. The latter contains antique things principally unearthed on London's site. I looked then at Gresham College, and went back to Cheapside and on into Newgate street, and, to my left, found Christ Hospital, the celebrated charity school, where, you know, Lamb and Coleridge were, and other historic characters, when boys. At the doorway there stood a good-looking, well-fed, contented old Englishman, dressed up in by-gone style, with his braided hat and his red gown, covered with toggery, and his staff of office, blooming like a beadle of whom we have read in our young days; but there was nothing harsh about him. He looked like an ancient fatherly John Bull, just fit to care for fatherless little boys. He was standing in the heavy stone doorway, seeming as though he was there to prevent bad boys from going out, and bad anybodies from coming in. Through this doorway I could see into the stone-paved area, about which scores of lads were sporting, without hats, with shorts and yellow stockings, and low-quartered shoes, and blue coats, reaching almost to their heels, as they have been doing there these hundred years or more.

I told the venerable doorkeeper I wanted to go in, that I had friends who lived there as school boys, generations gone, and I wanted to see the places where they played and studied. He never,

for a moment, thought I meant Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others and he asked me for no names, but let me in and told me to walk about at my pleasure ; so I did ; and a charming thing it was. There are, he said, about 750 of them now. They never, winter or summer, wear hats or head covering of any sort, and the antiquated costume I have above described, the year round. Some of them were bright and happy-looking, and whilst I was there, men and women were coming and going, with baskets and bundles, and were received with joyous greetings by the little fellows, with their bare heads and yellow legs.

I walked on, then, and visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital, not far away, and then to Smithfield Market—built on the famous site where so much English blood has been shed and where so many martyrs have bravely died by fire. It seemed strange to me to be here and stand upon the spot, and when I called up its associations and historic memories, the surroundings seemed stranger. The immense Meat Market stretches its huge bulk over the scene of many startling events, and England is busy feeding where she once destroyed.

The market was not in full blast and I, therefore, could not see the London meat traffic in its prime. I may come this way again.

I now turned back and struck into Newgate Street, and soon found Newgate Prison and, across the way, Old Bailey. Newgate and Old Bailey ! Think of the memories connected with those names ! I happily found the court in session. I spoke to one of the policemen ; he forthwith called his sergeant. I told him who I was and what I wanted. He most politely said he would go with me. He said there were three courts—two for the trial of small offences and one for the trial of felonies. We simply looked in upon the first two. When we came to the last I found the trial going on, and I told him I would remain. He found me a good seat and left me. The room was small—would not contain a hundred people. The judge had on a scarlet gown, white wig and pig-tail. The sheriff, also, had a scarlet gown, but no wig. The lawyers had wigs similar to the one worn by the judge and gowns, but they were black.

The jury were empanelled, as in some of our courthouses, in a box by the wall to the right of the judge. Two men prisoners, charged with an outrage on a woman, were in a box in front of the judge :

they stood the while, and, from their looks, there was no mistaking that they were the accused. The lawyers sat in a body in front of the jurors. I got there in time to hear the arguments for the prosecution and defense. They were ordinary; but from them and the charge of the judge I learned the facts, and there was no doubt in my mind, both from the facts and the looks of the rascals, that both were guilty. But the heart of the judge seemed to warm towards one of the scamps, and he, in effect, in his instructions, told the jury they ought to acquit him. The jury did not leave the box. After a little consultation the foreman reported for the acquittal of one and the conviction of the other, whereupon forthwith the judge sentenced the latter to eight years' penal servitude and set his comrade free. The proceedings were quiet, orderly, decorous, and speedy.

It was now quite late in the afternoon, and I took a hansom and drove rapidly to the hotel. In the evening Mr. Pew and I went to the theatre to hear the distinguished English actor, Henry Irving, in the character of *Benedick* in "Much Ado About Nothing." It was not the rôle in which I should have liked to hear him; but I fear I will hear him in no other whilst in London. His corps is by far the finest I have ever seen upon the stage. There is not an indifferent actor, male or female, among them. Where there are so many good, in a character not highly distinguished from the others, it is hard for the star to shine. I was disappointed—not that he has not some genius, for he has; but he has mannerism and has not risen (if he can rise) to that high sphere where few ever get—the art of concealing art.

His theatre, the Lyceum, on the Strand, is finely fitted up with every appointment, and always, I hear, filled with a large and brilliant crowd. The English regard him as their greatest living actor, and love to praise him. I wish I could hear him in some more impressive rôle—"Hamlet," "Othello," "Richard III.," &c. But I will confess I enjoyed the evening, for the cast was strong and was put upon the boards with so much elegance and taste, that the hours sped too rapidly. In the box with us was an educated Scotchman with whom I had much talk, and before the evening was over we got quite thick and exchanged cards. And so ends a delightful day, in this, like all my London days, so far.

SAME HOTEL, *Friday, May 4, 1883.*

After our usual breakfast, I started alone to further spy out London. I walked up the Strand to Southampton street turning up which, on the left I soon found myself in front of Covent Garden Market, the largest fruit, flower and vegetable market of London. I walked through and am able to pronounce it good, and then I passed and looked at Covent Garden Theatre, thence on to Drury Lane, and up Drury Lane until I came to the British Museum. What a host of memories come gliding out to every reader of English history and literature, when Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Museum are named!

I spent some hours in the British Museum, with infinite pleasure. To attempt to describe it would be folly. A lifetime might be passed within its walls, and yet things that it contains be unknown. I was much interested and spent a long while among the manuscripts and old books. This forcibly struck me, that the printing done a few years after its invention and the binding too, are far better than those of our day, a clearer impress and more elegant. Some of the books illuminated with the pen before the days of printing, are exceedingly beautiful. I suggested this to an ancient Britisher looking into a case in which they were kept near where I stood. He roused himself as if from sleep, and declared that he agreed with me, and that the remark did not alone apply to printing, but to everything else, and that this was an "age of devilish cheats and shams." I had not time to go into the discussion of so broad a question right then and there, and stepped away as soon as politeness would allow.

I was much interested, too, in the large and handsome room for reading, study, and investigation, and the numberless conveniences for students and authors. The ornithological department, I should think, was among the most complete in the world, and the collection of Assyrian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities are vast; of Assyrian and Egyptian something wonderful. Here I must not forget the famous Rosetta Stone, which, you know, was the key to the interpretation of the hieroglyphics of Egypt, interested and detained me. But I have run on, inadvertently, of course, uninterestingly, to write about the contents of the museum, which I

had declared I could not do. I must go back again. I left the building with my head buzzing with antiquity, and hastened forth to get rid of it amid the most modern of scenes, the whirl of a London crowd. I was soon in Oxford Street, and jostled by people, many of whom never heard of Assyria, or Rosetta, or the Parthenon, or any such antiquated names or people or places; and I soon forgot them too, for I was threading one of London's most flashy thoroughfares, where carriages and wheeled vehicles of every sort filled the streets, and pedestrians, of every tribe, and tongue, and pursuit, hurried along the sidewalks, now stopping to look into the showy windows, dressed up to attract, and now elbowing each other in a hurry which seemed to outstrip their speed.

I walked on along Oxford to its intersection with Regent, and moving south followed Regent to its intersection with Piccadilly, and then Piccadilly, towards the west, till it reached Green Park, and then along its northern bounds till Piccadilly ends at Hyde Park Corner, the entire distance amid throngs, riding or walking. And here, at Hyde Park Corner, is a famous place, where the tide of travel has become so great, they have been compelled to widen out the avenues.

Green Park adjoins St. James' Park, of which I spoke, somewhat, the other day, and lies between it and Hyde Park, and the point where the first and last meet is called Hyde Park Corner, and is headed by a splendid gateway. I did not go into Hyde Park, it getting late, but returning, walked along Constitution Hill, a handsome Road which divides St. James from Buckingham Palace Gardens, and which has become historic as the place where several attempts have been made on Queen Victoria's life, and where Sir Robert Peel's horse threw and killed him. When I reached the end of this, and being yet some distance from the hotel, a rain overtook me, and, having left my umbrella at my room, for the first time since I have been in England, I called a hansom and rode back; and here I must tell you that I have not been impeded by the weather, it has been fine for my purposes; *I have worn my overcoat every day.* I did not go to any place of amusement to-night.

SAME HOTEL, *Saturday, May 5, 1883.*

I determined I would again visit the Abbey. It is a place where you can go more than once and drink, if not inspiration, delight. You remember, the other day I was interrupted by the coming on of the evening service.

This visit I spent in the Poets' Corner (south transept) and among the chapels. These chapels, as they are called, take up the whole of the building (nave) east of the choir. There are eight of them. The guide-book will tell you. To me they were of infinite interest, and I read them with the light of my knowledge of English history and they seemed to assure me how true it was. Nor was I disappointed in the beautiful Chapel of Henry VII., about which so much has been written. The columns and superstructure spring so gracefully and lightly, the stone has been traced so skilfully, and the groins and arches hang so gently, that they could not be surpassed were they made of lace and worked by the deftest needle. Wonderful work : put there more than three hundred years ago ! Have we any artist who could do it now and guarantee it would last so well and so long ?

One of the ushers or attendants appeared after a while, collected a crowd and carried them through these chapels, and, like a showman, proclaimed to them their contents and their excellences. I followed in their train, thinking I might gather some knowledge. When he was through I gave him money ; but I would rather have bumped his noddle against one of those old crusader's heads, whose copper effigies have been lying there these hundred years, and who, could they have heard the dull story of their life and fate, would have in wrath uncrossed their armored legs.

I visited to-day the historic Chapter Rooms and Jerusalem Chamber and the Cloisters, where so many rest whose names when read upon the stones which mark their graves, have been clean forgotten. No wonder much and many things have been written about this Abbey. To one who knows how a powerful nation has grown up around it, and how those who made that nation famous esteem it a boon to have their bodies rest beneath its roof, or have their names recorded upon its walls or floors, it becomes with each hour of stay a deeper fascination.

I left this scene, as I left the Museum yesterday, to go out and see a contrast. I walked through St. James' Park to Hyde Park Corner, and, passing in, wandered over Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, even to the Palace at its farther end, and enjoyed the pleasant air and the venerable trees and green grass, thronged with fat long-woolled sheep and ruddy English children, and the Serpentine and basin, covered with boats and fowls. Then I visited the showy, but altogether too gilded and flashy, Albert Memorial, and then along Rotten Row at the hour when England's best and bravest and prettiest are there by thousands, with the livery and trappings of wealth and rank—a scene which I do not believe any city in the world save London can present. And so ends another charming day.

P. S.—Why did you not write at once to me on my departure? No letters yet! I am very, very anxious to hear. None from Margaret, Mary or Charles. You must do better.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 6.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON.

Sunday, May 6, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

This is the sixth letter I have written home and yet none from any of you. I wrote to your uncle Taylor, containing the story of several days and mailed it this morning. I told both Taylor and your mother to write a day or two after I left and trust to its reaching me by almost any steamer, for they are very numerous. As you can readily infer, I am extremely anxious, and thinking you feel the same about me, I write you these frequent and long letters, so if you don't tire of reading them you may follow my every footstep as I tramp. And Charles must heed this and write me often.

This morning Mr. McClellan (a gentleman from Canada, the commissioner from that colony to the Fish Exhibition, which is to take place here next week, and a friend of Mr. Pew) his wife and daughter, Mr. Pew and myself went to hear Spurgeon. You know I

missed him last Sunday, he being sick. I tried again to-day and succeeded.

As usual the church was crowded from pit to dome. We drove over in a hansom and reached there some time before the hour, 11 o'clock. The ushers gave me an excellent seat, could not have been better, right in front, some ten or twelve pews from the rostrum, all of which I described to you in my experience of Sunday last. Spurgeon came forward to his stand from the rear of the church; a short thick-set, I may say, fat man of plain appearance. He wears a beard of sandy hue, and a good suit of brown hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, combed back from his face. I do not think his beard is even touched with grey. Neither his face nor appearance are intellectual or refined, but his head has depth and height enough for brains, and about that and his face there is a certain rugged strength and honesty that is attractive.

He stepped to the front with the ease and confidence of one who knew his ground, and his manner was that of one who, standing before the vast assembly, was master of his place, yet not with the slightest semblance of assurance, save that quiet ease which is the fruit of conscious power. When he rose and led in a short prayer, his voice carried his words in sonorous, yet sweetly modulated, tones to every ear. When he read the hymn, it was as though he was by himself, and uttering the rhythm from his own heart. When he read the chapter, and commented on it as he read, there was no display, but the comments seemed to flow from out the text, and never interfered with the continuity of the writer's thoughts. Before he began his sermon, I felt there was before me one of those strange men who had what the world calls genius. Not pre-eminently intellectual, not learned in the learning of the schools, not even scholarly, but gifted with enough head and heart combined, with an innate knowledge of his race, and with a charmed voice and readiness of speech, which seemed to come without an effort and to express his thoughts with apt and pungent phrase, that make him and will make him ever gain the ends of eloquence till his dying day.

It was delightful to listen to him, and to see how the assembly hung upon his words. He spoke for near an hour, and I was not weary. His text was that fine utterance of St. Paul, "Now I know when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, I have a house, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." A poet, in loftiest numbers,

could not have painted in more vivid colors, than he told in humblest words, of the contrast between this, our corporeal home, and the glories of that House for which the Apostle waited. The singing was congregational, as usual, and when the benediction was pronounced, I felt that I had never witnessed a scene where one man's power had been used for greater good.

Whilst in the church, I cast my eyes to the gallery, and who should I see but my old friend Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, of Richmond, in among the crowd. I thought I might be mistaken, and looked for his wife, whom I knew (late Miss Pegram), and not seeing her, inferred I was; but looking again, I saw him put his hand to his ear and reach forward, in his peculiar way, to catch the sound of the preacher's voice and I knew I was not mistaken. I waited at the door and surprised and delighted the old gentleman, when I greeted him. He did not know that I was in London, nor I that he was. We walked back to the city together. He told me Mrs. Anderson had gone to the Episcopal Church. They are at the Alexandra Hotel, at Hyde Park Corner, so far that I fear I shall not see him again, nor her at all. He is looking remarkably well, and told me they would return soon to the United States.

In the afternoon, I went to St. Paul's to hear Canon Liddon, but was disappointed; he did not preach. Canon Stubbs did. I will not say that he was as dull as his name, for, really, I did not hear him. His voice was feeble, and stole up into the big dome, under which he stood, and died, outright, in feeble echoes. But the noble organ, said to be the finest and largest in the realm, did not so do and suffer. It sent its voices up there too, but seemed to find a home, and gathered strength and came back in fuller, richer volume.

I ought to have told you of the chimes, which were hymning when I reached the church, but I cannot. They were, to my ear, ringing no tune. The bells, big and little, were piercing the air with all sorts of sound, medley, as it were, of music, crossing each other as they sped, and filling the region, round about, with a very carnival of harmony. Can you tell from that, what I heard?

After leaving the church, I strolled over High Holborn Viaduct; this is a wonderful work. There was a depression in this thoroughfare, like that, say, on Broad Street, Richmond, at the C. & O. R. R. depot. They threw over it an immense granite viaduct, which spans the crossing streets below, and makes Holborn level. And so they

seem ever to do in London. Many superb works meet you everywhere, never done lightly, but to last for generations.

After dinner, which Mr. Pew and I took together, we strolled about Pall Mall, Regent and Piccadilly. I then came home, dashed the foregoing down for your amusement, and will now go, where I am always welcome, to bed.

SAME HOTEL, *Monday, May 7, 1883.*

This has been another enjoyable day. The morning opened badly—rained considerably and early promised more; but towards mid-day the clouds stopped dripping, and I started for a ramble. I walked up the Strand and Fleet, and, turning to the right not far from Temple Bar, I soon found myself among the Inns of Court—the home of my British brothers of the law. I determined to call and see Mr. Benjamin, as he had his chambers among the Inns of Middle Temple. I found his den and, upon knocking, was admitted, but not by Benjamin himself. Some one left in charge opened the door and informed me that Mr. Benjamin was in Paris; that he had formally and finally retired from the bar; that whilst he might return in a few weeks temporarily, he regarded Paris as his home. I regretted this, for I wanted to talk with him about his experience among the Britishers, and how they let him climb so high without pulling his coat-tail off? He gave me his address, and I may go to see him there.

I then strolled among these ancient ways and houses. I came across the keeper of the Inner Temple: for, you know, though these buildings are mixed up together, and are only divided by alleys and narrow streets or ways, they are and have been for generations known as the Inner and Middle Temple. They and their gardens extend from Fleet Street to the Victoria Embankment on the Thames. I found the keeper, and he was very polite and said he would show me his premises—the Inner Temple. He took me to their refectory, or dining-hall, done up with open roof and wainscoting in solid oak, with old armor and numbers of seals and shields, bearing the coats-of-arms of historic names, hung upon the walls, and portraits, full-length, of several of the kings and queens. Here are long tables at which the lawyers take their meals. Some were luncheoning when I was there. Many lawyers have their homes as

well as offices within the precincts. Most of them are single men : a few are married and have their families there—a sorry place wherein to raise a brood ! No courts are held here, only offices and lodgings.

When I had satisfied myself with the Inner Temple, I went to the refectory, or hall of the Middle Temple—another corporation of the same character. This hall is more interesting, being much older. The oak with which it is finished is heavier and more elaborate, and dates at least from Queen Elizabeth. The timbered roof is heavy and highly wrought. The screen of carved wood and the doors are simply noble. These places are not open to the public, but I had no trouble in getting in. I then went to the library of the Middle Temple and there met a young lawyer, to whom I made myself known. He took me kindly through and told me of Mr. Benjamin—how he had hewed his way by strength and skill up a rugged path to fortune and fame.

I then went to the Temple Church—a thing worth seeing—one of the oldest, in some of its parts, of English churches, and surely one of the most beautiful. It is now in fine preservation, the best I have seen. Cromwell and his tasteless associates whitewashed the church and monuments, and, covering the glorious work of the chisel, saved it unwittingly from the wretched puritanic spoiler. They scraped in latter years, and washed the lime from the walls and columns, arches, statues and recumbent knights, and now there is presented us one of the most refined and graceful pieces of architecture in the world. The recumbent figures of the knights number eight or ten, and are in perfect restoration—some with their legs crossed, indicating they were crusaders, and so marked by time that, though of marble and stone, they are smooth and have the color of copper or bronze. I told the old sexton what I thought, and it made him proud. I gave him some money, and it made him happy. But I must not forget to tell you our old friend, Oliver Goldsmith, is buried in this churchyard, just a little way from the church wall. I stood by his grave and looked into the window of the room where he died with the same feelings as if I had known him well—for who in all the world do we know better now?—And in the room below I could almost see Blackstone, where he worked with an immortal pen.

I then went across Fleet Street and into the new court buildings—for the government has erected a spacious edifice and has removed here all save the criminal courts. The sergeant detailed one of his

attendants to show me through. He took me into four or five, and then on to the High Court of Chancery, where I dismissed him with thanks and money. I remained and enjoyed the proceedings of this and other courts, carried on by bench and bar in wigs and gowns; but I have not time to write you anything more about them. Indeed, I reckon you think I have told you enough already. By the time I had seen what I wanted and heard, too, as much as was entertaining, it was the hour for dinner.

After dinner I strolled through Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and in the latter street visited the Royal Academy of Arts, which is now open for the exhibition of the works of modern British artists. The number of pictures and crowd were large, so that I had an opportunity of seeing not only the productions of their genius, but well-appointed specimens of living men and women. Whilst, of course, I can go into no detail of the paintings, I will remark, if I have not done so before, how much I have been struck with the appearance of the better classes of these English people—their men particularly. Nor are their good looks confined to any age, whether old, middle-aged or young, and their fair, ruddy hue, with every color of hair, whether young or gray, or without any hair at all. And I will further say the well-ordered government of this huge city has struck me with wonder wherever I have gone or among whatever class—and you have followed me, if you have read my letters, through every phase of life. I have seen no drunkenness or disorder of any sort. Policemen seem to be wherever they ought to be, and never to obstruct, but to aid. The hours I spent at this gallery were very pleasant. The building and its surroundings are massive and grand. You go from Piccadilly into an area. In front is the Academy of Arts and on the right the Royal Society, on the left the Society of Antiquarians, and behind the Academy building is the University of London, also a splendid structure opening on another street. It is amazing the number of such places of interest London has. They are scattered everywhere, and so extensive that each in itself is a school of literature, science or art.

On my return through Pall Mall, the street of the clubs, it was through palaces, on either hand, for these clubs are palatial. When I returned, I found Gen. Joseph R. Anderson's card. I will go and see him and his bride to-morrow.

SAME HOTEL, *Tuesday, May 8, 1883.*

This, for weather, has been a regular old-fashioned London day. The morning opened with a fog, which thickened as the hours advanced, till, at 10 o'clock, you could "cut it with a knife," and gas had to be lighted in the houses. Soon the rain came down and continued during the day, till 9 or 10 o'clock at night, the last I saw or heard of the weather. But of course I did not stop for weather. I remained in until about 11 or 12 o'clock, and then took a hansom and drove to the Alexandra Hotel, to call on Gen. and Mrs. Anderson. I missed them. They were out. This is quite a "tonnish" place. The attendants in livery, and presenting quite a stunning appearance. But I have become so accustomed, now, to this style of costume, that it has ceased to attract my attention.

I determined then to drive to the Kensington Museum, where I spent the residue of a charming day. I wandered, *ad libitum*, looking at objects of curiosity and art, to name even the general headings of which would consume a letter. There were some things which especially interested me, and with which I longest lingered. Among them the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, of which there were originally ten; three have been lost, seven survive, and are preserved in this gallery, having been recently removed from Hampton Court. These, you know, are among Raphael's most renowned works (the guide-books will tell you of them). [By the way, you will find my Harper's Guide-Books in the book case, in the corner nearest the smoke-house, and on the side next the garden.] And though I am no artist, novice as I am, I studied them with delight. My unpracticed eye could see how they contrasted with the works around them, and how life-like the figures stood and the ease, or dignity, or grace, or naturalness the genius of the artist had thrown upon them. And then with what interest I wandered through the Portrait Gallery of Britain's historic men and women, with whose lives I am acquainted in word or deed, and whose faces are familiar from engravings; but here were the originals from which these engravings have been lined, and which I had so long wished to see, from the pencils of Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, &c. And then, I lingered over the manuscripts, the counterpart of which I had read in print often and for many years, and could trace the birth-

throes of many things that, to our eyes, run so smoothly now, that they seem to have sprung at a single easy leap from the brain of the genius who conceived them—like Minerva, full-armed. Alas! things are not so born into this world. And here we see how the spirit labored and agonized as it was bringing forth its offspring for our delectation. Not to mention others, here are Carlyle's and Dickens' manuscripts of many works. They marred every page with corrections and interlineations, till sometimes it looks like one great blot. Nor did they improve with experience and years. Six or eight of Dickens' are here, and the original of *Oliver Twist* is no more blotted with erasures than the last page of *Edwin Drood*. When I look at these things, I am only the more satisfied than ever that whilst genius is born, not made, one of its highest constituents is the ability to labor; which few men have. I do not wonder that Dickens wrote to Lady Blessington and apologized for some apparent neglect, that he was writing *The Chimes* and was haggard as a ghost.

But how can I begin to tell you of what I saw and enjoyed as I wandered and lingered, and called up the associations almost of a lifetime and thus wore the day away? I ought not to say "wore," for that implies consciousness of its passage. It "sped," and when I looked at my watch the day was almost gone.

I rode back to the hotel; it still raining. I found a card from General Anderson, hoping I would come to see them again before they went, as they would leave London this week, and both he and Mrs. Anderson wanted to see me before they returned to America. I took a hansom and ran up again to their hotel, between seven and eight o'clock. Of course, they gave me a cordial reception, and we passed several hours in pleasant talk. I told Mrs. Anderson how I was spending my time—so profitably and charmingly. She thought it very well, but it was a shame that I would not let my English friends know that I was in the city, for she would like them to meet me. But I am sure I am doing right in avoiding society and devoting myself to seeing.

And now I will close this and send it off. No letter from home or any one of you yet. Many steamers have arrived since I came and not a line. I am anxious, very, to hear. Have you forgotten my address?—"Brown, Shipley & Co., Founder's Court, Lothbury, London, E. C., England."—I have given them orders to forward to my hotel or other place I may direct. If anything occurs, cable me

to their care, and do write—you all and Charles—every few days. The only comfort I have had is reading the *Baltimore Sun* up to 25th April at the Exchange. Love to all.

Affectionately,
F.

If you get tired reading my long letters, tell me and I will make them shorter.

[No. 7.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Wednesday, May 9th, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I wrote No. 6 to Mary, and addressed as usual to Taylor, and also wrote to you directly, a short letter. I hope all my letters have reached you. Alas! none of yours have come to me, if you have written.

Cloudy again to-day, but no falling rain of any import; not enough to impede my movements. After breakfast I went again to the precincts of the law, visiting, first the Record Office, not far to the north of the Strand. I wanted to see here the Domesday books, and did, to my satisfaction. They were shown to me with great courtesy. They are curious old parchments, written in a clear and clean-cut hand, and in perfect preservation, though so many years old. There are two of them; one rather larger than the other: the larger being about the size (slightly narrower) of an ordinary family Bible. They are bound in heavy leather, tipped with iron, and are both carefully preserved under glass cases. These are great curiosities, when we remember that they were made by William the Conqueror. I then strolled through Lincoln's Inn and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, courteously conducted by the several keepers, visiting the chapel, the hall, and various rooms, all of which lately repaired are very handsome. I wish I had time to tell you of the portraits and engravings of the celebrated judges they have here, and of the rooms they occupied, and those in which they presided and dispensed justice.

I then visited Soane's Museum, facing Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—one of the prettiest and best kept of the small parks, or squares, of

London. This museum was a donation, by a man of that name, to the Government, with an endowment, and is kept in his own residence, where he collected it, crowded from basement to garret, too much so to be well seen. There are many things of interest here, but I went, more particularly, to see the originals of two of Hogarth's celebrated series, *The Election* and *the Rake's Progress*; the former of four and the latter of eight pictures. These visits consumed the morning.

At three o'clock I visited the House of Commons. I expect you wonder why I did not go before. I must say I have been impelled by no particular curiosity. England has few orators now. Gladstone is said to be a fine speaker; but I do not think he rises into the domain of the truly great. Aspiring to many things, he is preëminent in none—*multa, non multum*. He has talent but not genius for statesmanship, as, under his leadership, England will one day show, and I had no craving to hear him. I simply wanted to see the hall and the mode of procedure. Mr. Brown (of Brown, Shipley & Co.) tendered his services to get me a seat. I told him I was in no hurry—after I had been here a while I would go. He notified me on Wednesday I would be admitted, as he had got the Speaker to put my name down for that day. I had simply to tell the usher who I was. I did so and was at once admitted. There was no question of interest up; but I had a chance of seeing the hall and hearing a running debate. The hall is not so large as our House of Representatives. I like it better. It is not so flashy, and presents a more solid and substantial look. It is finished in oak, elaborately wrought. The Speaker sits under a canopy of carved oak on the level of the floor, the clerk in front of him, with the golden crown and mace on the table in front of both. There are no desks—simply benches without division running the length of the hall, with an open area between them taking up about one-fourth of the entire floor. The members sit with hats on or off at pleasure. They occupy any seat they please, for in such an arrangement there cannot be much choice. The speaking to-day was commonplace. I did not hear the names of the speakers, nor could I hear much many of them said, which seemed to be dragged out of most of them as with a corkscrew. The galleries are narrow and run around the hall—the reporters being in rear of the Speaker, the strangers in front. The side galleries, sometimes, must be occupied by members, for the floor contains only

476 seats to meet the demands of 658 members. The architect wisely thought that it would be well for many members to stay away, and the public interest would be promoted by giving them no seat to induce them to come.

I soon got tired, and went out and strolled about the building, in which are some pictures and statues of England's noted men. These I enjoyed vastly more than the men who now fill their places. I then went into Westminster Hall—part of the Palace where the kings of England lived from Saxon times to Henry VIII. It is one of the largest halls in the world, whose roof is unsupported, being 290 feet long, 68 feet wide and 92 feet high—the whole clear now, save along its northern side, are some fine new marble statues of the Stuart line. The upper part has a stone platform, reached by a flight of stone steps, standing on which you have a full view of its majestic proportions, with walls of solid stone and stone floor, over all springing the heavy, oak-ribbed and massive roof—a field worthy of the historic events of which it has been the scene: where Charles I was condemned; where Cromwell was hailed Protector; where Wallace and Sir Thomas Moore and Essex and Guy Fawkes and Strafford were sentenced to death; where the Seven Bishops were acquitted; where Warren Hastings was tried in the midst of the best of Britain's blood; where eloquence has been displayed rarely equalled, never surpassed, in any forum. Surely, no place is calculated to call up deeper and more thrilling emotions, and I confess I was not too strong or callous not to feel them.

I then went across the way to visit St. Margaret's Church, where Sir Walter Raleigh is buried, who was executed in Westminster Palace Yard, not a stone's throw off, and sentenced to this ignominy by "Jimmy Stuart!" What a commentary! Evening was, by this time, falling, and I came back to the hotel.

SAME HOTEL, *Thursday, May 10, 1883.*

No letters yet! I passed an uncomfortable night. I determined to go to my bankers, Brown, Shipley & Co., to see if my orders, to forward them to Charing Cross Hotel, had been over-looked or disregarded. I took a hansom and drove up. I went to their office and inquired. No letters; none had arrived. They had not over-

looked or forgotten my orders. My disappointment very great, as you can readily infer—been from home twenty days.

Being near Sir E. P. Bouverie's office, 17 Moorgate, I thought I ought not longer to treat his cable invitation to me with neglect. I called, and could you have seen the cordiality of my reception. No one was ever welcomed to London with greater manifestations of pleasure. He is a good-looking man, of fifty-five or sixty, cordial and friendly, at least he was to me. He said Mr. Francis Bennock was, at that time, in the house, and he knew he would be delighted to see me. You know, I have told you about Bennock, and how much pleased I was with him when he came to Virginia to see me.

Bouverie went and informed him, and in a moment he was in the room and gave me a joyous, hearty greeting, and they both began to devise ways for my profit and enjoyment. Any number of excursions and entertainments were cut out. I thought, what am I to do? this will spoil my programme. The genius of London will not consort with these things, and I have not done my communings with her yet. I told them my engagements would not allow it; but they said I must let them do something for me. I was like an old friend to them from our long, though distant acquaintanceship. Bennock said I would have to go with him and call on Lady (Sir Arthur) Waterloo. She is an American, from San Francisco, and he told her I was coming to England, and she said he must be sure to bring me to see her. I had laid off to go to the Tower of London and spend the day in spying out its wonders, but the promise, having been made, I had to go with Mr. Bennock at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Bennock called at his office, where I went at that hour, and all three of us started to pay the visit.

But I had a couple of hours to spare before three o'clock, and must tell you how I spent them. I visited again Smithfield Market, of which I told you in a former letter, and St. Sepulchre's Church, near Holborn Viaduct, and stood by and on the grave of Captain John Smith (our Virginia John), "sometime Governour of Virginia and Admirall of New England." He is buried in the aisle on the left of the choir, and his flat tombstone is a part of the flooring over which generations have walked and nearly abraded the inscription, a part of which is almost illegible. "Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings." The sexton, that I might see better, took his handkerchief, and, wetting it with spittle, moistened the stone and exposed three heads carved on it—the kings whom the

redoubtable John had conquered! There was a pleasure to me in standing over these remains which an Englishman does not feel, for he does not know, as we know, how great a man John was. The pavements of nearly all these old churches are composed of tombstones covering the bodies of men remarkable in their day. The churches are in greater or less use. Many of them have been restored or repaired, and the tread of the throng that scrapes and tramps them from year to year is fast wearing out the names and epitaphs. England wants sadly an "Old Mortality."

To return to our visit. We drove to Sir Arthur Waterloo's, and the door was opened by a liveried individual fixed up finer than I was ever dressed in my life. To him Mr. Bennock announced our names, calling me General Holliday, late Governor of Virginia, which I at once corrected, being no general. He passed us up the stairway to another usher, at the bottom of the upper flight of steps, and he to another at the top, who conducted us to the drawing-room door, and, opening it, announced us bravely. The hall, the stairway and drawing-room were elegant. Sir Arthur was not in: his wife and her sister (Miss Hamilton) were. Lady Waterloo received us most cordially. She is young, handsome and refined. He, Mrs. Bennock said, was not less than sixty. Well, he got a very nice wife. I will tell you how she did, when I see him.

We spent some time very pleasantly, and then went to call on some other friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bennock. I really forget their names, but they were nice, pleasant people, too. There were a good many there. When you enter a room you are not introduced generally, as with us—only to the host or hostess, or both—but make acquaintances from time to time, as you list. Some of the ladies were introduced to me, and one particularly requested to be. Said she had recently returned from America, where she had been visiting the Southern States, and had written a book about us, which was now in the publisher's hands. I inferred from the good things she said of us to me, her book will be eulogistic. She is the widow of a baronet and her name is Lady Hardy. She had seen much of the Valentines of Richmond, and spoke in complimentary terms of E. V. Valentine, the sculptor, his genius and his works. I hope she will say as much of him in her book and say it well. I had several invitations to dinner and cordial invitations to visit those persons I met there.

We then drove to Regent's Park and home. Mr. and Mrs. Bennoek made me stop at their house, get out and go in, that I might know it and come frequently. She is as genial and kind as he is. I promised to dine with them at one of their elubs next Wednesday, and told them they would have to excuse me from any other invitation till then. If I don't call a halt, I will be dined and wine out of my trip. I then came home. Good night.

SAME HOTEL, *Friday, May 11, 1883.*

To-day has been busy as usual. I visited the Tower of London, and spent several hours there pleasantly. I found, however, that some of the old landmarks have gone. The brick tower, wherein was the prison room of Lady Jane Grey, has been torn down. The room in the White Tower, where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, is now inaccessible. In renovating the building, they have taken away the steps which led to it: like an aerie it is now unapproachable. But in the Tower are still many interesting things. Suits of armor, figures of knights armed "cap-à-pie," with heavy plate armor on their horses, making us, of this day, wonder how they bore them. Instruments of torture of various kinds, the block and axe, once used in execution, and a number of other things which you must look in the guide-book for. But, by far, the most interesting thing is St. Peter's Church, now repaired, where so many historic men and women are buried, who had been executed in the Tower, or on Tower Hill, just outside the fortress. Could these old walls speak, what numberless horrors they would unfold of man and woman's inhumanity, and of the dreadful and lingering suffering they inflicted.

When satisfied here, I visited St. Katharine's and London Docks and warehouses, and here again I saw, on every hand, evidences of the wealth and magnitude of the great city. It seemed as though preparation had been made to receive the vessels and produce of the world. And here, too, I saw proofs that London contained those elements, to control which Governments are organized; standing among the docks and warehouses, and at the corners of the streets, were motley crowds of men, whose countenances betokened that restless, turbulent, malignant spirit, which, unless restrained, must find an outlet in disturbance of any and every sort. Let a tocsin

be sounded, and this East End of London will send out, howling, a wild mass, such as make charters, and so-called liberty mobs, ready to break the windows of Apsley House, pull down the fences of Hyde Park, or, in these later days, scatter dynamite, or do any other outrage to the West End inhabitants.

I then visited the Thames Tunnel. This was constructed for pedestrians alone. It did not pay, and it was sold to a railroad company, and now it is traversed by cars. Whilst here I determined to see more of East End, and I visited Bethnal Green Museum and Victoria Park, and was surprised to find both so handsome, the latter, or a large portion of it, well and handsomely laid out and ornamented. The former contains many curiosities and things of interest; among them, some of Reynolds' and Kneller's original portraits, which, to me, have become so attractive.

I then drove back by the Charter House. Just after I had returned and was standing in front of the hotel having my boots blacked, a lady descended from a hansom and came up and spoke to me. What was my surprise to see Mrs. Renshaw (Miss Annie Wickham). She said she and her husband and family were on their way to Virginia. I promised to call and see her. They are staying in this hotel. In the evening I went up and bade General and Mrs. Anderson good-by. They leave to-morrow—she very regretfully.

No letters yet! I know some or all of you have written. What has become of the letters? Can you have lost my address? I got Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co. to telegraph to their firm in Liverpool, though this is hopeless. You would not have sent them there. My address is, and will be till I return, "Brown, Shipley & Co., Founder's Court, Lothbury, London, E. C.;" but if you had lost it, you could have gotten it by writing to Brown Bros. & Co., New York. With love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 8.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Saturday, May 12th, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I wrote No. 7 and sent it to you, yesterday. To-day I visited again the British Museum, more particularly to see the Elgin Marbles, which were not open for exhibition on my former visit. I walked this time by the Seven Dials, instead of Covent Garden and Drury Lane as on my former visit. This route is the more direct from Trafalgar Square, which, you know, is near Charing Cross. The streets are mainly, St. Martin's Lane, St. Andrew's street. Half way, in a direct line to the Museum, is Seven Dials, applied to a circus where seven streets meet. This is the Five Points of London. Like that formerly noted place, it is much improved of late, but still needs more. It is an ugly rendezvous, and in the streets adjoining there are sight and odor of drunkenness, poverty, and crime, and, as in our city in the olden time, before Five Points was reformed, one of the most striking things was the sudden transit from wealth, cleanliness, and order, to poverty, filth, and disorder. Here it is hard to realize how few steps along St. Martin's Lane will take you from the splendid display of Trafalgar Square, to the sorry looks of the Seven Dials.

In the afternoon, Mr. Pew and I visited the Parliament Houses. The Lords and Commons not being in session, we could see, with pleasure and at leisure, the whole building. I have told you, generally of the House of Commons and Westminster Hall in a former letter. We took in this time the Queen's robing room, the Royal Gallery, the Prince's room, and the House of Peers. These are handsome and elaborately finished; embellished with paintings and statuary, which I wish I had time to describe. Whilst these letters are so long as to weary you, I am sure they can give you only a taste of what I am seeing and enjoying.

In the evening we went again to hear Irving, this time in the "Bells," a piece, I learn, gotten up especially for him. The point of the story is, that a respectable man, through greed of gold, kills a traveller for his money. The drama is to paint the remorse suffered for the crime. As is always the case, I am informed, with Irving,

the piece was set splendidly on the stage; but I was more particularly anxious to see Irving himself, as he is the recognized king of actors in England; indeed, the only one who is much spoken of. We have several, Booth, McCulloch, Barrett, and Jefferson. I do not think, as an actor, he is equal to any one of them. He has certain gifts, some high, but his style and voice are stagy and full of mannerism, and I do not believe he ever will or can throw them off. But he has certainly done a great thing for the drama in England, by putting the plays upon the boards in a manner, both as to scenic effect and good acting in all its parts, I have never seen anywhere rivalled.

SAME HOTEL, *Sunday, May 13, 1883.*

I forgot to name a place, I visited yesterday, of considerable interest—a part of the old Whitehall Palace, once used as the banqueting hall, now as a chapel. It is the only part of the Palace standing, all else has disappeared. Through this Charles I. was led to execution: one of the windows being cut into a doorway opening upon what is now Whitehall street, where the beheading was done in presence of the mob.

This morning we went to Dr. Newman Hall's church. He is regarded as one of the finest preachers in the city, and has one of the finest churches, situated on Westminster Road, not far beyond Westminster Bridge. He is a Congregationalist, and yet uses the surplice, black gown and English prayer book, and I must say to his credit, reads, and does not intone or whine it. His sermon was an admirable one, argumentative and clear, but without eloquence or anything else to mark him as an extraordinary man.

In the afternoon we went to Westminster Abbey and heard Canon (now Archdeacon) Farrar. He preached a practical sermon from manuscript entirely. He has a strong, rich voice, and must have been heard by many of the throng which filled the church. I was quite near and heard him easily. He preached about forty minutes. I think his sermon had too much the appearance of reaching after literary effect; too many words and too few ideas. When he got an idea, he rolled it over and over in different forms of expression, till you felt sorry for the punishment he was inflicting on it; but he is a good-looking man, and would be regarded by the world as a good preacher. Of course, the habit of intoning has

given him a whining voice. I wish I had my way with the intoners who thus ruin our beautiful Liturgy! I would —— their ——.

No more of interest to-day and, alas! no letters yet. What can be the matter?

How are you getting on with the servants and the new house? I don't think I have told you of the weather. It has rained almost every day, off and on, since I have been in London—just two weeks—till to-day. This, however, has not interfered with my going about at all, as you have observed. I have worn my overcoat every day; but to-day has been charming, the weather balmy, and the sun shining as it shines at home.

SAME HOTEL, *Monday, May 14, 1883.*

This day has been taken up with a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on the south side of the Thames, about seven miles away. Mr. Pew and myself took a hansom and drove there that we might observe better the scenes along the route. We drove by Dulwich College, some five miles on the way, to examine the picture gallery, of which the institution boasts. The pictures are mostly Dutch. I cannot pretend to describe them, but simply remark that the full-length figure of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was richly worth the trouble of the trip.

Nor shall I stop to describe the Crystal Palace. You saw the Philadelphia Centennial. There were two or three things that interested me. The grounds number 200 acres, highly improved, making a lovely resort. It is wonderful what vast sums of money have been spent in London for such purposes, and how they are utilized by the people. To-day was Whitsuntide—a holiday. The places of business were closed and the city was agog the whole distance, sometimes not so thickly populated, but still the city, and, when we reached the premises, crowds flowed through the immense building and swarmed over the grounds. In the grounds there was a bicycle race of twenty miles, and, though it rained as usual, the people stood it through, surrounding the track, men, women and children, till the matter was decided. Here they have so much rain that they have become used to it; and, whilst such a rain in our country would have dispersed the spectators in ten minutes, here they did not seem to mind it at all. I do not believe they are so

liable to take cold as with us, for they stood upon the wet grass for hours. The fellows rode finely and went at the rate of a mile in three minutes.

Another thing that struck me was the great difference in the physical development of the higher and lower classes. I think I have already spoken in a former letter of the fine appearance of the men I see at the hotels and women, too, old and young, and those who frequent the better streets. To-day I saw the lower classes by thousands and tens of thousands, as I had already seen them about Seven Dials and other back streets where their tenement houses are, where bad living, trouble, poverty and hard work have produced a different race. They are small, and want the traits which I have spoken of as belonging to English flesh and bone—just the same difference we observed between the higher and the lower classes of the Gulf States when they came to Virginia as soldiers in 1861. The same causes produce the same effects on this as on that side of the water, save that climate has very much more to do with the contrast on our side than on this. Their behavior, though, here was unexceptionable. We returned by rail, having spent a pleasant day.

SAME HOTEL, *Tuesday, May 15, 1883.*

This has been like all my days in London—busy and pleasant, and, first and most pleasant, I went to Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., and found yours and Margaret's letters—yours without date Margaret's dated 3d instant. You have no idea what relief it brought me, being the first word or line for nearly a month. I feared you had lost my address. You did lose your copy of it, for I gave you one in New York.

I walked along the north bank of the Thames, crossing the bridges above Lambeth, viz., Vauxhall, Chelsea, Albert and Battersea. This gave me excellent views of the river and the city on either side. At the south end of Chelsea, sweeping westward, is Battersea Park, containing near 200 acres and highly improved, and on the north bank are the Grosvenor Road and Chelsea Embankment—both striking works. Soon, I believe, both sides of the Thames through the city will be confined by these noble structures, upon which fine roads and footways run, and will present a scene unequalled in the world. I wandered on to Chelsea, formerly a village of itself, now

swallowed up by the capacious maw of the all-devouring city. As I strolled, I came upon a sitting figure of Carlyle in marble, in an oval plat upon the river bank. The statue is at the foot of Cheyne Row—a narrow, ordinary street, in one of whose houses he lived for many years. The statue is excellent—I have no doubt a good likeness. He is sitting cross-legged, looking as though those gnarled and knotty thoughts and sentences had worn his vitality away. I asked a respectable elderly woman some sixty years of age, whom I met on the street, how long she had lived there and if she knew Carlyle? She replied, very politely: “Many years, and knew him quite well.” I asked her in which house he lived. She pointed it out only a few steps from where we stood—an old single brick house, three stories, of very humble appearance. I asked her if she knew George Eliot, afterwards Mrs. Cross, who lived here a short time too? She had never heard of her. I walked through the street, and, when returning, met a man of the same age, who kept a small store in the street. He said he had lived there many years; knew Carlyle well; had frequently seen him walking with his niece, who lived with him, and that the old woman was mistaken—he did not live in the house she had pointed out, but in another three or four doors higher up the street. The one he called my attention to was rather better—the lower story being of cut stone and the looks and finish handsomer. He said he had many times seen him—the statue was his exact image, even down to the old shoes, which he had seen him wear. I asked him, too, about Mrs. Cross. He said he did not know, had not even heard, of such a woman—“thought them sort of people did live in that street” (*i. e.*, “Literary fellers”). What is fame? Here are two people who have moved the world as much as any two of their generation, one of whom her own neighbors never heard of; the other they have so clean forgotten, two years after his death, as not to know certainly the house in which he lived!

I then walked on, coming back to Chelsea Bridge, thence through the Royal Military Asylum grounds to the Kensington Gardens, where the great International Fish Exhibition is going on. The crowds were in thousands and tens of thousands. I cannot stop to tell you of the show. The affair is very large, and the United States makes probably the best exhibition of any nation. I here mounted an omnibus and came to my hotel, having been walk-

ing six or seven hours. I am sorry to hear from Margaret's letter of Colonel Robert Baylor's death, though he was older than I thought. Love to all. Send to Charles with love. Where is Mrs. Nelson's address? I will write to her. Let me know when you write.

Affectionately,
F.

[No. 9.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON.

May 16, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I sent a letter to your Unele Taylor yesterday (No. 8). This morning Mr. Pew and I determined to visit St. Alban's—the home of Lord Bacon, twenty miles out of London. We started from the hotel at seven o'clock and drove to St. Pancras Station, on the Midland Road, a couple of miles from Charing Cross Hotel. We breakfasted at the Midland Grand Hotel, which is a splendid affair belonging to that road.

At eight we were under way and in forty minutes were at our destination—St. Alban's. It is a town of 12,000 or 15,000 people.

The country through which we passed, after we were beyond the smoke of the city, was as green as English soil and climate can show. On this route I noticed, as on the route from Liverpool to London, but little grain is grown. The whole area is in grass, or nearly so. I don't think we saw within our range of vision a dozen fields of growing wheat, and that was indifferent as to quality and quantity. Surely this grain question is a serious one for Great Britain when she is becoming more and more dependent upon foreign and colonial supply. What will become of the value of her land?

When we arrived at the station we walked up into the town, and, hiring a carriage, drove out to Gorhambury Park—the property and home of the great Lord Bacon. The Park is beautiful—covered with rich verdure, with trees and groves scattered and grouped about it, over and through which flocks of sheep and herds of deer wandered lazily. The house is not a castle, but of modern architecture, stuccoed, with a large portico supported by Corinthian columns, two

stories high and by no means pretentious. We drove to the house and then returned. We saw nobody save a horseman, who seemed to be speeding his horse through the distant groves, and some servants mowing the grass near the house. It was a quiet and charming scene, for the day was lovely, the sun shining brightly, with a gentle breeze. The park is two and a-half miles from the town.

We then returned and stopped at St. Michael's Church, upon the suburbs of St. Alban's, a very ancient structure, to visit the grave of Lord Bacon. He is buried in the church. His tombstone consists of vertical slabs supporting a horizontal one, on which is his marble figure, sitting in an arm-chair, with hat on, as he is always represented, leaning with his head back on the top round, as though in gentle sleep. He may sleep on now! His work was grandly done, however many ignoble deeds smirched his fame. His genius so stirred the thoughts of men that they will not rest whilst language is spoken or read! It was quite safe for him to "leave his name and memory to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and to the next age."

We then came to town and visited the Abbey Church (raised to the dignity of a cathedral in 1877), one of the oldest and largest in England, and well worth the coming to see. It is situated on high ground, supposed to be on the spot where the Romans burnt St. Alban because he was a Christian. Portions of this church are nearly a thousand years old, and its appearance indicates it. We had to pay sixpence to get in, and, of course, had to pay a fee to the young lady who escorted us through and showed us the objects of interest within its walls. These little donations are perpetual;—nothing is demanded, but something is always expected. The cathedral has witnessed so many generations that it contains in its structure almost every style of Norman and Gothic architecture. Some of the work is exquisitely done, and the whole impresses you with its imposing majesty. They are making every effort, not only to keep it in repair, but also to restore where time has wasted. The site is commanding—on an eminence overlooking a rolling country, now bright with the new grass and the fresh-budded trees, shrubs and hedges. It was hard to leave a spot and scene so attractive; but the cars were well-nigh due and we hurried to the station, fearing to be left.

We returned to St. Paneras Station, and, taking a hansom, drove to Regent's Park, and spent some time in walking through the

Zoölogical Gardens and looking at the animals. It is by far the largest I have seen. Indeed, so pleasantly and comfortably are some of them fixed—particularly the birds, with cages as large as houses and retreats from the weather—that they are hardly aware they are prisoners. The number and variety of animals are very great.

When satisfied here, we went to another part of the park to visit a floral exhibition in the Botanical Gardens. Mr. Bennock had sent me tickets for myself and friend, he having been compelled to go several days ago to a water-cure concern for the benefit of the gout. The display of flowers was such as only a city like London can furnish. The day was delightful, and after looking at the flowers we sat in the open air on the grass, and watched the people as they came and went in throngs; two of the military bands in the meantime discoursing music. After being satisfied with this, we returned to our hotel at four o'clock—a busy day.

But my day's work was not done. I had to dine out. Mr. and Mrs. Bennock returned to the city to attend a dinner given by a society of which he is a member called, Noveomagians, and to which he had procured me an invitation. At 5.30 o'clock I drove to his house. At 6.30 p. m. he went with his nieces, while I escorted Mrs. Bennock. This society is composed of literary men. Each member must be a F. R. A. S., Fellow of the Royal Antiquarian Society, and its object under certain myths is a good dinner, intellectual enjoyment, and amusement. The membership is not numerous, fifteen or sixteen.

Every now and then, I think once a year, they invite to their banquet, ladies and gentlemen friends of the members: this was one of their yearly entertainments. Among others, I met several Americans, Mr. Stephens, one of the librarians of the British Museum, a native of Vermont, though he has lived here many years, and a Miss Angliana, a public singer, a native of Maine. She has been living abroad for many years. She sat next to me and is a good-looking, pleasant lady and sings charmingly as she showed during the evening.

The Queen's harpist was there—App. Thomas, a Welshman, said to be the most skilful harpist in the realm, which I cannot swear to of my own knowledge, though he flung sweet notes from his elegant golden harp. The guests numbered near forty and the entertainment was elegant, after which came toasts and speeches, and I was

made to represent America, and all went well if I judge from the approval the assembly gave me. And thus the hours fled, and it was twelve o'clock before we dispersed. Again I had the tender of many courtesies and kindnesses. But I was glad to go to bed, which, when I came to the hotel, I did immediately.

SAME HOTEL, *Thursday, May 17, 1883.*

To-day I mainly walked the streets of the city looking at its things and people: whilst doing so, I visited Doré's Gallery. I never admired much his illustrated books, they seem to be unfinished struggles for expression. But these large pictures I saw to-day, were those struggles perfectly consummated in finished and colored scenes. Some of them truly grand: Christ leaving the Pretorium, The Murder of the Innocents, The Brazen Serpent, Ecce Homo. The figures are numerous and drawn with a masterly hand.

I then strolled up to Hanover Square and visited St. George's Church, where many fashionable weddings take place. In a street near by, Holles, Lord Byron was born. Then on to Cavendish Square. Both of these squares contain handsome monuments or statues, one in the former of the younger Pitt, and in the latter of Lord Cavendish Bentinck. When I reached the Langham Hotel, I recollected Senator Jones, of Florida, whom I saw upon the street a day or two ago, told me he was stopping here. I inquired for him, but he was gone, only staid a few days. As I was leaving I was hailed by a gentleman, Mr. Warren, whom I had met on the steamer coming over. He would have me go to his room where I sat for awhile with him and Mrs. Warren. I then came back to my hotel, it growing late, and on my way enjoyed the best performance of Punch and Judy by a street showman I ever saw, which afforded me much amusement for awhile. Every day I am learning to know London better and now have almost conquered its sights.

SAME HOTEL, *Friday, May 18, 1883.*

Mr. Bouverie, among other passes to places I could not visit without them, sent me one to Buckingham Palace. This is the Palace the Queen occupies when in the City; but she is rarely here, and is now

absent at Windsor—so that we could visit and go through it. I invited Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw (Miss Annie Wickham) and Mr. Pew to accompany me, and they agreed. Such places please ladies, and I thought it would give Mrs. R. pleasure, which it did. We went at twelve o'clock M., and were at once admitted by the house-keeper and conducted through. It was worth seeing to a republican. The rooms and halls were large and finished in various styles, and handsomely ornamented with mirrors, carpets, chinaware, statuary, and paintings. Vast sums of money have been spent in constructing, and vast sums of money are spent annually in keeping it in order. Will not the day come, is it not coming now, and rapidly, not only in Britain, but wherever royalty prevails, when the inquiry will be urged by the fierce democracy, why shall these things continue?

We spent an hour or two in being conducted through by a sensible, nice lady, she explaining pleasantly whatever needed explanation. When we were leaving, we offered her money, which she politely declined. The only instance of declination, of that commodity, I have met with from any person or in any place, though some have been ladies quite as respectable and intelligent as this. I suppose she thought Royalty forbade.

Mr. and Mrs. R. had now to return to the babies at the hotel. Mr. Pew and I remained to visit the Royal Stables, called Mews. We were shown first the horses, then the carriages, each by a different person, and each one's palm itching for the tickle of the silver, which they were not too royal to be glad to get. There are one hundred and twenty horses and forty carriages. Of these horses eight are cream-colored, used only on state occasions, when the Queen goes to open Parliament in her Imperial Coach. This coach is something to see, for its immense size, and splendid and golden look. There are seven other gilded coaches, for the other members of this numerous royal family.

The cream-colored horses are a peculiar stock, bred at Hampton Court. They have roman, as our colored boy Charles says, *rose* noses and white eyes, and not by any means so fine as the other stock, black and bay. I suppose they are running out. Now all these things your Uncle Charles and Uncle Taylor ought to have been here to see; and the stables too. But, as to stables, I have seen finer in the United States: there are superior in New York, and handsomer and more valuable horses than these which live on

royalty. Well, are we not all, in Elysian America, every one of us, white, black, or otherwise, sovereigns and royal?

When satisfied here, Mr. Pew and I drove to Westminster Bridge and took a steamer for Greenwich, distant, right through the city, five or six miles. It was a delightful day, and the sail was equally so. I amused myself by identifying the prominent buildings of the city that could be seen from the water, so familiar have I become with London. When we reached Greenwich, where, you know, is the National Naval School and Asylum or Hospital, and also the Observatory, we visited first the hospital and its gallery of pictures and statuary, composed almost entirely of naval scenes and men; some of them portraits and some mere specimens of art. We then went to the hotel and enjoyed a dinner of white-bait, a small fish caught in this river, not much more than half the size of your little finger, but when cooked up and seasoned with red pepper and lemon, a dish fit to be set before a king. They are not surpassed, if equalled, by our finest mountain trout, in toothsome-ness and flavor.

After dinner we wandered through the park which contains near 200 acres, not greatly improved, but in contour of ground which is rolling, and size of the trees, unsurpassed by any park in London. We walked to the observatory, being on the highest hill overlooking the city, from which we could see the river and its craft, and through the smoke and haze the outlines of the metropolis and astronomical centre of the world. We took train and returned.

SAME HOTEL, *Saturday, May 19, 1883.*

This, like all my days, has been busy. At eight o'clock I was up and had breakfasted, and was ready to take the cars for Canterbury—seventy miles—by the London and South Eastern Railway. It was the express and traveled fifty miles an hour. It was a little time, even at this speed, before we had passed the city houses and bounds, and swept into the country. Now, as on my former excursion, on both sides, were evidences of population and culture. I noticed more wheat than in the country north of London, but it, in many places, was backward; the main crop seemed to be hops, which are grown as we grow lima beans, on long poles at every hill. At first the country was rolling, as became manifest, not only from its

appearance from the train, but by the numerous tunnels into and out of which we were plunging every now and then.

As you approach the coast, the lands become more level, and you see less of grain and more of grass and stock. And the sight was beautiful often, when you would have far-reaching views of fields of the richest green, covered with thousands of sheep and cattle.

When I arrived at Canterbury, I pedestrianized the ancient town, passing into it through a venerable gateway, built in the time of Richard II., which stands between two massive, lofty towers, at the foot of the principal street. I have seen no street in England which carries you back so thoroughly into the olden time. The quaint, time-worn houses looking at each other across the narrow way, the upper stories projecting over the lower like beetling brows. Before going to the cathedral, to see it thoroughly, I walked about the town and through it, to visit St. Michael's, at the farther end. This is said to be the oldest church in England, and it looks old, very! It is small, with tower in front, covered with ivy, and stands in a graveyard filled with the dead of a hundred generations. I went to a height, beyond the suburbs, to obtain a bird's eye view, and was repaid for my walk. Below me lay Canterbury, as it were, in a basin, around, stretching upwards, were the rich fields, with houses and groves, and in the center arose the immense cathedral, with its massive but graceful towers, like a behemoth, the town seeming to be gathered at its feet to enjoy the protection of its sacred shadows. It was a scene to be lingered over, but I could not delay.

I walked at once to the cathedral. It is located in a handsome close ornamented with grass and venerable trees. Soon after I entered, I met one of the vergers, a polite and intelligent little man, who inquired if I would like to visit the building. I told him I came for that purpose, and thanked him. I found him a pleasant guide. I wish I had time to put down what I saw, and what he said: the monuments to the archbishops and other eminent and saintly men; the recumbent figures of priests and knights, among the latter, that of the Black Prince, in perfect preservation in copper, though now black with age, and hanging near it his iron helmet, the sword and tattered shirt he wore at Agincourt; the spot where Thomas-à-Becket was murdered, one of the most thrilling scenes of English history, and where he was enshrined and worshipped as a saint. The lightly springing, though massive arches and groins of

the crypt and upper church were so fascinating, I could hardly tear myself away. These cathedrals grow upon you, and I find, like the snow-clad mountains of our own continent, of which I wrote you on my trip last year, the more you see of them and the more familiar you become with them, the familiarity does not beget indifference: rather increases admiration, and makes their genius the more potent to hold you as with a spell. When the old verger and I parted, he made me give him my card and heartily desired me to stay over and make the acquaintance of the dean and bishop.

I then went to the station and took the train for Margate, a sea-side watering-place looking over the German Ocean. I took my dinner at a restaurant in the town and in full view of the sea. Margate is quite a city now, twenty miles from Canterbury. After lunch I hired a one-horse carriage and engaged the coachman to drive me over the city and along the shore, and then to Ramsgate, another place of the same kind four miles distant. In riding across the country, I had an opportunity of seeing more of the country itself. We passed through the fields and I now appreciated the charm of English pedestrianism, when you can walk many miles upon the soft sod, or through it by narrow paths. I saw also, some of the residences of the noble or wealthy: parks enclosed by high walls over which I could look by standing up in the carriage and see how the owners enjoyed themselves, "the world shut out."

I drove over Ramsgate in like manner and walked through some of its streets, thus getting a good idea of it. These places are cities now. Ramsgate has quite a foreign business, judging from the ships. They are not like most of our sea-side places with showy and expensive hotels, but rather of apartments, many of which I observed for "rent." I wish I could tell you of the interesting talks I have with people I meet, but I have only time to write you of part of what I see and hear. I came back to London in the train reaching here at eight o'clock p. m. Write often. With love to everybody.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 10.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON.

*Sunday, May 20, 1883.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I wrote to Mary yesterday (No. 9) and sent it to Taylor. To-day has been one to be remembered. I wish I had time to give you an adequate idea of what I see and hear. I write you long letters, and yet afford you but few of my experiences. I have not time to scribble them, and you would weary in the reading.

It would take a volume to put on paper the images which have been impressed on my mind upon this day's visit to Hampton Court, Richmond and Kew. Hampton Court is nearly the only place of interest open on Sunday, and I, having exhausted the eloquent preachers, for they are few in London, determined to spend the day at the above-named places.

I went up on an early morning train (8.50) fifteen miles to Hampton Court, which, you know, is on the Thames. I arrived too soon. They do not open the halls and galleries till two o'clock on Sunday; but so much the better. I attended church in the chapel and walked through the gardens and Park, and took dinner. The chapel was pretty and in thorough repair—much better worth seeing than the sermon was worth hearing. The Court is an enormous building of brick covering a vast area, and built, you remember, by Wolsey and taken from him by his friend Henry VIII.—kind, good fellow that he was!

In front lies the garden, with its giant trees and beautiful, well-tended flowers and grass, and there, stretching out of view, is the Park, twelve miles in circumference, with fifteen hundred deer wandering through it harmlessly; but these things and the Maze—constructed of shrubbery and ingenious and intricate till it is quite a labyrinth—and the grape-vine more than a hundred years old (1769), the stem of which is thirty inches in circumference and its spread one hundred feet, you must go to your guide-books to learn about. I cannot describe these any more than I can describe the pictures in the far-reaching and numerous rooms of the gallery. Here I was interested much in the portraits by Holbein, Kneller, and Lely, of those men and women who

impressed themselves profoundly, for weal or woe, upon the destinies of England. I have them nearly all in the form of engravings and am familiar with their faces; but here I have the originals, with coloring of flesh and blood. Those old artists painted so well that you feel sure you are looking at likenesses and not fancy sketches.

When satisfied with Hampton Court, I took a carriage and drove through the Park on my road to Richmond and Kew. I passed along the celebrated Horse-Chestnut Avenue, planted by William III. more than two hundred and fifty years ago, now glorious trees, extending over you their shadows for a mile, thick with foliage and luxuriant with bloom, whilst on either hand, as far as the eye can reach, are other trees of linden and lime, equally as large and beautiful, and beneath them a velvet sward, over which herds of deer are roaming. These English people have been great for generations. These domains, which meet you everywhere, perfectly preserved through all dynasties and revolutions of time and arms, indicate a race with the genius to design and the ability and means to execute.

On my way I passed through Twickenham, where, you know, Pope lived. His house is long since gone; but the driver showed me the spot on which it stood, now occupied by a modern building, where the little fellow exercised dominion in his day, and alarmed more by the punctures of his pen than if he had commanded a host of armed men. We passed, also, Strawberry Hill, to which Walpole gave such fame, the house still standing in extensive grounds, but now for sale; then to Richmond. The population is so dense you cannot tell where one town begins and another ends, for you are passing through people all the time and houses everywhere—sometimes humble, sometimes more pretentious residences and sometimes lordly mansions, filled and surrounded with whatsoever can charm, and which help to make England so regal.

Richmond is situated on the Thames upon a commanding site. The ground rises from the river and the views are unsurpassed. We drove through the town and up into the Park, 2,200 acres, alive with people strolling and enjoying the scene and air, and then on to Kew. I here left the carriage and walked through the Botanical Gardens and Park of two hundred and fifty acres, down to the Thames where I took a little steamboat and returned to the city, fourteen miles. The whole distance I enjoyed myself, sitting on the

deck and watching the crowds as they thronged the river and its banks, getting on and off the steamer at the various landings, crowding the decks of other steamers ascending and descending the river, or in the hundreds of pleasure row-boats scudding to and fro. And I had again an opportunity of seeing the waterfront of the Houses of Parliament, as the steamer passed between it on the one hand and Albert Embankment and St. Thomas Hospital buildings on the other. And so ended the day.

SAME HOTEL, *Monday, May 21, 1883.*

This day I spent in a visit to Cambridge and its University, and Ely and its Cathedral. In Ely, the “y” is pronounced short, sounding like Ely. I took train at 7.45 a. m. from King’s Cross Station.

Cambridge is fifty-eight miles from London. In getting there you pass through principally a rolling country highly cultivated and mainly in wheat. The landscape was beautiful, the sun shone brightly, the sentiment of “Woodman, spare that Tree,” so shamefully disregarded by us, has been here held sacred for generations. Over this scene, as far as you could see on either hand were scattered those majestic trees for which England is famous, now in groves, now in clumps, now singly along the hedge-rows and out in the open field, and now in avenues marking some ancient road or path over which for hundreds of years people have trod to court, or camp, or church, and which are now their right by prescription though they cross often private property. No wonder the English people are fond of walking, they have many inducements. A climate which invites to the open air and exercise, and a country which beguiles the way and time with so many of nature’s charms; you can readily imagine the fifty-eight miles did not seem long with such an outlook.

When I reached Cambridge I took a street car, they call them here tramway, and rode up into the city, nearly a mile. I then walked through its narrow, quiet streets awhile. They look tired and sleepy as though the contagion of the stillness of the colleges had prostrated them. Amid a little business and a few wagons and drays you see the gown-boys gliding to and from the various colleges. In this university there are seven colleges or distinct foundations pretty much all situated in one locality. They mainly front on one street and run back to and beyond the river Cam.

The entrance to some of them, Trinity, St. John's and King's College is through old and handsome massive gateways, which give dignity to the surroundings. The buildings look aneient, and the pavements and ways are worn by the foot-marks of classes who have trod them to their long home and left often no other sign. I walked through their courts, halls, chapels and museum and spent several hours. The chapel of King's College is one of the finest in the kingdom; and the chapel and dining-hall of Trinity are worth visiting. In the former I saw several fine statues, one of Lord Bacon, a copy of the one over his grave at St. Albans of which I told you in a former letter, one of Macaulay (sitting), a noble figure and presenee, and of Whewell and others, and in the dining-hall striking full-length portraits of eminent scholars.

I wandered through what they called the Baeks, *i.e.*, the grounds in the rear of the colleges, which are in grass and trees, and through which the little river Cam flows quietly. Students, though not many, were sitting about or reclining on the grass. The place was as silent as a graveyard. I talked to a few of them, but found them ignorant even of their own surroundings; though polite and willing, could tell me scarcely anything of the college to which they belonged. Probably they were plebs or fresh. I met with several gentlemen, who gave me the information I wished.

After spending some hours in Cambridge, I again took train and went to Ely—fourteen miles. I walked from the station. There was no trouble in finding the Cathedral. There it stood and spoke for itself, on the highest ground in the vicinity. This region is what is called the Fen or Bog country. From Cambridge it is flat and untillable, without draining. This they have done, however, and what was in the young days of the Cathedral a marsh is now productive soil. This character of land extends northwest to the sea. Ely was once an island and Canute, the king, is said to have passed the Cathedral in a boat, and ordered his boatmen to rest upon their oars while he listened to the monks chant their vesper song. The stone of which the huge pile is built was brought many miles. What labor and of how many men and years!

On my walk through the town I was carried baek over long, long periods of time. The streets are narrow, and the houses of one and two stories and indifferent, and, as I ascended the hill, they looked as though they were leaning against and holding each other up.

They did not, by any means, have the romantic and interesting appearance of Canterbury. But the Cathedral! This makes amends for all, and the vitality of the town seems to have run up into it. And gloriously does Ely and the generations who have lived and died speak through this monument of their labor, their reverence, their perseverance, and their genius.

But who can describe a Cathedral such as this? It is one of the finest and largest in Europe, and now in better preservation than almost any other in England. Pious hands have restored and adorned it—your guide-book will tell you how long, how broad, how old and how costly. I don't care now, or at any time, to look for these particulars since I have seen it, and thought of the skilful architects of the long ago who, in building, "buildded better than they knew." I made the acquaintance of the verger and he went through with me.

I thought of going from Ely to Peterborough, to visit the Cathedral there on my route back to London; but it was getting late, and one such cathedral is enough for a single day! I returned direct to London, and had the pleasant termination of a pleasant day by receiving a letter from Taylor, of May 6, and one from Mary, May 7. I also received the Winchester paper. By this time my numerous letters are pouring in on you—I fear, *ad nauseam*.

SAME HOTEL, *May 22, 1883.*

I have nothing particular to tell you to-day. I rested and only wandered through the streets of London, with pleasure indescribable, taking in the flavor of its big life, which cannot be transferred to paper.

SAME HOTEL, *May 23, 1883.*

To-day has been a busy and interesting one—Epsom and the Derby (pronounced Darby) Races. You have heard much of the Derby, and so have I. It is fortunate, then, that I am in England to-day. Derby is one of England's peculiar days. Everybody knows when it comes, and Parliament adjourns and thousands congregate on Epsom Downs to see it. Mr. Pew and I determined to hire a hansom and run down independently, instead of travelling in the cars with the crowd. The distance is eighteen miles.

We started at 8.30 o'clock, with a good driver and spirited horse, and had a most interesting ride. The weather could not have been surpassed by an American spring day—bright and balmy. For six or eight miles we drove through the city towards the southeast, then through suburbs, through villages, villas and wealthy residences, and through such densely-populated regions, that they had sprinkled the road and laid the dust at least four-fifths of the distance. We set out early, the races not coming off till two o'clock, that we might be in advance of the crowd and secure a favorable position on the ground. Even as it was, the number of vehicles and hansoms and bicycles and footmen and women and children was legion.

It afforded me much interest to watch them as they travelled with their various purposes: some to enjoy themselves, some to sell their commodities, some to bet on the Derby, and some to swindle or rob in any method their ingenuity could devise. We happily reached the ground comparatively early. When we neared the gateway we were surrounded by a parcel of fellows, each earnestly clamoring to aid us and swearing they would get us a good position for our carriage—would take care of us and our horse, and do any other possible or impossible thing.

I jumped out and asked a policeman if he could not rid us of this pestilential crowd? He good-naturedly said he would. He told them to stand off. I selected one; but at least four ran ahead, and told us to come on and they would fix us right. We reached the gateway, and had to pay £2 (\$10) to enter the grounds with our carriage. We paid it and the man I selected—three or four following as if for life—secured us a fine position opposite the Grand Stand—one of, if not the best sites upon the ground. He was faithful enough. He brought a stake and propped up our hansom, and fastened it with a rope, took our driver and advised him where safely to stable his horse, and, in a few minutes, we were quietly seated in our carriage in a position overlooking the whole grounds and entirely adapted to our purposes. It was well we were so expeditious, for in a short time every available space was occupied and we were surrounded on every side, save in front, by vehicles of every sort. Our police officer stuck to us and kept the ground clear in front.

And now for the scene! We were on the crest of a hill. Opposite was the Grand Pavilion, of four stories, and on either side of it, ranged along the same line, rows of covered ascending seats for many

thousands. Between us and these structures was a valley, on one side of which, nearest the Pavilion, was the track, whose reach, for nearly a mile, was full in our view. In this valley were booths and tents and all sorts of temporary structures for the amusement of the loyal people of England—fortune-telling, betting, games of every conceivable kind, monkey shows, Punch and Judy, and every other thing that would make it look like the home of Vanity Fair.

Now we could sit quietly and watch the throngs as they came and filled the benches, the pavilion and its roof and the area before us. It was one of those pleasures which gratify me so much, being in the crowd but not of it. Before the racing began, our own hill was filled with people, the seats opposite and the intervening space. The bugle sounded and the police cleared the track, quietly and good-naturedly the people retired as fast as their crowded condition would allow. The track was wide and of sod, so that there was no dust whatever over any portion of the entire ground. There was one race before the Derby with entry of five. Of course the excitement was high. But when the Derby came with eleven entries, it grew profound and the welkin rang from tens of thousands of voices as the horses raced by with their fancy ribboned riders. And from my position in complete view of the field it was a sight worth seeing, to watch the crowd which flowed in like a tide and rolled on to fill the track over which the horses had just sped.

I witnessed three races, one before and one after the Derby; the first at 2 o'clock, the Derby at 3, and one other at 3.30. In the interval I walked around and watched the people in their sports and games, and was reminded of the Fairs of Old England of which I read in my boyhood days. I was not a little amused to observe a carriage just beside us with liveried attendants, driver and outrider, occupied by ladies and gentlemen. They had a luxurious and abundant lunch with plenty of wine and champagne. These two liveried chaps when they had fed their masters and mistresses, fed themselves; retiring behind the carriage, they did not stay their hands or stomachs till they had put under their belts not less than three bottles of champagne each, with any unknown quantity of solid food, whilst their faces became as ruddy as roses, and their heads as light as cork. I looked at them and their capacity for good things with somewhat of the wonder and admiration with which Copperfield watched the tavern waiter's gastronomic performances.

We had our horse put to the carriage after the third race and came off in advance of the crowd. It was a job to push through the throng, and occupied considerable time, though we did it safely, and reached the hotel about six o'clock. Derby is to be seen once. Many people never tire of it. They have been frequenting it year after year for a life-time. I feel that though I could not have seen it under happier auspices, and though my enjoyment of it is to be pleasantly remembered, like the bull-fight at Matanzas and many other things I could name, once is enough. I would not have missed it. It is one of England's red-letter days and has been for generations. And she shows then and there what she can do in sportive mood.

Yet, with the tens of thousands I left upon the ground and the tens of thousands I saw upon the way, when I came back to London I could not miss one soul from the teeming thoroughfares. Great is London—greater than ever was Diana of the Ephesians! Now good-by, with much love and in haste,

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 11.]

CLARENDON HOTEL, OXFORD,
Thursday, May 24, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

You see I am off from London, at least for a while. I sent you a letter before I left (No. 10), addressed to Margaret. I took train from Paddington Station, on the Great Western Road, at 2.30 p. m. and came safely to Oxford—sixty-three and a-half miles by rail. I, as usual, beguiled the journey in talking to my fellow-travellers of the country through which we were passing and its products. Grain and grass seemed to be equally cultivated along this route. As we approached Oxford the land became flatter and poorer, needing draining, and I was surprised to see such extensive bodies of timber, considerably more, though a thickly-settled country, than you see with us. I have before remarked upon the regard the English have for trees and here I saw more than usual. One of my new acquaintances, familiar with the country, said they cared for and used the

wood frugally, and allowed it to restore itself—cutting it for building purposes and using coal for fuel.

The towers of classic Oxford were soon in sight, and before me was a scene of which I had often read and heard. There are twenty-four foundations here—nineteen Colleges and five Halls. When I reached the hotel I took my room, and, having several hours before dark, went out to have a general view of the place before I began my explorations. I was somewhat dazed and feared I could not get away for a week, there was so much to see; but I have felt the same before, and it is astonishing how the difficulties vanish as you learn the ground plan of the city or place, and then go systematically to work to explore it.

I found I could gather, without any long stay, what Oxford had to show, and somehow help comes to me from unexpected persons and sources. Mr. Bouverie had given me letters to prominent gentlemen, but I did not use them. I told him I would not when he gave them. I am more and more satisfied I am right. To make acquaintances would absorb a vast amount of time, and would divert instead of aiding in my investigations. I had walked pretty much over the city and obtained a general impression of the colleges and their sites, and had resolved, having time, to look more closely into one or two before nightfall. I selected Magdalen—one of the most important, and having the most spacious and interesting buildings and grounds.

It was after the hour when access is given to the public rooms, and, in walking, I met an elderly gentleman in Oxford cap and gown. I saluted him. He returned the salutation politely, but in that shy manner which belongs to men who have had intercourse with their fellows through books; but in a few moments we were friends. He said he would show me through with pleasure, which he did in a delightful way, going and getting the key from the custodian. He pointed out the objects of interest in the architecture, walked through the grounds with me, and showed me the chapel and hall—all of which were entertaining. We spent an hour or so together, and, when we parted, I told him who I was and he told me that he was sorry to say he was *senior* fellow of the college (Dr. Fisher) and, I believe, a man of note.

In returning to the hotel I halted a citizen, and asked for information concerning some buildings in sight, to which I pointed. He

said he would go with me, and show me those and other objects I ought to see. I told him I could not allow him to put himself to such inconvenience; but he said, no, it would give him pleasure. He took me to the Bodleian Library, the Ashmolean Museum, the Taylor Building, the Sheldon Theatre, Baliol College, in front of which Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned, the market-place and other points to be seen by the stranger. Thinking he might be one who would accept pay, I offered him money; but he declined, saying he was aiding me because he was not only, he hoped, benefitting me, but gratifying himself. I will stop here.

REGENT HOTEL, LEAMINGTON,
May 25, 1883.

This morning I was up, had breakfast, and, by eight o'clock, was on the road to visit Blenheim Castle and Park. I took a one-horse carriage and sat with the driver—a polite, respectable man, who was acquainted with the objects to be seen and cheerful to communicate. Blenheim is nine miles from Oxford. It belongs to the Duke of Marlborough, you know, and contains in its walled enclosure three thousand acres. He owns much more land around it, which is in farms and rented, and through which we drove several miles before reaching the gateway of the Park. The morning was so bright, the road good and the surroundings interesting, that the distance seemed much shorter than it was.

Just out of the walls is Woodstock—a town which has a historic name, and, though we drove through the newer portion of it, the quaint houses looked ancient enough to have helped make history, and the streets quiet enough to appear to be resting from their labors. The Duke and his family are in London, and he allows the Castle and Park to be visited. The former is opened at eleven o'clock. I started early that I might ride over the Park before the time for visiting the Castle arrived. The front gateway is the family entrance and is a massive arch, through which and a long avenue of old elms can be caught a glimpse of the mansion in the vista, showing through the rich foliage. We did not enter here, but a short distance farther on, and through a gateway quite as massive and handsome, and dedicated by Sarah to the memory of her husband, the first Duke. Here is the porter's lodge, and we took

up the keeper that he might go with us through the domains. This is required, I suppose, to prevent depredations.

This ride I will remember—through ranges and over roads so smooth that they present no roughness to jostle one's thoughts, and surrounded by sturdy trees—elm, linden and lime—that were planted nearly two hundred years ago, when Marlborough demanded, by his wonderful military performances, recognition from England, and oaks which were found by the landscape gardener and left, whose age reaches back long centuries before. Many of these oaks show the ravages of time and storm, and are barely surviving. As we drove the song and chatter and croak of the birds were everywhere: far off, under the trees, were herds of deer, cattle and flocks of sheep, casting their shadows on a sward whose coloring no artist could rival, whilst through the foliage, every now and then, we could catch glimpses of the turrets or see fully the Castle of which the world has heard so much.

Yet, with these beauties and charms, there are in every direction evidences of want of care. The lake, in many places, is filling up with weeds and grass and mould. The portion of the Park which lies remote from the mansion needs attention, and the present owner has not the ability or taste or means which these splendid possessions require. On our ride we saw where they were breeding pheasants and partridges. They gather the eggs and set them under hens, and, when they have reached a certain age, turn them loose in the Park. We saw numbers so tame as not to be moved by our approach. We saw, too, where the witty, wicked Rochester lived for years and died—called High Lodge, within the enclosure of the Park.

It was now the hour to go to the Castle. I have not time to give you a description of this or of its contents. You can get these things from your guide-books; but I must tell you of the glorious view from the front door of the noble hall, which looks out upon scenes I have hastily sketched, whilst a mile off, directly in front, standing clear from surroundings, is the column supporting a colossal figure of Marlborough as the Genius of Victory. It is a brilliant sight, and altogether appropriate that he should preside over what his work evoked.

We were met in the hall by a respectable and intelligent lady. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, ten or twelve, men and women—travellers like myself. This lady conducted us through the

rooms and halls, which were decorated with paintings and statuary—many of immense value by celebrated artists, and presented to the first Duke by the artists themselves or other distinguished characters.

As usual, I was interested in the portraits, some of which were very fine, by Kneller, Reynolds, Vandyck, &c. Sarah, the first Duchess, was there by several hands in full-length, and I was interested in seeing what manner of woman she was, who played a rôle as extraordinary in its line as the husband in his.

This lady housekeeper went with us, and concisely and well explained the objects. I had a chance of remarking, that it must be wearying to her, this daily dead routine. She said she could not deny that it was. When we came to the library a magnificent hall presented itself, lined with book-cases but no books. I was informed, but not by the lady, they had gone to pay debts. She showed us three or four paintings left there, but said not a word to account for the absence of the books. There were a few Yankees with us—probably one of them asked. I could not inflict such a wound. Unless a future Marlborough should come with the ability to preserve what the first had to create, the glories of Blenheim will gradually, or it may be speedily, pass into oblivion.

But, as in other things of like import, I am only giving you a taste. Our ride back was as pleasant as the pleasant weather and scenes could make it. When I reached Oxford I dismissed my carriage and driver, and visited various colleges, &c. I had not thoroughly seen the University Museum, Bodleian Library, Ashmolean Museum, Taylor Building, Sheldon Theatre, where degrees are conferred, Christ Church College and grounds, &c., &c., too numerous to name. But I must mention that I stood upon the spot, now marked by a stone cross laid flat in the middle of the street in front of Baliol College, where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned for heresy, Ridley exclaiming, in the midst of the flames: "Brother Latimer, be of good cheer. We are lighting to-day a candle in England that will never be put out!"—and sure enough it is burning now.

At five o'clock I left Oxford by train for Leamington (forty-five miles), the country continuing much as I have described. I came at once to this hotel—a good one—and after tea walked about, visiting the spring, which is its principal curiosity and which makes it one of England's most attractive places of resort. The water is pungent and said to be of virtue.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, *Saturday, May 26, 1883.*

Kenilworth, Stoneleigh, Warwick Castle, Charlecote, Stratford-on-Avon! Can you collocate the same number of names representing places in any part of the world, in close proximity, so full of history and romance? All these places I have visited to-day. Desiring to see them to the best advantage, I took a carriage, and, having a respectable and intelligent driver, accomplished my object. The morning opened with rain, and I had at first an idea of postponing my trip; but it will not do in England to be moved by such causes, or your journey may consist almost entirely of stoppings by the way. I ordered my carriage at nine o'clock. It was what is called a Victoria—high seat for the driver and two behind, with a broad folding cover, which, with a lap-cloth, affords thorough protection from the weather without obstructing the view. The clouds lightened somewhat and we had promise of a fair day; but, whilst the rain ceased for several hours, it did not clear off entirely at any time. This did not, however, embarrass me. I could see the country, but lost the charm of the sunshine.

The roads are as good as they can be—like our turnpikes, save the toll-gates, of which there are none. My whole ride was through the heart of England in every sense—never absent from a scene of beauty. This is, I think, the best part of England I have visited. In the same area there are more evidences of productiveness and wealth, for I never seemed to be absent from the view of some park, some elegant residence, or some less pretentious but comfortable home.

We drove first to Kenilworth, and, on reaching it, passed through the grounds of Stoneleigh Abbey—an elegant domain of five thousand acres. It is hard for an American to realize these grand reaches of sward and trees extending on every hand beyond the vision, trying to show how attractive Nature can be in her quiet moods.

After driving about ten miles we came to the Tower of Kenilworth, and, passing through it, speedily had before us the ruins of Kenilworth Castle; for they are ruins now, save the gateway, which, with its four massive towers, have been converted into a comfortable residence, occupied by the tenant who cultivates the contiguous farm. The domain, of several thousand acres, belongs to

Lord Clarendon, but he does not live here. At the entrance there is a kind of lodge, where a man sells photographs, and guide books. I passed in and went at once to the ruins, and found there an old man, who had lived in that vicinity his whole life, and I took him for a guide. He was rheumatic, but hobbled with sufficient activity to go with me over the outer ruins and inner courts. What a superb place it must have been in the olden time when Leicester entertained Elizabeth in its ample halls!

The ruins are vast and tell of former magnificence. The owner has done much work, not to restore but simply to preserve. Cæsar's Tower lifts its ruins up into the air and invites admiration, and Leicester's Castle is only less imposing. Both, though worn and torn by time and war, show how majestic they once were. I climbed over and through them, and saw within how beautifully, elaborately and substantially they were built, and, without, how commanding a site they occupied. Here were the remains of halls where royalty and nobility and gentry banquetted and ruled, and here were dungeons whose story never has or will be told. I could with difficulty tear myself away.

My venerable friend, as he limped around with me, told with unlettered, but quite graphic, language how he thought they must have behaved in "them old days;" but you must take only a few strokes of my pen for what description I can give. Each of the objects I see would require a book, and, when I have finished my letters to you, I am conscious how much and many things and incidents I have omitted, which would probably be more interesting than those I hurriedly put down. I often wish you could be with me, and if Charles only had a well-nerved pair of legs on him, what a time we could have amid these enchanting scenes! But I reckon we would linger so long that daylight would fail.

In driving from Kenilworth we passed by the gateway of the ancient Abbey, what there is left of it, worth seeing for its Norman arch. We now drove to Warwick Castle, passing Guy's Cliff on the road. Of the latter I did not visit the house, the family being at home, but simply viewed the premises from a distance. The Avon River passes through the grounds and drives a little mill not far from the mansion. I went to this mill and had a talk with the miller. He said he had a brother in America, and was sorry he had not gone himself some years ago. A little further drive and we

were in the town of Warwick, over which rose the towers and battlements of the Castle.

The Earl is now absent and the place is open to visitors. The walls are standing almost intact, in elegant preservation. On one side runs the river Avon, on the other it is surrounded by a moat, now dry. Within the walls is rich sward, and around are the battlements and towers in massive but graceful outline. I was admitted into the castle by a young lady who escorted me through the various apartments, and pointed to and explained the objects of interest, the suits of armor, the statuary, paintings, jewelry, mosaics, &c., too numerous even to catalogue. From the windows I could look down upon the Avon washing the base of the towers, and far off over a country of varied and rich beauty.

The ancestors of this British race, were, we know, a sturdy set; but they had an eye for the beautiful as well as the strong. The men that planned and planted this castle knew they were making an almost impregnable site, but I cannot help believing that they knew also, they were setting a jewel in the landscape. I have seen no place in England to compare with Warwick Castle. In perfect preservation within and without—filled with precious things, whose value cannot be counted in money, it lifts itself above surroundings and commands recognition not only by virtue of its own inherent merits, but because history and romance have clothed it with an imperishable halo. Again I despair of giving you any adequate idea of what I saw.

I then left, tendering the young woman money, which she took, and visited the garden, more particularly to see the Warwick Vase. An old chap, a retainer of the house, ignorant, but proud of his place, went with me. He called it the great "Vawse," which it took me a moment to interpret. But what is the pronunciation of a name if you only understand it? This is, you know, an antique, and immensely valuable.

I then came on to this town, ten miles, *viâ* Charlecote, which still belongs to the Lucy family, who, you remember, prosecuted Shakespeare for killing one of their deer, and which Shakespeare revenged in "Shallow." The driver pointed out the place where tradition says the poacher was captured in getting over a set of bars, which let down with and threw the poet on the road. The estate is still a fine one; we posted well-nigh around it. I reached Stratford at 3.30 p. m. When I arrived it was raining; but to-morrow being

Sunday and thinking I might miss or be detained in seeing the objects of interest, I started at once, visiting first the house where Shakespeare was born.

This has been purchased by a company and is now in excellent repair and kept as it was, nearly as possible. It is situated on one of the principal streets of the town, and is of wood and plaster. Soon after I entered, a lady and gentleman came in (both young) and we went through together conducted by an elderly lady, put there as the keeper. By the time we were through we were quite well acquainted, and the lady visitor said she recognized me as a fellow passenger across the Atlantic. She and the young man were wife and husband, by the name of Hanly from Brooklyn, N. Y.

The lady keeper told us by rote what is known of Shakespeare and the house. The room in which he was born, the kitchen of his parents with its wide-mouthed chimney gaping for English oak to devour, as it used to do in Shakespeare's young days. The deed to his father for the house, the signet-ring the poet once wore on his thumb, the tankard of glass which once belonged to him from which Garriek drank on a centennial jubilee in Shakespeare's honor, the desk at which he sat at the grammar school and which he or some other bad boy had cut with his knife, as we used to do in our school-boy days, the same oak flooring above and the same stone flooring below, the same joists and rafters that covered the places where the strange child romped, pluming unwittingly his wings for his immortal flight. When we had seen the house and contents, I invited my my newly-made friends to accompany me to other points of interest connected with Shakespeare; they cheerfully accepted.

We visited together the Town Hall, where there are likenesses of him and Garriek, a statue of Shakespeare and minor things of interest; the spot called the "New Place" which Shakespeare owned, and where he died. The house is gone, but the owner has surrounded the premises with a handsome iron fence, and covered with care the bricks and rubbish which lay in spots about the yard, parts of the foundation of the ancient house, that the world may see how they have been consecrated by genius. We saw the house called the Grammar School where Shakespeare learned to mould our English tongue, and became not a scholar, but the greatest architect of its rhythm; then we went to old Stratford Church where he and his are buried in the Chancel, and read the curse he ordered to be

inscribed upon his tomb against any who should dare disturb his bones.

Then we walked a mile or more into the country and visited Shottery, the home of Ann Hathaway, who became Shakespeare's wife, and I sat in a chair in the big fireplace and on the worm-eaten bench by the wall, and drank fresh water from the well in front of the door, whence the gentle William had many a time helped sweet Ann to draw. The old lady who now occupies the house showed us every attention, invited us in and led us through the rooms of the oak-and-plaster, thatched-roof house, and showed us her family Bible, where the name of Hathaway had been handed down for generations, and plucked various sorts of sweet-scented flowers grown in the little garden, and gave them to us with her blessing. When our walks were done, nothing more pleasant had occurred than our visit to the spot where the country lass once lived, whose name, by marriage-change, was made so famous.

Whilst we were there, the rain passed and the sun helped us on our return. I have spent no day in England like this. I have given you sketches of my seeings and thinkings, hurried and brief. Stratford is kept alive by Shakespeare and is a pleasant place to stop in now. Shakespeare is everywhere. The hotel where I am staying is called the Red Horse, and a nice hotel it is. Here they have a snug parlor, where Washington Irving spent some time and thought and, maybe, wrote, which they call after his name and preserve the arm-chair in which he sat—so frail and in danger of being chipped by relic-hunters, that they had to put it in a glass cupboard, under lock and key.

I have seen so much of Shakespeare that I seem to know him better. When I told the old lady at his birth-place that he was a myth, she was rather offended and said she did not think so—that she believed he really lived and died thereabouts. I reckon he did, for they have found his footsteps and they have tried to follow him from the time when he had no wings till he passed towards the Empyrean, dropping from his flowing garments stars upon the world.

Now I shall go to bed and, I know, to sleep.

STAR AND GARTER HOTEL, WORCESTER,
Sunday, May 27, 1883.

I left Stratford-on-Avon this morning at 10.30 o'clock and came to Birmingham by rail, distance twenty-five miles. A tall young man, about six and a-half feet high, carried my satchel (I left my trunk in London). He told me he was a native of Albany, New York, and, after his father's death, came here with his mother, who is an Englishwoman. He wants to go back to America. The contrast was striking between him and the average English porters. This fellow is as active as a flea and knows everything that is going on. I had a good deal of pleasant talk with him as we walked to the "station." They don't know what you mean when you call it "depot."

After reaching Birmingham I had several hours to spare before the train started for this place, Worcester (pronounced *Wooster*). I had no particular object in stopping over at Birmingham. It is a large city, but purely manufacturing and business, numbering nearly half a million. I can see plenty of that sort in America—brick and mortar. Its manufactures are chiefly steel and iron. The station is very substantially built and rich. I thought I would amuse myself by riding around. It was church-time, and the stores and places of business were closed; but I could see the outward city and the people in their Sunday clothes. When I appeared before the station I had numerous offers from the hansom and cab-drivers to serve me. I selected a spry fellow of about thirty-eight or forty, and, before bargaining, got into a conversation with him. He gave me his name as Elliot, and told me he had lived in America, principally in the Southern States, and several years in Alexandria, Va., clerking at the Mansion House for Mr. Green. Whether this was true or not, he knew much of Alexandria, the names of the streets, and people. I asked him if he knew Charles. Said he knew Mr. Taylor a lawyer: this was Lawrence or Arthur, I suppose; said he remembered when I was elected Governor, and many other things I have not time to write. This is another of the strange incidents of travel. He has, he says, been a wanderer, and I think it has made him smart. He drove me over the city and through the suburbs, and I acquired an idea of its proportions. It is well-built in

sections, and reminded me of a go-ahead American city in many of its features. The business houses are, some of them, substantial and spacious, and, as with English cities generally I have seen, superior to ours in the pavements of their streets. Through the city and on the suburbs I could see how the hard blows of the hand of labor and the skilful work of the facile fingers of the money-changers have flashed out into refined and artistic homes.

In the afternoon I came to Worcester, reaching here at nearly six o'clock. The country was beautiful, as usual, with grain, grass and trees, and, what probably I have not mentioned before, the whole landscape brighter by the bloom of the buttercup, which looks up with its golden smile from almost every field in England.

I arrived here in time for church in the Cathedral. Of course, I went. Another glorious structure, in perfect restoration and repair, and filled with people! The music was like that of every cathedral I have visited during service-time. They have lighted it with gas, placing the jets along the base of the triforium, about half-way from the floor to the roof. As the evening advanced the verger sprang them along the reach of the church, and it was hard to say which was the more impressive—the “dim, religious light,” under which the architect designed it should be seen, or the garish brilliancy of the gas, which illuminated every crevice of the spreading groins and arches.

But these edifices can stand any light or any shadow. They are the expression of a profound religious feeling, and could not be built in this material age. Every workman wrought as though he were doing God service. It is wonderful how full England is of them, when we consider what labor, what wealth, what time it cost to build them. One such work in America would be the object of a pilgrimage.

Here ends the day. The twilight is so long that I can see to read and write at nine o'clock at night. With love in haste. I think I will mail this here before I leave, or at my next stopping-place.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 12.]

SWANN HOTEL, WELLS, *Monday, May 28, 1883.**Dear Margaret,—*

I sent this morning from Worcester, letter to Taylor (No. 11). I now continue my rambling notes. I left Worcester and came to Gloucester on an early train, twenty-eight miles; walked about the city and visited the cathedral, another interesting one, the cloisters the most striking I have seen. Then took train and came to Bristol, twenty-seven miles. This is a large city, the third commercial city in England; I believe, next to Liverpool.

So soon as I arrived there, I hired a hansom and drove over the city, visiting more particularly the Cathedral, St. Ratcliff Church and Broadmead Chapel. The Cathedral does not compare with those I have seen in any respect. I wanted more particularly to see Broadmead Chapel where Robert Hall preached those renowned sermons, and St. Ratcliff Church where the “marvellous boy” Chatterton, feigned to have found the manuscripts of his poems. The church, it is said, is the most elegant in the kingdom, why not say in any other kingdom or country? I mean church not cathedral. It is in excellent preservation, and large and elaborately ornamented. After the verger had shown me generally, I told him I wanted to see the loft where Chatterton worked, and where he said he made his discovery. He took me to it over the north entrance. It contained nothing but some old worm-eaten chests. He said they were the repositories in the boy’s day of masses of time-soiled papers, parish records, and the like, and suggested to Chatterton his pretended discovery. It certainly was interesting to me to stand on the spot where the gifted, unhappy boy laid the foundation of his strange fame.

I finished by the hour of the departure of the train for this place, distance twenty-seven miles, and reached here in time to visit the Cathedral and its surroundings. It is one of the finest in Great Britain—in some respects, maybe, the finest—its close or grounds are the most spacious and imposing I have seen. The Bishop’s palace adjoining the cathedral area is surrounded by a high wall enclosing handsome grounds and gardens, around which there is a moat of fresh running water washing sometimes the bastioned walls which in

many places are covered with vines and flowers. I arrived there in time to see the cathedral; the vergers were leaving but he cheerfully turned back and conducted me through.

What wonderful structures these are, each different from the other, but each perfect in its kind! The time and work spent upon them are almost incredible. You may look at them within and without for hours and all the while be discovering new and fresh evidences of genius and labor and wealth. You seem to see way off, it may be, a leaf or other simple thing, you look longer and out of the distance comes a beautiful or quaint device carved in stone. There are hundreds of images here the expression of almost every thought or fancy. But I shall not stop to minutely describe it.

The country over which I passed to-day was principally pasture land. Soon after we left Worcester the Malvern Hills appeared upon the west, and the Cotswold on the east, rising now and then into the similitude of mountains. I have seen more of such country to-day, than anywhere in England—indeed I have not seen its like before in my travels here. We are getting towards Devonshire where the famed cattle are bred, and the country is now full of them, grazing on every hand.

I will stop now and go to bed. But must simply say before I do, that Wells is a sleepy little town or village which makes the imposing cathedral more striking in its midst. I think one of the wonders of history is, how these structures were ever built so numerous and so grand in a thinly-settled and poor country.

I forgot to say they have a clock in the Cathedral designed and constructed by a monk six hundred years ago. It has been restored. When it strikes the half and quarter hours, an odd old clown twenty feet off, perched in a niche against the wall, kicks the stroke against the bell with his heels, whilst, on the outside of the Cathedral, there is a dial and two knights in armor, one on either side, with hammers fashioned like spears, who strike vigorously the same against two bells in front. When the hour strikes, in addition to this, a procession of Apostles moves in and out of view. Those monks were queer customers, having in them much of human nature, whose numerous phases they would not allow a sombre faith to clean weed out. I doubt not they were the architects of these charming structures, and they have left their funny thoughts everywhere in the quaintest, drollest figures, which they have cut in stone, and put upon walls

and columns side by side, often with an ethereal and lovely earthly, or angelic face and form.

YORK HOTEL, BATH, *Tuesday, May 29, 1883.*

This morning I was up early, and, by half-past seven o'clock, was on my road to Exeter. Before I left Wells, and having a few minutes to spare, the proprietor of the hotel kindly told me he would go to the bishop's palace and show me the grounds. In yesterday's letter I told you of the surroundings, but it was too late for me to go inside. The interior is quite as interesting and attractive as the exterior—large and beautiful, and adorned with trees, flowers and grass.

I came on to Exeter and there visited its Cathedral, Guild Hall, Albert Museum and Rougemont Castle, which latter rises right in the midst of the town, which itself is located attractively on rolling ground.

This Cathedral, also, has an extensive yard or close, which, I have told you, does not always belong to these structures. They may have once had; but the destruction of war, time, and the growth of the town and cities around them have consumed their surplus grounds. After spending several hours here I came on to this city (Bath), one of the celebrated watering-places of England, and containing fifty or sixty thousand people. I went to the hotel, washed, and then started to see the place. I fell in with a policeman and he went with me. I suppose he thought the town was so quiet (as it was) that it would take care of itself whilst he took care of me. We visited the various public bathing-houses, which are the completest I ever saw, and, judging from their capacity and the number of cripples and rheumatics on the street, are much patronized. The waters are warm (about 112°) and strongly medicinal. They are supplied from one well and are interesting in their arrangement.

Lately, while digging the foundation of a house, they came across some old Roman baths, and have uncovered one 40x80 feet in fine preservation. There are the stone steps leading down into the pool, paved also with stone, where the conquerors of the world washed off the dust of the battle and the march, or otherwise delectated themselves, as they well knew how to do; and the work now, though built probably two thousand years ago, is better than modern work

of only a few generations. Around were lying fragments of stone, the débris of ancient workmanship.

I then visited the Abbey church, another of those wonders of architecture—not so large as a cathedral, but, like St. Ratcliff's at Bristol, throwing our modern churches into shade.

Whilst I write, three travelling musicians are discoursing sweet music under my window. I will close this, and let them discourse me to sleep.

GEORGE HOTEL, WINCHESTER, *Wednesday, May 30, 1883.*

The name that heads this day, brings us close together: Winchester, England—Winchester, Virginia, and I have you all upon my heart as I sit in this venerable hotel in this far-away town, after which doubtless our own is called.

To resume: Bath is located beautifully, surrounded by hills in high cultivation. It is improving simply by the influx of people who come here to be cured or while away their time. There are no manufactories of any import, and the place is as quiet as a college or cathedral city of anything like its size.

The country through which I have travelled has been various. To reach Wells, the county seat of Somerset, we passed through a flat country, which is lower than the Bristol Channel and is often flooded, and we observed them cutting peat from the bogs or marshes for fuel, which, a gentleman on the train informed me, and I could see for myself from the quantity secured, was a considerable article of inland commerce. On the contrary, to get to Exeter, the county seat of Devonshire, I struck into the hills. Both counties are mainly grazing—the fields covered with the red, long-horned Devons with which our country is familiar, and choice cattle they are, too!

When we came back to Bath on the borders of Northern Somerset and Wiltshire, the country became rolling again and very picturesque for several miles after leaving Bath, coming towards Salisbury. I had considerable talk with the people on the train, which I wish I had time to write you, but it is impossible. By these talks I learn much of the country, of the temper and of the opinions of the folks. I wish, too, I could convey to you an adequate idea of the proceedings of this day—one of the most enjoyable I have

spent in England. The weather has been perfection for travelling, and the sky much like that with which we are familiar in our country—blue, with clouds scudding and pursuing each other for dear life across it, a cool breeze blowing all the time and no dust, that having been settled by the recent rain.

When I reached Salisbury, I at once hired a carriage and started for Stonehenge, distant nine miles by direct route; but I determined to go a roundabout way and visit several other places of interest.

We drove first to Wilton House, the home of Lord Pembroke and a lovely spot, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "*Arcadia*"—another of those vast domains which are scattered through England, and are destined to play such an important part in England's future history, as they have in other manner in her past. Surrounded by massive walls, they seem the abode of luxury and refinement, whilst stretching for miles are other lands which, tenanted, support this luxury and refinement. I stopped at the village of Wilton, and looked at a church which Lord Pembroke built at a cost of \$600,000. Driving on over a smooth road and with a plucky horse, we began to approach far-famed Salisbury Plain. I can scarce remember when I first heard of it, for when I read Legh Richmond's "*Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*," one of the earliest of my young reading, the spot seemed as distant and impossible ever to be seen by me as did Council Bluffs and the wild waters of the Columbia River when Clarke and Lewis stirred me with their well-told story. But, rising a slight elevation, here was the Plain, stretching for miles without fencing, though a large portion of it now in cultivation, and green with grass or grain, not level but gently rolling, with here and there at considerable distances, trees, standing in clumps and groves or marking the sites of homes.

We kept the road for some distance, and then, to reach Stonehenge, drove over the smooth soft turf for a few miles. I stopped often to talk with the men working on the plain or tending their flocks, for here they were as they have been for years, with dogs watching their sheep on these extended fields, and keeping in perpetuity the pursuits of their forefathers, the sun shining brightly, but its rays tempered by a gentle breeze. The day was lovely. After a while, in the distance, I saw standing up, as they have stood for so long "*that man's memory runneth not,*" those strange Rocks

which have vexed the brain of the antiquarian and scientist, and will vex them without solution probably till the end of the world.

I have had nothing to so move me since I looked upon the wonders and glories of Yosemite. They are the most impressive curiosity I have seen in England, far surpassing any, even my highest anticipations. The cathedrals have interested me, as you have seen, and I am entranced with their majesty and beauty ; but I know how and when they were built. But who brought and placed in order these immense stones, so far from their birth-place ? They look like the work of the sons of Anak, and, standing in this lonely plain without any story, they excite in you a sense of profound mystery. You have often seen illustrations and read accounts of their collocation, and I shall not bother you with a description ; but neither picture nor language can convey any idea of their exceeding impressiveness.

About the Plain, too, are hillocks like our Indian mounds, and I believe, as far as ascertained, with much the same contents. I counted eighteen of them in view at one time, at greater or less distances. Could our enthusiastic friend, Mann Valentine, see them he would go for them with a "sharp stick" and a shout ! There were two old men hanging around with their offers to instruct and their photographs for sale. Thus it is everywhere in this country. You can go to no spot of interest that you are not met with quiet demands for money, for the like consideration. There were also three young men on bicycles. One of them told me he had travelled one hundred and ten miles a day on his without extraordinary fatigue.

I literally pulled myself from these mysterious rocks. I should have liked to lie down in the shade, for they looked as though they could speak and tell a wonderful story, with more rhythm and poetic significance, than Tennyson's Talking Oak. I passed on my return Amesbury Abbey, located in a British, and afterwards Roman fortification, and somewhat later came to old Sarum much more striking and celebrated. This also was a Roman fortification, and afterwards a Saxon city. The works are circular and of immense size, the mounds and ditches of the elevation distinctly outlined, now covered with grass, and lifting itself like a small mountain above the plain. I left the carriage and visited it, walking probably a mile. The view was very extended, the plain rolling far away, and below me, the

town of Salisbury spread out like a map, from its centre rising lightly, the Cathedral, seeming to watch over and protect the houses of the city as "a hen doth gather her brood under her wings."

The cathedral appeared to me at this distance (which impression was confirmed by a nearer view) to be one of the most beautiful and graceful in its exterior, of any I had seen. It is the only one which has a spire, the others I have seen have towers. This exquisite spire, springs from the crossing of the transept and nave.

In getting to old Sarum, after leaving my carriage to walk to its heights, I passed through a sort of inn. On my return the proprietor asked me to delay awhile and he would show me a curiosity. He conducted me into his back yard or garden, and lifting a door, laid flat on the ground, disclosed a skeleton, perfect in its parts, even every tooth was in the jaws and a noble set they were. It was lying as he discovered it, buried in chalk, three feet deep, which seems to preserve it. Who was he? Briton, Dane, Roman, Saxon, Norman or a descendant of one or all of them?

We then came on to Salisbury, having made a circuit of twenty-six miles. I ordered the driver to take me to the Cathedral, which I as usual enjoyed, and then to the station, which in a few minutes I left for this place: getting here about four o'clock p. m., thirty miles from Salisbury.

So soon as I arrived here and had taken my room at the hotel, I started out to see the town. Another venerable place, another fine cathedral, and another interesting college, Winchester School of long-standing fame. It is remarkable how admirable these colleges and schools are. The surroundings, large and well-kept grounds, quiet, quaint old buildings, make them look like what they are—Seats of Learning. I talked with some of the boys, but they knew little outside their books, much less than our American youths do. The cathedral contains in ancient oak chests the bones of Canute and many Saxon kings. William Rufus is buried here, and here Queen Mary met and married Philip of Spain, a jolly couple and a jolly match!

Many other things I would like to write you concerning this church and its belongings, but my time and your patience both must be clean gone. I will only add, I wonder that Salisbury and its vicinity are not more frequently visited. The city is ancient, many of the houses look like those of which I told you in Canterbury and Ely, the cathedral

dates beyond even these houses, and then Stonehenge looks with contempt upon all their claims to antiquity, and defies mankind to count its years! I forgot to mention that Mr. Bouverie urged me to postpone my visit to Stonehenge near which (within nine or ten miles) he has a country seat, and when he went there shortly, I must pay him a visit and he would go with me. I declined.

MARINE HOTEL, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Thursday, May 31, 1883.

As I write the heading of this letter looking on the British Channel from the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, for the first time, I feel a great way from home. I toss you greetings on the sea: may the waves bear them to you with my gentlest love!

I left Winchester at half-past eight o'clock a. m., and came to Southampton by rail. Having some hours before the steamboat left for Cowes, Isle of Wight, I hired a carriage and drove over the city. There is nothing worth recording there, situated on Southampton water, an arm of the Solent, which is an arm of the channel, it is one of England's important sea-coast cities, but it did not look to me of any considerable import, within or without. It has a history though, and in riding I saw the ancient gateways and a portion of the walls. I then drove to the pier and, taking my baggage, went on the steamboat and remained there an hour or two before she moved. The sail was very pretty, twelve miles, which we made in an hour. The boat was small but nice enough; the distance is so short that one scarce bids adieu to England's shores before he hails those of the Isle of Wight. Cowes has nothing to tell of.

In a few moments I was on train bound for Newport, the capital of and the largest place on the Island. I hired a carriage and drove to Carisbrook Castle, a mile or two from town—a pleasant drive. This castle has a history, too. Here Charles I. fled, and here negotiations were attempted with the Cromwellians; and thence he was carried back to England. Here, two of his children, Henry and Elizabeth, were confined or cared for, and here Elizabeth died. The portion of the castle where she died is standing, but the room in much decay. That portion where Charles was confined or occupied has fallen into ruins, as has the rest of the once spacious and imposing fortress.

There has been no effort here at restoration. I walked upon the walls and ascended to the keep, whence I had a grand view, reaching many miles into the interior, taking in Newport, Cowes, and the Solent towards Southampton, meeting numbers in my stroll, which has been the case wherever I have been in England. They seem to travel as much as our own people, and everywhere I see them, guide-books in hand, wandering among their country's curious or historic scenes or things.

I returned to Newport and, having an hour or two still at my disposal, I again took a carriage and drove into the country; this time southeast of Newport, four or five miles towards and to Arreton, a small town, nearly every house in which is thatched, but looking cozy and comfortable, with ivy, flowers, and trees. Here is an old stone church, and in its yard is the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter. I visited the church and yard. Men and woman were here with the same purpose as myself, but, being strangers, none of them knew the spot where our childhood friend was buried. I called a bright-looking child from the village and asked if she knew? "Oh yes, sir," she said with a smiling face, as though proud to know there was anything there that folks would come so far to see. She took me to it. Quite a large headstone of white marble marks the grave, with the inscription "Here Lies Elizabeth Woolbridge—The Dairyman's Daughter," then the date of her birth and death, and some simple verses descriptive of her character.

It is quite remarkable how Legh Richmond, in quiet way, has perpetuated simple names and persons. Many, very many, pass, without comment or emotion, the splendid monuments of Britain's historic men which adorn her cathedrals, either because they care nothing about them, or because they have not even heard that such people ever lived, and come here to linger in this old church yard and hallow the spot where a quiet and eventless, but pure and beautiful life was ended.

I then returned to Newport and shortly took train to this place, *via* Sandown, on the eastern coast, distance sixteen miles. You see the distances are short. The country reminded me much of England, same style of building and culture, but seems upon a smaller scale, as though the little island wanted to imitate, but did not aspire to rival her more brilliant sister.

I got here some time before dark and came to this hotel, which is

on high ground and looks upon the Channel with one broad sweep, which is now out of its wonted mood, and is as smooth and placid as a summer lake. Vessels of considerable size appear and hundreds of row-boats are scudding. This is a watering-place of large import and is evidently growing larger. Its location I have never seen surpassed. Many of the houses are high above the sea, but cliffs tower above them higher still; and the striking outline of these cliffs, as they spring from point to point, has been utilized by the improvement of the ground and the erection of tasteful buildings, great and small, mostly built of the stone dug from their foundations, which is of grayish blue and well adapted to building purposes.

I walked through the town and on the beach, enjoying the scene and the weather, which to-day again has been perfection itself—another American sky, not with floating clouds, but a whole expanse of deep blue without a break. No wonder I am enjoying my travel, as I have often thought travel ought to be—lounging, no hurry, no worry, no working to fatigue, just moving quietly, filling my mind with images, which will be apt to stay, because they come with ease and pleasure.

SUSSEX HOTEL, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND,
Friday, June 1, 1883.

Here I am in Old England again, and at a place which recalls by its name Old Virginia. I must tell you concisely how I came here. I left Ventnor this morning on the top of a stage coach. These English coaches are quite remarkable affairs—they convey eighteen outside and four inside. I was outside with twelve others, and away we went, with four spanking horses, to the music of a horn. We travelled across the island to the extreme western end, called the Needles—a point projecting sharply into the English Channel, ending with a lighthouse—distance twenty-six miles. You see it does not take long to run over this little spot of ground. I lunched here, and then took another coach and drove to Newport (twenty miles), then took train and came to Ryde, in the northeastern part of the island, then a steamboat and came to Portsmouth.

I have thus gone over the entire island—have been through its interior and have seen, from its high ground, the whole of its sea-coast. I may say I have seen nearly all of the Isle of Wight. It is

very pretty in many of its parts. I won't say I was disappointed. Yet I thought it had been eulogized beyond its deserts, both as to its beauty and its productiveness. One ought to see it before seeing England—the miniature before the life-size—because its scale is small, and one is apt to contrast it disadvantageously with the far richer and more interesting and larger country. Sometimes the views are beautiful when rising on higher ground. The eye takes in an expanse bounded by the waters of the Channel; but there is evidently much thin land and few massive trees like England.

The weather continued perfect for my purposes and my ride was most enjoyable. Though Tennyson lives there (we passed his place, called Faringford) and some other literary people, I have no desire to do so. It is so little, that one feels, when travelling rapidly over it, like being anywhere too near the rim—its circumference being only sixty-five miles, I think.

I will close this letter now and mail it when I can buy some international stamps. I send herein my love. I am longing to get back to London now, hoping to receive letters telling me of yourselves. Send this to Charles, with love.

Affectionately,

F.

P. S.—Send me Mrs. Nelson's address. I want to write to her, and, when you write, tell her to drop a line to me. Send her my address. Give love to Mrs. Tuley and Miss Mary and neighbors and inquiring friends. How are the Baldwins? Give my love to them. I mail this at Brighton.

To Taylor.—How is the new building coming on? If you are bothered with it and the farm, let me know. I'll go right home. I would, in such case, far rather be with you than here roaming, whatever the enjoyment.

[No. 13.]

GRAND HOTEL, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND,
Saturday, June 2, 1883.

(*Continue to write to the same address, London. They will be forwarded.*)

My Dear Mary,—

I mailed to-day, in this city, a letter to your Uncle Taylor, addressed to your mother (No. 12). I send this to you in due course. Whilst I write I am sitting by my front window at this elegant hotel, looking upon the British Channel, still quiet and calm, towards the end of another lovely day. Surely the weather has favored me marvelously, not impeding me an hour, but seeming to adapt itself to my needs. The water is covered with boats, gliding hither and thither under the impulse of oar and wind, and the pictures you have seen of Brighton are realized. We have Brighton and its surroundings at its best ; but the crowds which gather in full season have not yet come, though many are here already.

This is the Newport, the Long Branch and the Coney Island of Great Britain all in one, for here the nobility, the gentry, and the commonalty come to while away the time. My friend, Mr. Bennock, said he would come here with me ; but I could not wait, and then, too, unhappily he has the gout, and how could he “gang my gait?” Besides, you know I have a propensity for going in my own company. But I must tell you how I got here.

I left Portsmouth this morning at 8.45 and came to Chichester, where I stopped several hours. This is another of the cathedral towns and has things of interest. The place is sleepy, and looks so more from the weariness of age than from the fatigues of labor ; for there is no business going on of any import, and nothing especially to invite the traveller's stay, save one of those works which our ancestors on this soil erected for the gratification of their pride or religious feeling, and left for our admiration and study. These cathedral towns are *sui generis*, and the dignity which the noble structures conferred and their importance, too, in the days when they

were built, seemed to satisfy them and their descendants that no further effort was required.

I went first to the Cathedral, situated in a pretty close, and, though smaller than many others, yet imposing. This too, like Salisbury, has a spire—the second only I've seen. The others, you remember, have towers. This spire rises at the crossing of the nave and transept, and is of modern construction—the original having fallen not many years ago. I arrived not long before service, and had only time to go around a little then; but the verger promised to renew our walk and talk so soon as service ended.

I determined to return, for he was intelligent and communicative. In the meantime, I went out and walked among the ancient graves in the cathedral yard and farther still, and strolled upon the walls of the city, which once marked its limits and its defences. I visited the Market Place Cross—one of those curious Gothic structures built at the intersection of the two chief streets of the city, where the people gathered in the olden time and helped, by their vigor and will, to lay the foundations of the British Empire. When I returned to the Cathedral the service was nearly over. I waited a while and my friend, the verger, and I continued our walk and talk as promised. He showed me some interesting books, for here they have preserved an admirable collection of old and valuable volumes, and of course it gave me pleasure to look upon their backs and into their faces. The Cathedral is chiefly Norman in style, which, by the repairs, has not been improved upon, and the innovations of more recent Gothic architects have taken away from the strength of that grand style, and added but little to its grace and nothing to its impressiveness.

I should like to see a purely Norman cathedral of large import. The only one purely of that style I have seen is the chapel in the Tower of London; but that is very small. This Cathedral, like those I have visited, has consumed vast sums of money in its restoration. Cromwell and his followers did serious damage to them nearly all. The iconoclast went about and broke things wildly. The wonder is, the creatures left one stone upon another in their foolish frenzy; but they did, and now for a while we will have them, till some other spirit of communism comes and plays its devilish pranks. The sculptor, Flaxman, has some fine works here.

I then visited, on my way to the station, the museum—not of

much consequence—and was, in a short time, whirling from Chichester, the old, to Brighton, the new. When I arrived I came to this hotel—the finest in the city. I make it a rule to go to the best hotels. Nothing is cheaper to the industrious traveller. It is situated on the Esplanade—a broad way which extends in front of the city for several miles—on which are located many other showy hotels and private houses, looking over it towards the sea. There are two piers running some distance into the water, and, from their extreme end, one's eye can survey this entire line of buildings. I don't think we have anything quite equal to it in America. I then visited the Aquarium, which is said to be the most complete in the world. I will not dispute it, for I cannot. I spent a pleasant hour there looking at the various fish, for which they had handsomely provided. I then went to the Pavilion or Palace, built by George IV. This, not meeting with the retiring tastes of Queen Victoria, was sold to the City of Brighton, and has been converted into show-rooms. In one of them I saw an oil portrait of Reverdy Johnson, and I never saw a better likeness. And so end the sights of Brighton. Their full season, I hear, is in the fall—September and October. I should think it a hot place in summer—the sun beams down the live-long day without obstruction or break.

CALVERLY HOTEL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
Sunday, June 3, 1883.

I was up, had breakfast, and, by a few minutes after nine o'clock, was moving by rail toward Hastings. The road runs not far from the Channel, and often you can catch sight of it as you travel. The country is not altogether level, but sometimes presents hills along the high coast-line. The distance to Hastings is thirty-two miles.

When I reached there it was too late for church—it being a slow accommodation train. I could not get on by any other till six in the evening. I determined to hire a carriage and see the city and the objects of interest in the vicinity. The Castle ruins are, in effect, in the city, occupying the highest point on the shore. The topography is curious—it is not all low or all bluff. The bluffs, quite high and imposing, shoot down to the water like teeth, whilst between them are valleys, which likewise come to the shore, returning thence

and rising slowly till they join the bluffs towards the rear of the city.

As I have said, the Castle, which the Conqueror in effect built—for there was a Saxon one before him on its site, but of small import—stands upon the boldest of these projecting points, lifted high above the sea, and commanding an extended and imposing view of water and land. Only ruins are now left of this once strong place, which the sturdy savage constructed to indicate his conquest and to hold it. A few lines of broken heavy wall, visible far and near, are standing—one of the gateways being somewhat repaired as a keeper's lodge. These rugged ruins, though so small a part of the entire fortress as it once frowned from its lofty site, tell a historic story worthy of remembrance.

I lingered a good while, enjoying the scene. On one side of me lay old Hastings, towards the east, in one of the valleys of which I have spoken. On the other, and towards the west, lay new or modern Hastings, now a brilliant watering-place, stretching itself inward to meet it on the higher ground: the older place stretching, too, along the sea-shore and joining St. Leonard's—a western suburb several miles away—whilst southward, basking again under a cloudless sky, was spread the Channel, glittering with ten thousand sunny caps.

I then drove to Battle Abbey, six miles in the interior. On its site Harold lost his crown. I could not visit the Abbey to-day. It is owned by the Duke of Cleveland, and he throws it open to visitors on Tuesday of each week. What a miserable thing to live at one of these historic places—for instance, to have the sanctity of your home invaded by a curious mob! I was not, however, anxious to see the interior. I have seen enough of them, unless there is something of peculiar interest, like Warwick or Blenheim; but I hear the interior of this place presents no such attractions. I wanted to see the situation and general appearance of the spot where William perpetuated the memory of his victory. The Abbey he built is now occupied by the Duke and is in excellent repair, I hear.

I could get a bird's-eye view from the adjacent elevations. It is surrounded by a high stone and brick wall, like all these superb domains. It being warm and dusty, I took lunch at an humble tavern in the town of Battle, which lies near by the Abbey, and in sight of which is the main gate—similar to one at Kenilworth, of

which I have given you an account in a former letter. These hotels are generally tended by young women, in both city and country. I told the one here I wanted a luncheon of milk and gooseberry pie, and, as the pie was large enough for two, to tell the driver to come and help me eat it. He did not come. I have no doubt that view did not suit either the hostess or the driver—too familiar altogether for me, a gentleman, to luncheon at the same table with my driver! He sent me word after a while by the lady, that he preferred a luncheon of meat and would, if I pleased, take it in another room—which he did, at my expense.

The Abbey stands upon a hill, but is in a rolling country—for there are other hills around—as was the country over which we drove, going and coming—verdant as a luxuriant and favorable season seems to have made all England. The views often were extended—the eye taking in a broad sweep toward the north, and resting on the Channel bounding the horizon on the south, five or six miles distant. We returned by a different route. We went out of Hastings on the east; we returned by the west, and, passing through St. Leonard's, its western suburbs, drove along the whole sea-front (two and a-half miles) over one of the finest esplanades in the kingdom.

After my return to the station I had an hour or two to spare before the train moved, and I walked down to the beach and out upon the pier where they have a pavilion, and rested there looking at the people who sat with me, or walked to and fro:—at the shore whose line I could see for several miles, now composed of sand and now of eroding rocks:—at the houses which built on the esplanade formed as it were, its border:—at the high and pointed bluffs of which I have already spoken, jutting into the channel, on the highest of which stood the shaggy ruins of the Conqueror's memorial, and the sea glittering in the sun with its myriad white caps sounding along the beach. Had I the genius of little Dombey, I could tell you "What its wild waves were saying." I, any way, was looking upon the scene of probably the most far-reaching event in profane history, certainly of modern times: the landing of the Normans to take possession of the British Isles, to mingle their blood with the Saxons and to found that English-speaking race whose genius and tongue were to mould a civilization that is taking forcible or quiet possession of the world.

Soon after, I was en route by rail to this place (Tunbridge Wells), twenty-eight miles. On the train I fell in with an intelligent man and we talked of England. He was well informed, and had travelled over it with observation. But it is impossible for me to write down everything. I can only tell you, as I have said more than once before, a few of the incidents of my travel. The numerous conversations must await detail till we meet and come out from time to time in our daily talk. When I arrived, I simply took my room, and walked to see the town, and had a good opportunity of seeing the people too, who were crowding the streets going home from church. This hotel is a handsome one, situated on an eminence, and surrounded by highly cultivated and improved grounds. The town itself much smaller than Bath, is located somewhat similarly on rolling, hilly ground, which they have utilized in the lining and grading of the streets and the building and adorning of their homes. It is an interesting and pretty spot, and next to Bath, I believe, the oldest watering-place in the kingdom. I visited the Wells or springs, which are of fair capacity and of iron; and then came back and went to bed.

The chief production of Sussex, the country through which I passed to-day, is hops. It adjoins Kent, which you remember I spoke of on my way to Canterbury, and whose chief product is also the same. And now for London, and I trust, for letters from you all.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Monday, June 4, 1883.

Here I am in London again!

I inquired first for letters, and was rejoiced in getting quite a number, which I took at once to my room and devoured. I will name them: two from Charles of May 14 and 19, Taylor's of May 13 and 20, Margaret's May 12 and 21. A letter from Mrs. Sallie Miller inviting me to her daughter's wedding. Letter from my friend Mr. Bennock inviting me to take breakfast with him, several from Mr. Bouverie tendering all sorts of civilities and enclosing passes to the House of Lords and Windsor Castle, the Bank, the Mint, &c., &c. What a lucky thing I have declined to extend my acquaintance in London! My time would have been utterly wasted.

I am sorry to learn from Charles' letter that Essie's health continues so bad, but I hope the summer will fix her up entirely. I am glad Taylor is going on so easily with his works, doctoring, house-keeping, farming, putting up fences (stone and wood), gardening, building a big house, laying a long pavement, hearing the complaints of old women and children, &c., &c., and doing all cheerfully and getting fat under it. He is a bully boy! I will continue to write these long letters as he says he wants them. I don't know what time he has to read them any more than I know how in the world I find time to write them. But as they are written hap-hazard, I reckon he reads them the same way.

I forgot to mention Mr. Smelley's letter. It was certainly kind and considerate in him to think of it, and I shall write and thank him in person. Nor must I forget to tell Charles to write to Mr. Bott, and give him my love and tell him that I have him in kind remembrance, though so far away, and Charles or one of you must not forget to give me Mrs. Nelson's address, I want to write to her and send her my address.

I will begin again. I left Tunbridge Wells at nine o'clock, and arrived here at eleven or half-past. It took me some time to reach my room, fix my things, read your letters, then sit down and dream of you and wish you all good things. Often I think while moving if I could come in upon you, and tell you what I see and hear; or that I could convey to you the images that throng my mind in some other way than by the slow process of writing; or that, whilst I have to write, I could wield "the pen of a ready writer," and photograph pictures which my lagging words cannot convey, it would give me untold pleasure and keep you ever by my side: for now I have seen so many things to charm, and can sit and call them up and readily appreciate what Dickens said of his creations—that they had become living to him, and trooped in groups about him as he walked the crowded streets of London. And now that I am here again the delights of rural England have not been left behind, but are with me still, and have come to stay.

My first thing was to get into a hansom and go to No. 5 Tavistock Square, and call upon my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bennock. Mr. B. had not returned from his business. Mrs. B. received me very kindly, and we had a good long talk till he came. He is as kind as he can be and wants to do something for me all the time, and says he

is worried I will not let him—wants to make me known to his friends, &c., &c. But I still insist I am right not to have my tour interrupted by the irrelevancy of being entertained by people I never saw before and never expect to see again, and for whom I care nothing and who can care particularly nothing about me; but I told Mr. B. I was quite as much obliged as though I accepted his tenders.

Whilst writing this, Taylor's letter of May 22d was brought to my room. I need not say how glad I was to get it, and am, too, truly glad that everything is going on well at home.

In the afternoon, about seven, I went to the House of Lords on one of the passes that Mr. Bouverie sent me. I heard several of their lordships orate, as far as I could learn, something concerning the army, though but little of what was said reached my ear. The Lord Chancellor presiding looked very uncomfortable in his long-eared wig and his black gown, sitting on the woolsack—a large, heavily-cushioned seat, with no arms and simply an upright back against which to lean. He looked very tired, and I have no doubt he felt so, listening to the hems and drawls of their excellent worthy lordships. This finishes the day.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
June 5, 1883.

Armed with the ticket of admission sent me by Mr. Bouverie from the Lord Chamberlain, I started at eight o'clock by rail to visit Windsor Castle. The day was bright when I left and continued all that could be desired for such a jaunt—the sky cloudless, and a cool wind tempering the sun and dissipating the mist.

To-day the races come off at Ascot—a place not far from Windsor. The train was crowded. Ascot is a rival of Epsom—the “Darby,” of which I sent you my experiences; but Ascot has not yet quite equalled Epsom in the Britishers' affections. Still, numbers attend it and to-day, in the train, the frequenters of the turf were in full force. The car in which I got soon filled up with such fellows as I told you I saw in Seven Dials, the Docks and Billingsgate, from whom Dickens collected the features of Sykes.

In a little while after they were seated began a talk, interlarded with vulgarity, blackguardism and oaths, the like of which I have

rarely, if ever, heard equalled. As old General Fauntleroy said of General Twiggs' swearing—"that it was so original, and, in its multitudinous and varied combinations, so *recherché* that it mounted into the sublime."

The abuse they heaped on each other over my head and across the car was of like import, and would have excited the old General's admiration to enthusiasm. Of course, the words soon came to blows, and Bill Sykes caught one of the fellows and kicked him over my legs out of the car, thus leaving the space open between Bill and myself. I could not see that I did not deserve the same abuse and kicking which my unoffending brother-traveller had received, and, to avoid the fate which I had seen so ruefully inflicted upon him, I stepped out, leaving still more elbow-room to Sykes to exercise his muscular gifts upon some other hapless fellow.

Whilst the kicked chap was calling the guard to inform him of Bill's outrageous performance, who was proclaiming aloud that he had only inflicted a well-deserved chastisement, I left them to settle among themselves the nice questions which had so suddenly and violently arisen, and went into another car.

I thought the crowd looked better, but it was so only on the outside. Soon the horrid quarrelling began over my head, and I did not know what might be the result; but it was too late to change again—the train had started. I was seated between a youth and a much older man—probably sixty years of age—dressed up quite nicely in a suit of clerical black, white cravat, with a shiny hat and snow-white hair, and, just as we started, a train carrying several hundred police passed us on the way to Ascot as reinforcements to preserve order on the field. This old fellow said, with great venom: "Ah! D—n you, there you go. I wish the train would run off the track and send you all to h—!" and then turned to me and unctiously said: "What do you think of that?" I replied, quietly: "You are commenting on your own countrymen and I have no remarks to make."

He said nothing more, but sat in meditative mood. After a while I asked him "if the races would come off to-day?" He said in quiet but sharp irony: "Of course not; they will be postponed." I made no further remark. All the while the other villains were throwing the filthiest words at each other that language could express, and the filthier it was the more admiration it seemed to

arouse among their comrades. I remained perfectly silent. In a moment or two my old neighbor turned and asked me politely "if I was going to the races?" I replied: "No, I am going to Windsor. I did not know the races were to take place," and added, with a touch of reproof, that "that was the reason I asked you if they were to come off to-day?" We then drifted into a friendly talk. He told me he had been to America, and, landing at New Orleans, had worked his way to Boston, and his familiarity with the country proved that he had. He became so interested that his whole manner changed, and when we parted at Windsor—I getting off and he going on—he shook my hand and expressed regret at leaving me. How much better an ounce of sugar than a quart of vinegar! Had I been rough or indifferent to this accomplished villain, he would not have hesitated to have robbed and chucked me out of the door or window, and his associates would have pronounced it well done. On the contrary, when I left they bade me a polite good morning, and my neighbor advised me to visit the Ascot Races as one of the curiosities of England; but "Darby" is enough.

When I arrived at Windsor, I crossed the Thames on a bridge and visited Eton College—a school for the boys and quite young men of the upper classes. This is one of the oldest and best-conducted schools in England, and is patronized by the nobility. I got there in time to see the pupils gathered for morning services in chapel—9.30 o'clock. They were very numerous—five or six hundred—and filled their beautiful chapel. They wore high, stove-pipe shiny hats, however big or little the wearer—an ugly and inconvenient costume for boys. Their behaviour was quiet and gentlemanly; but, from the general appearance of the youths, I was not particularly struck with the coming English race. I thought them a rather ordinary-looking set as far as brightness and intelligence were concerned. I did not stay during the service, and, having walked around and seen the Institution, finding nothing that I need record, I went and hired a carriage, it being yet too soon to visit the Castle, and drove around to spy out some of the curiosities of the vicinity.

I went first to Virginia Water, a lake made by the Duke of Cumberland, within Windsor Park. The distance was, going and coming, probably sixteen miles. And through this glorious wood and dale sometimes having on either hand primeval forests or

stretcheth of grass with hundreds of deer; I must have seen this morning five or six hundred in various herds. The road runs first by what is called the Long Walk; extending from the main entrance of the castle in a perfectly straight line, over hill and dale three miles, to a summit almost as high as that on which the castle itself is built and crowned with a bronze equestrian figure of George III., of colossal size.

The view from the castle along the road—catching dimly in the distance, the figure mounted on a rude pedestal of unhewn stone—is very fine; but how much finer the view when you have reached the figure, to turn and catch sight of the glorious old castle, towering above all around it, in its massive grandeur. This long straight road is sometimes bordered by large and ancient trees, and sometimes opens out into meadows or lawns. I got out of my carriage and ascended the elevation, on which the monument is located, and enjoyed for some time the lovely scene.

I then drove on to Virginia Water, which is a woodland, the surroundings hardly being high enough to make it a mountain lake; and yet at times high enough to mark it as romantic. I here again left my carriage, walked its entire length, some one and a half to two miles, and enjoyed the varied scene in which wealth and taste have successfully rivalled nature. The outline is irregular, and the contour of the ground, in which the water is gathered is so skilfully formed, as to render the whole perfectly natural. Having satisfied myself here, I drove back by the way of Cumberland Lodge, the home of Prince Christian and his family, a sweet home it is, in the park, surrounded by its beauties, yet retired and comfortable in its appearance.

As we were moving on the driver turned to me and said: "See, there comes Royalty!" Sure enough; there did come the trappings of, if not Royalty itself; on its way to the Ascot Races. There were half-dozen two-horse handsome carriages, open, filled with ladies and gentlemen, and there were two splendid carriages, with each, four equally splendid horses: the leader and near wheel-horse, ridden by grooms dressed in scarlet coats and fair top boots and breeches, the plating of the coaches and harness flashing in the sun. The four-horse carriages were closed and I rather expect they were to bring the Prince of Wales and other Royalty (as my driver called

it), from the races to Windsor Castle. My driver did not know any of the party.

Our ride back was the continual passing of elegant English coaches and all sorts of turnouts driven by the owners themselves, the grooms and footmen sitting up with folded arms and admiring the ease with which Nobility and Royalty drove through life. They little know how much more happy and freer from care they are than their masters whom they envy.

When I returned to the castle, it was time for our visit to it. I wandered, gathering the old place in, with the enjoyment it must excite in every one, it is so grand in itself and so thronged with associations, which are woven into the warp and woof of English history.

I visited first St. George's Chapel, which is simply gorgeous. It is the resting place of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I. The young Napoleon (Prince Imperial) is buried here, and a beautiful marble recumbent figure marks his grave in one of the chapels of the church. After satisfying myself here, I went to the castle and delivered my order to a policeman or attendant, who at once conducted me to the house-keeper, and she went with me through the halls, not in a hurry, there was no one else along and we took our time: your guide book will tell you what I saw. I remarked to her as we walked "that these things were very fine, but they did not always make life happy," she replied, with much significance, "no, they do not!" She has doubtless many a time seen and heard the bickerings about the precedence of the daughter of the Czar and the progeny of a simple king, of the snubbing a son-in-law gets because royal blood does not flow in his veins, of the unrest caused by the wild oats which Wales sowed so long, of the old Queen pure and elevated, an example in many things in her high place, but querulous and disagreeable when she has nothing or too much to do. There was much significance in the "No, they do not!" of the royal house-keeper. When I came away I offered her money and she took it. There is much of the practical in the English character, male or female, even in the midst of the blaze of Royalty.

When I left here I ascended the Round Tower, to have the view of what you have heard and read, taking in it is said, twelve of England's counties. The day was all that I could desire, which rarely happens in Britain, for though the sky is sometimes clear, there

is a haze in the atmosphere which interferes with the contemplation of distant objects. To-day the sky was without clouds and there was but little haze.

I remember when in Mexico, Judge Morgan the American minister went with me to Chapultepec, you probably may recall the scene, and when standing on the battlements, under the blue heavens and in the crisp atmosphere of that famous place, I looked over the glorious landscape, the sun setting behind us and painting Iztaxihuatl and Popocatepetl with purple and gold. I asked him if he ever witnessed anything to compare with it. He replied, only from Windsor Castle.

I had now an opportunity of comparing his views with mine. I must say I cannot agree with him that Windsor compares with that never to be forgotten vision. Yet how can you compare things so entirely unlike. There are no snow-clad mountains here, piercing the sky with their shining heights and no such atmosphere ever favored England. Nor on the other hand could Mexico present such a prospect as I looked out upon from Windsor. As far as the eye could reach, till the sky and the landscape met, one vast panorama of luxuriant vegetation lay before me, every spot of ground seeming to be holding high carnival in the exuberance of Life. I have seen no prospect to compare with this in England, and I suppose she has not such another. Runnymede was in sight, and though no great memorial marks the event enacted there, if we consider its results, it is entitled to a monument more enduring than Windsor Castle itself.

I had hard work to pull myself away, but time was tiding, and I was soon on train again hastening to London.

So much for the doings of this day. If I could give you any, the faintest, idea of them you would agree with me, that it has been a day not badly spent.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Wednesday, June 6, 1883.

This morning I went by engagement to Mr. Bouverie's office, to have a talk with him and Mr. Bennoek about our State affairs. They said the Council of Foreign Bondholders wanted to see me. I told them I could not meet them as a body. I was not travelling in the interest of the State Debt, and did not propose to ventilate

myself on that subject or be interviewed. I would not see the Council; but I would cheerfully talk with them as my friends.

Before, however, going there, (17 Moorgate, the hour of appointment being 12 m.) I went to my bankers to make some money arrangements, and whilst there, who should step in but Dr. Graham, Miss Kate Conrad and Dr. Graham's sister, and her friend, Miss Brown. It was a natural and agreeable surprise. They were well and in fine spirits; and had been busy during the short time they have been in London. They leave to-morrow for Rome. Go and see Mrs. Graham and Holmes Conrad; and tell them how well they looked, and how happy from the journey already made; and how much they anticipate from the future. It will be grateful to them, for Taylor to do this; and it is right that he should. I wanted to talk more with them, but had to hurry to fill my appointment.

My friends Bouverie and Bennoek met me. I told them plainly how the Council had blundered, they knew my unswerving position: my views had not changed. But they ought to have helped the men who were fighting their battle for them in Virginia, against such fearful odds; yet they would not. Now they are coming forward to fee lawyers; shutting the door after the horse is gone. The creditors might rest assured, no more fight will be made for them at the polls, except under compulsion. The people of Virginia are now battling earnestly for their autonomy, and many of the best men in the State are inflamed against them for their greed and selfishness. They must now make their fight before the Courts. Messrs. Bouverie and Bennoek had not looked at it in that light, strange to say; of course they had not. As I have often remarked, these financial men have not a grain of sense away from mere finance; which means making contracts, and having government behind to enforce them. They are children when they have to contend with government itself; or when politics are injected into the financial problem. My friends Bouverie and Bennoek agree that I was right.

Alas! their stupidity, folly and greed (I mean the creditors) lost them their Debt and our State her high standing and integrity. Messrs. Bouverie and Bennoek both said they agreed with me and advised assistance. I told them how grandly our best people fought to tax themselves for the creditors' benefit. How many poor men canvassed the State at their own expense, who could ill afford to do it. And the creditors might rest assured never again could such a

contest be made in their behalf. I told them this was private talk. I had done my do and said my say to the world in the creditors' interest and the State's honor, and had not a line or sentiment to revoke or blot; but I would not be in the attitude of travelling around re-stating and argufying the case. It was undignified and improper. They fully recognized my position and regarded my talk as private.

When I left them I went to the Bank of England. The Governor of the Bank, in sending me a permit, requested me, through Mr. Bouverie, to call upon him in person when I went there—he desired to meet me. When I arrived one of the secretaries was detailed to go with and show me the curiosities. Mr. Galliot, the Governor, was absent. I saw where, by an automatic process, the true coin was separated from the spurious or light; where they printed the notes; where the old ones were daily returned, cancelled, labelled and filed away—for a note is never issued but once, and each day from fifty to sixty thousand are returned. You can hence imagine the enormous amount of its issue. I went into the vaults where the bullion is coined and stored. Indeed, my guide took me everywhere through the vast money workshop, and whilst I was interested, it was purely mechanical, and I don't think a detail of the proceedings worth yours or my time. When we returned to the office Mr. G., the Governor, had not returned, and I left my card with my regrets.

I then thought I would call and see Mr. Lowell, our Minister, as a simple act of courtesy. Unhappily, he had left for his home. I called at his official office. The Secretary of Legation regretted much his absence, and said he knew Mr. Lowell would, too, and urged me to call again when I came back to the city. I wanted to see Mr. Lowell, as I know his writings well. I then called to see Lady Hardy, whom I met, you remember, some days ago, and who told me she had written a book on our section of the country, having recently returned from a visit there. I told her I would call and fulfilled my promise; but she, too, was out. I then went to the House of Commons, more particularly to see Gladstone. He was absent from his seat and I missed him,—a series of misses, happily, none of any serious import. And now I am ready to go to bed.

To-morrow morning, by six o'clock, D. V., I will be on my way to Paris, whence I will write and tell you how I like the French and their things and doings. Will they afford me the same pleasure I have received in England? With best love and kisses for all. In haste,

Affectionately,
F.

[No. 14.]

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PARIS,
Thursday, June 7, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

Here I am safe and sound in Paris. I sent you a letter this morning before I started from London (No. 13).

I left England, not because I was tired of it, for if you have followed me in my letters, you see how full of interest and pleasure my stay was, but the warm weather is approaching and I thought it better to come on here, and return to England later, when I shall finish up that country together with Scotland and Ireland.

I leave London and England with more admiration than when I came, and that is saying much. I saw them in the prime of the season, a spring of remarkable luxuriance, and weather for travelling simply perfect. I have no idea there is any city in the world, to compare in all respects with London; nor ever was. Like all things truly great, it grows upon acquaintance, and I have seen it thoroughly. As to England, I have no idea that any equal area on the globe can show in combination such natural beauty, such cultivation and such adornments. What I have seen of England I need not revisit. I have gathered as I went. I hope when I return to see the rest of it, I may be favored with as good weather and health.

I started from London this morning at eight o'clock, *via* Dover and Calais and reached here at 5.30 p. m. The railroad, part of it I have told you of, on my trip to Canterbury, Kent county, a fine and finely cultivated portion of England. It rained slightly the whole distance, but when I reached Dover it held up, and when we boarded the steamer we were able to remain on deck and look at

Dover as we left, and at Calais as we came in. The channel was quiet, as I have spoken of it several times in former letters, as viewed at different points from the coast of England, and presented the same placid look, save that it was not lighted up by a bright sun to-day.

One could hardly believe that this sheet of water is the "bete noir" of the travelling world. The boat is of peculiar construction, being two distinct hulls joined by a massive bridge under which the motion of the vessel sends the sea foaming like water from an immense mill-race. I think the philosophy of the structure good. The objection urged is the enormous expense of fuel in its use. The sea was calm to-day and we could not test it, but gentlemen on board said it had much obviated the trouble when the weather and sea were rough. It certainly did its work well to-day, and a placid river could not have borne us over with more gentleness. But as far as I and the sea are concerned, we seem to be fast friends.

Soon after landing we were on board train hastening to Paris. I saw nothing of Calais, I do not know that there is anything in particular to see. But I must not fail to tell you I saw Dover as we were sailing out, with its prominent chalk cliffs which have given England her poetic name; one of them bearing the Castle, a shining object in the landscape: the whole contour of the shore in general outline nearly like that of Hastings of which I wrote you. We went *via* Boulogne and Amiens, but saw neither city, not stopping long, and no portion of either being visible from the station so as to enable me to get and give you any idea of them. The dome and towers of the Boulogne Cathedral loom up over the city from the high ground it occupies and is a conspicuous object.

The country, through which we passed to this city, presented a different appearance from England. When you follow me on the map, you will see we travelled not a great way from the coast, till we reached Boulogne, and then on to Abbeville. The country looked thin and poor, frequently, absolutely sterile. After leaving Abbeville, and striking towards Paris *via* Amiens, there was a gradual and constant improvement, both in soil and cultivation. I could however see few farm houses in the midst of their own curtilage. I should infer that the cultivators of the soil live in villages, for these I could observe as the train swept by; but few separate homesteads.

The country itself is almost entirely one big field; no fence dividing the land, at least none of any import. Here and there are efforts

at a hedge or light running fence; the land being cultivated in patches, generally rectangular, and differing again from England, with few trees, and those small and spindling, or trimmed up like brooms. I did not see a burly, sturdy tree, from Calais to Paris, and often I would catch glimpses of ranges of country over which scarce a tree was visible.

Some of the cultivated growths were new to me. I recognized clover, wheat, barley, grass, trifolium, vetches, and another growth I could not make out, and there was no one by to inform me. The houses of the French, outwardly, presented a very different appearance, also, from those of their trans-channel neighbors. They are generally of brick, one story, with none of those home-like comforts and adornments, which make English homes attractive, however humble they may be. How the inside looks, I cannot say. I had a good opportunity of seeing those of England, walking and riding, in carriages, and from the steam thoroughfares; maybe I will have the same whilst I am in France.

At Calais, a bright-eyed fellow, of some thirty or thirty-five, dressed in priest's costume, got into the compartment with me, and we had it to ourselves. I found him clever and educated. He informed me he lived in North Wales, and was a Catholic priest, and was on his way to Southern Spain to see his father, taken suddenly ill. We beguiled the time with conversation, and I found him a pleasant travelling companion. We parted at Paris, he going on. He gave me his name as Gordon.

When I reached the station in Paris I was delayed a while by the custom-house programme; but the examination was purely formal, and I soon had my trunk on a small omnibus and was off to the hotel. I was met at the door by officials who spoke English, and I soon found I would not have much trouble, at least in the hotel, in not being fluent in French.

I reached it about 6 p. m., took my room, washed, dined, and then walked out to get my bearings. I found I had come to a quite large and splendid affair. I have not seen one more elegantly appointed—drawing, sitting, smoking rooms, reception and writing parlors, dining and restaurant saloons, finished and furnished regardless of cost. On going into the street, I found the location as good as the hotel—on the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and Rue Castiglione. At the end of the latter and in full view is the Place Vendôme, towards

the north. Across the former, towards the south, are the gardens of the Tuilleries. For my purpose, I could not be better located. My room, too, is comfortably and handsomely furnished, for which I pay 7 francs, attendance included which, you know, is about \$1.40 of our money.

I took my dinner restaurant style. The meals are expensive; but even then it does not exceed, if it equals, a first-class hotel in the United States. I have no trouble at my meals from inability to speak French. The waiters—those that attend to me—speak English well. One of them—a bright chap—told me he had spent some time in a hotel in London (the Bristol, I think) for the purpose of learning the language. I think I remarked in one of my former letters the number of foreigners I found at the hotels and restaurants in London as waiters and servants, learning in the same manner. It makes them more valuable on the Continent, since Americans and British travel in such throngs that it has become necessary to meet the demand for English-speaking servants. I walked a while through the Tuilleries Gardens, but will postpone comment.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
Friday, June 8, 1883.

In Paris—the second of modern cities, as London must be counted the first! I do not feel so much at home here as there, and cannot hope for so delightful an experience in my visit. I will walk about as I did in the great sister city, and try and make it my familiar friend, as London was when first I saw it; but I am sure its genius will not come out of its new and splendid apartments in the Hotel de Ville and walk with me, like Gog and Magog did from their snug quarters in Guild Hall, and, hand in hand, go with me through the crowded streets to show me the places where many of my ancient friends once lived and moved and waited, whilst I chatted with them in jolly mood or dropped a sprig or tear upon the spots where they are buried.

This morning, after breakfast, I strolled out with my general knowledge of the topography of Paris to see what I might light upon. I find in wandering thus, when the day is ended and I gather up the threads of my experience, I can weave them into pleasant memories, full of information of the sights I visit. The

hotel, as I have said, has the Rue de Rivoli on its southern side. You must look at your map of Paris and go with me. It is a long street running nearly parallel with the Seine. Between it and the river is the most interesting portion of Paris, and one of the most historic, as well as one of the most striking, scenes that the world knows.

From the site of the old Bastile, now crowned with the Column of July, to the splendid Avenue de l'Étoile, on either hand are monuments of man's glory or memorials of his shame. Here is the Louvre, the Arch of Triumph, the ruins of the palace and the gardens of the Tuilleries, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Élysées—over all of which, a distance of near four miles, Genius, at different times in the history of France, has exhausted itself in spreading its triumphs in literature, science and art, or in devising and executing horrors at which the world has and will ever stand appalled.

I went first to the Louvre. This, you know, though much injured by the communists a little more than ten years ago, was saved with most of its absolutely invaluable art treasures. I must send you to your guide-book, as I did when I visited the museum in London. It is a labor to simply walk over its three floors, and glance at its acres of paintings, by men whose names are in everybody's mouth, though so few can appreciate them; and of statuary, some recent and some of the ancient schools, which no man dare decry or even severely criticize, and preserve his reputation for scholarship or taste. I spent several hours here, lounging, enjoying some greatly, and wondering how and why others ever had or could excite admiration, let alone the adoration they have received for many generations. I then walked on up the Rue de Rivoli, and viewed the new structure, now finishing, which has been built upon the site of the old Hotel de Ville, with an architecture and marble adornments as like the old as possible—certainly very elegant. The old one, you know, was the Guild Hall of Paris, and a place of historic interest, and which the infernal communist, in 1871, razed to the ground and utterly destroyed with its contents.

When I looked up at the column that stands upon the ground, where once stood the Bastile, it was not hard for me to recall the scenes of a century ago, when the people "raged so furiously" over real wrongs, and which was so to intoxicate them, as to make them

rage more furiously still over imaginary; nor have they yet found rest. The places undergoing restoration are, doubtless, again to be assailed, if not destroyed, by those who are, I fear, far yet from having learned the difference between liberty and license. I then returned and viewed the Place du Carrousel, between the Louvre and the Tuilleries, on whose western border stands the Arch of Triumph, in preservation, whilst beyond it are portions of the Tuilleries still in ruins.

Then further on to the west, and also between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine, are the gardens of the Tuilleries, once brilliant with all that wealth and genius could bestow. The communistic creatures tore these to pieces, too, but much has been done to restore them. The fencing has been replaced, high iron palings with gilded spear-head points. In that portion near the palace, the grass-plats and flowers-beds have been reset, and the trees have been replanted, though these latter are small. Indeed, I have not seen a large tree in Paris—is the soil poor? the climate adverse? or have the good people, in their strokes for liberty from time to time, destroyed them? The grounds, however, are large, with statuary and fountains, and though the area is gravelled, it presents quite an imposing sight; not, however, to compare with the glorious trees and grass of England's Parks.

Then comes, still further west, Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which is the monolith of Luxor, which the French, like the English and ourselves, have been guilty of the outrage and anachronism of transplanting from their old, old site, to a place where they can have no earthly significance. This is in a better state of preservation than the one now standing on the Victoria Embankment; and the one in Central Park better than either.

On the south and north of this needle are two splendid fountains, and in full view up the Rue Royale towards the north loom up the classic Corinthian columns of the Church of St. Madeleine, whilst towards the south, and over the Bridge de la Concorde that here spans the Seine, stands the Chamber of Deputies.

It is rarely I have seen anything so imposing as this, and yet it is surpassed by the view east and west from the Place de la Concorde. On the east rise the ruins of the Tuilleries, whence in one long clean sweep the eye takes in the column of Luxor, the Champs Élysées and the avenue of the same name terminated by the glorious Arc de

l'Étoile on ground high enough to over-top the city, and in proportions so majestic that my pen halts in attempting to paint it. This is the third view of a similar character of which I have written you—I mean terminal views, for the surroundings of each are different, viz.: the Castle and Marlborough monument at Blenheim, and the Castle and statue of George III. at Windsor.

Crossing the Bridge de la Concorde, I stood in front of the Chamber of Deputies, a handsome structure with Corinthian columns, and from it again enjoyed the view across the Place de la Concorde, taking in one line the Obelisk, the two fountains, and terminated at the end of the Rue Royale by the classic front of the Madeleine. I then walked along the Quay d'Orsay which here makes the river's south bank, and soon stood in full view of the Hotel des Invalides across its esplanade with a dome of burnished gold. Again crossing the river by Bridge des Invalides, I stood in the Champs Élysées, and by the Palace of Industry, built massively of stone and glass, near the centre of the grounds—being the same which performed its part in the International Exhibition of 1855.

Walking on I reached the Avenue des Champs Élysées and again was in full view of the Arc de *l'Étoile* lifting itself so grandly against the sky. Enjoying this, of which your guide book will instruct you, and the sweeping vista towards the Tuilleries, I mounted an omnibus and rode back to the Place de la Concorde, and there leaving it, walked to the Madeleine and inspected it within and without, built of stone, of Greek style surrounded by massive Corinthian columns: within so gorgeous that its architect seemed to have been regardless of expense and labor in its structure and adornment.

I then strolled back to the hotel. I expect you think it was time. I must have walked twelve or fourteen miles, yet I was not weary, there was so much to interest me, and I had moved so leisurely. Having dined and feeling quite rested towards night-fall, I started to promenade some of the boulevards. Beginning at the Madeleine I walked through the following boulevards: de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre Poissonniere, Bonne Nouvelle, St. Denis and St. Martin to the Place de la Republique, a distance of nearly or quite two miles. These various boulevards are not distinct, but constitute really one street, running into each other; you cannot tell when one ends or the other begins, save from the placards posted on the second story of the corner houses where cross streets meet.

They are wide (thirty-three yards) and lined with trees on either side, and with broad pavements nearly like those in Washington, save that here there seemed to have been no destruction of property by cutting and filling, but the side-walks always and the street generally following the contour of the ground, and where that would make the grade too heavy, terraced and with steps from the pavement to the wagon-way.

These boulevards are great thoroughfares, and the French people spend much of their lives upon them, on the broad pavements in front of the saloons and restaurants with their little round tables, at which they sit and sip their liquid, or devour their solid refreshments. It was after dark when I walked up one side and down the other, perusing the manners and habits of these people in the brilliant glare of the street and saloon gas or electricity, and quite as much at home as the Englishman in his castle with portcullis down.

But I must here remark, lest I forget it, that whilst the boulevards are brilliant, the streets and boulevards and the avenues (which last are something in importance between the first two) are not nearly so well-paved and cared for as the streets of London. Indeed, I doubt whether any city in the world can rival London in those respects.

I came back to the hotel, after my long wanderings, which had been so beguiled by sights, my eyes ever coming to the relief of my legs, and easing them of weariness.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
Saturday, June 9, 1883.

I must mention that the weather has been favorable for my movements. It has rained some every day, but generally in showers, which has kept down the dust and heat, without at all impeding my movements. This morning I again strolled up Rue de Rivoli, till I came to Place du Palais Royal and its gardens.

It once was, but is not now, a palace in our sense of that word. Like much and many things in Paris, it has passed through revolutions, and the mob have had their day in tearing its eyes. That of '71 came near destroying it. Happily they did not succeed, and the damage they did has since been repaired. The ground floor around the garden (an open, rectangular, improved space with trees, flowers, and fountains) is used for stores and shops, brilliant with their

display of bright, useful, and precious things. This is one of the objects which will strike a stranger when he goes about Paris. The number of arcades and covered ways, filled with showy shops and stores, as well as those that line the boulevards, streets, and avenues, making rich display in their windows, before which men, women, and children stop and look, and which, added to the number sipping or eating in front of the saloons, make one think the Parisian loves to live out-doors.

Passing through these gardens on the north, I came to the National Library, *Bibliothèque Nationale*, said to be one of the choicest collections of valuable books and manuscripts in the world. I did not go in, but turning to the right, east, passing the Bank of France by the way of *Place des Victoires*, in which is an indifferent equestrian statue of Louis XIV., came to what I was more particularly in search of, the *Halles Centrales* or chief Market-House and Place of Paris.

In getting there, I walked through some of the small, narrow streets of the city, where the poor do congregate. I wanted to see what most travellers avoid—the inhabitants and homes of the out-lying places of the Capital—and look into the faces and see what manner of people, men and women, those are who, at the sound of the tocsin, have overthrown, with demoniac yells and blood, dynasties and powers. I only wished I could speak the tongue, that I might talk with them, as I could in my own country and England. But I could see them in the streets and in the immense market place; and seating myself in front of their saloons sipping lemonade after their fashion (I have not been able, as yet, to drink their wines) or buying apricots or cherries at their stalls, I had a good look at the active, wiry race.

They are not a bad-looking people by any means, and one more light and happy tempered, I have not met anywhere in my travels. It matters not how poor they may seem to be, or what their occupation, keeping shops on the street, standing behind stalls in the market, selling meat, or fish, or vegetables, or flowers, or nursing children, or doing heavier drudgery, all seem bright and happy, selling when and what they could, and if not selling, satisfied; making the atmosphere sprightly with the accents of their words and laughter. And yet these are the people, who, upon a hint, will convert the market into bedlam, and scatter blood and fire about the

streets. They do not look wicked. I certainly wish I could converse with them and form an idea of their modes of thought. The market was full of various sorts of commodities, meats, vegetables, and fruits.

I then walked to Boulevard de Sebastopol, which runs straight across, north and south, from the boulevards I visited last night to the river. Here I crossed the river on the Pont au Change to the Isle de la Cité, on which is the church, *par excellence*, of Paris and of France—Notre Dame. And certainly like Madeleine, what money and art could do has been done. Notre Dame is Gothic: Madeleine is classic. Both are honored with statues of saints and kings. Each has its own virtues of architecture and historic incident to claim the stranger's admiration, for all of which things I am compelled, as hitherto, to refer you to your guide-books.

I walked around it to get a general idea of its plan and style, and then went in and looked at its arches, its columns, its chapel, its choir, its statuary, its paintings, its carvings, to write you of which or to attempt it would expose my inability and fatigue your patience. I then ascended to the tower. I am not fond of climbing into high places; but the day by this time was ready for a view, and I climbed up the tower steps, and, standing upon the parapet, looked over the city below me like a map. I could point my finger to and identify many places, some of which I have seen and some I recognized from their locality and my familiarity with the plan of Paris—the Louvre, Hotel de Ville, Obelisk, Arc de l'Étoile, Des Invalides, Chamber of Deputies, Pantheon, &c., &c. I was repaid for my effort.

Coming down I walked the length of the island, observing the hospital, called Hotel Dieu, and the Palace of Justice, whose machinery is always at work trying to keep Paris quiet. This Island de la Cité is full of superb structures, for those that I have named are and there are others, and it is joined to the city on the north directly by four, and indirectly through the Isle St. Louis by eight, bridges and by an equal number to the city on the south. I will remark in passing that the Seine is spanned by a great number of bridges—thirty or forty, I think—all, as far as I have seen, of stone and solid and substantial, but of small import in comparison with those that span the Thames, the river Seine being much smaller.

I walked to the lower part of the island, where, on a substantial, solid embankment, stands an equestrian statue of Henry of Navarre, and again crossing the Seine northward, made my way once more to the Place de Palais Royal and thence direct by Avenue de l'Opera—a handsome street, at the northern end of which stands, facing the south, the Grand French Opera House. Near by is the Hotel Grand, and near by that again is the office of Messrs. Munroe & Co. (the correspondents of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co.), to whom I ordered my letters to be sent. [But, of course, you continue to send as usual to Brown, Shipley & Co., London, who will forward them wherever I may be.] I need not tell you my delight when I got three letters and two papers. I stopped looking at sights and hastened here to my room, where I am now writing, in Hotel Continental, passing the Place Vendome, with its superb column that has seen many vicissitudes and which, though toppled over and broken by the savages of '71, is now erect and proud as ever; with Napoleon, not in cocked hat but in Roman toga, hitherto ever dear to the French people, whatever fortune may betide their government and rulers.

I looked up at it as I passed. I had stopped to look at it several times before. Putting myself much in the fix as to clothing of Napoleon on the column, save the Roman toga, and dipping my feet in cold water, I forgot Paris and its sights in delightful communion with you, each and every one. Whilst the water cooled my feet, the letters warmed my heart. There was one from Charles, dated May 25th, one from Mary of same date, one from you of May 27th, and also two Richmond *Dispatches* of the 22d and 25th respectively. I have received two Winchester *Times* since I left home in London, and these are all the papers. If you have sent others, they will overtake me after a while. I hope you will continue to write on receipt of my letters at least, or oftener if possible. If the centripetal forces of home were withdrawn, travelling would lose much of, if not all, its charms, and become worthless and aimless vagabondism. If you want any letters from me, you had better write and keep me in heart, or I will weary of myself and travel and wander, leaving no record of my doings. I will say to Charles, Dr. Norton is right—has much good sense to ignore the shadow of a bishopric and retain the substance of a life in which his work may last.

I will not add a word concerning our town elections : anything I may say will only worry. I am delighted you are getting on well with your various works. I wish I was there to help you. By this time doubtless, you have received my letters in relation to the tenancy of the farm, and probably your answer is on its way. You all express pleasure in reading my letters, I hope they may continue to give it to you : that is my only remuneration, and it is enough. I simply tell you what and how I feel, taking no account of the style and manner of its getting off, but as though you were by my side and heard me thinking and talking to myself. They are long enough and written hastily if not carelessly, surely must weary you to decipher them. Did I not write so rapidly my time would compel me to make them shorter, and were I to tell you all, I might, without irreverence, with the Apostle say, "the world could not contain the books that would be written."

After I had read your letters and papers, rested and dined, I felt fresh and bright, ready for another tramp. I am curiously organized, I come in from a walk of miles, I bathe my feet, sit awhile and read or think, the sense of fatigue passes away. The sinovial fluid lubricates the joints with fresh secretions and I get up, as it were, a new man ready for more miles of walk. Now, though I may seem to you, from the work I do, to undergo too much fatigue, it is not so. I am travelling leisurely and make no hurry. I am lingering and enjoying every moment. What I see need not be revisited, and my object is not to cover much country and many places, but to appropriate as I go.

You remember on yesterday's tramp I crossed the river in front of the Chamber of Deputies, and walked along the Quai d'Orsay on the south, again recrossing the river into the Champs Élysees, at the Palace de l'Industrie, or Exposition building. This evening I determined to walk over the Champs d'Élysees and up the Avenue d'Élysees to the great Arc.

The evening was to my purpose. The clouds had, in a great measure, drifted away, and the air was crisp and bracing. When I reached the Place de la Concorde, it was hard to believe it had ever been the scene of so many horrors, giving cause to Madame Roland's bitter cry, for the blood that has been shed on this, now quiet spot, would rival the flow of the waters from the vast fountains that adorn it. No guillotine here now. The knife which did the work

on this spot, near a century ago, is preserved in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, beyond the Channel. This lovely evening it did not look as if the monstrous thing had ever been here. The fountains were throwing their volumes of water, giving freshness to the air, by their simple motion; the Egyptian column stood up in its new home with the same quiet, fateful look which the Sphinx ever wears; the Madeleine and the Chamber of Deputies greeted each other across the way with their Grecian fronts; the shattered walls of the Tuilleries rose to tell mournfully of the vengeful hammer of the modern iconoclast; and higher than all, in the west, mounted the splendid Arc, through whose gateway shone the rays of the setting sun, giving it clearness of outline, burnishing the golden Victor's chariot and careering horses which crown its summit, and seeming to add fresh glory to Napoleon's "Star."

For the first time I forgave Louis Philippe for bringing this almost sacred stone from its home in Egypt's sands, and recalling the adjuration of Napoleon to his soldiers, under the shadow of the Pyramids, to be heroic, for "centuries were looking down upon them," it seemed as if this sister of the Pyramids had come to Napoleon's grave and the city of his love, that those same centuries might look out from Luxor's obelisk upon his wondrous work.

I walked through the Champs d'Élysees and the Avenue up to the Arc once more, lingering to enjoy the air and scene made lively by the multitudes of people strolling like myself, or driving hither and thither with fleet horses. When I arrived, the gas was lighted along the way and around the places of amusement with thousands of jets, and music on every hand, and moved me to compare the brilliant setting of the sun, with the beauties and charms which were spread on every hand by Art and man's device. Not troubling myself to settle the contest, I came home and went to bed and let the matter settle itself.

And now I must bid you good-bye with warmest love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 15.]

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
Sunday, June 10, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I sent to-day to Taylor (No. 14). May it have a safe voyage to keep you acquainted with my doings.

This morning, after breakfast, I walked to St. Madeleine to attend church. I know nothing of the English or American preachers here, or whether there be any. If so, I am sure it would not pay me to go to hear them. With such Catholic and free-thought surroundings, a good preacher, I fear, could hardly be expected to survive; for I have not failed to observe that good preachers require good livings. How can a big brain work unless it be well fed?

Before going in I walked entirely around Madeleine, and studied its architecture and adornments. It grew upon me. It is surrounded on every side by magnificent Corinthian columns, whose bases rest upon an elevated platform reached by a broad flight of many stone steps. The portico has a double row of these columns. Under the covered way, which they support, and in niches in the outer wall, between the columns, are statues of martyrs and saints of the Church, evidently executed by artists who knew their work. I then went in and witnessed the ceremonies performed in the presence of a throng, showing that though Paris can worship the God of Reason, there are many in her midst who adhere to the Old Faith. Again I was struck with the lavish expenditure of money and art in this famous house of worship.

After the services were over I strolled to the Palais de l'Industrie—the Exhibition Building, of which I told you yesterday—in the Champs d'Élysees, and observed that whilst nearly, if not quite, all these places of resort charge something, however small, on week-days and are not open to visitors every day, on Sunday they are thrown open to everybody and without charge. I had not visited this building, though near it several times in my walks hitherto, because I had other objects then in view, and, moreover, really thought there was nothing of any import to see but the emptiness of a place that had once been full; but I was most agreeably disappointed. I

not only saw a crowd of well-behaved, well-dressed French people, but the works in marble and on canvas of the modern genius of France, still surviving, striking and powerful, after or amid the throes of many revolutions. I wish you could have been with me. The ground floor was devoted to sculpture—and what a charm to wander among the figures of men who once lived, and, we feel sure, are here well and accurately represented, or the creations of genius struggling into light, with some high and noble thought or sentiment.

I am free to say that I am not sufficiently educated to appreciate many of those who are now familiarly called the Old Masters; but I am not afraid or ashamed to assert that not a few of them have been surpassed, both in painting and statuary, by their pupils of later times. How I wished for some of these beautiful things, diminished into bronze ornaments, that I might fill our home therewith. Many of them were new to me—I had never seen the lovely things even in photograph or print. I lingered as Blind Tom would linger about the echoes of a song, and, as I did so, I felt sure there was something in them to thus take hold upon my rustic nature, untutored in the subtle ways of Art.

These marble and metal works were on the first or ground floor. Above, on several floors, were paintings; and here, too, young France was straining to the front, and, amid the hundreds which covered the walls of the building, there was something at almost every step that made me halt and want to stay. I need not say that the hours sped, and as I left the building—so crowded by this time that it was hard to move—the question came up, often mooted, is this delectation on the Sabbath-day well for France or well for any people? Had you seen the crowd to-day, well-behaved and proper, you would have answered, it is well. But when you remember that the Beautiful may be so put as sometimes to obscure the True, the question is unanswered and we will not bother with it now, as we are not at present making morals or laws for France, or the World.

After dinner I again walked upon the boulevards. I found it incorrect that Paris knows no day of rest in seven. Most of the stores and shops were closed. It is true, men and women were walking or sitting about the saloons, but not so many as I had seen the day before. Order, however, and good behaviour everywhere prevailed, and Paris did not look, as many people think it, the gateway to Pluto's shadowy realm. And now good-night.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Monday, June 11, 1883.*

Another busy day. This morning, after breakfast, I entered the northern gate of the Garden of the Tuilleries—as I have hitherto told you, across the Rue de Rivoli and near the front door of the hotel. I walked through to the river and over the Bridge de Solferino, and found myself in the St. Germain district, the home of the aristocratic portion of the Parisians—once, more so than now. The communist played the devil with this section of the city in 1871, destroying many elegant structures, public and private.

At the southern end of the Solferino Bridge stands the Palace of the Legion of Honor. This has been restored. Not far off stand the vast ruins of the Palais de Quai d'Orsay, which the creatures burned and gutted, but which was so well-built that its walls stand almost intact to this day. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is where Madame de Staël held her Reunions during the Directory. The Palais de Quai d'Orsay was used by the Conseil d'État and the Cour des Comptes. I walked through this region, filled now with elegant houses, for the work of restoration has been going bravely on. These French people are not damped by reverses. They paid the indemnity to Germany, and, at the same time, restored the waste places of their capital, which were far more numerous and extensive than I had any idea of.

I visited here the Church of St. Clotilde—one of the noted churches of the city—and, striking into the Boulevard St. Germain, returned again to Quai d'Orsay. This quai is the most beautiful in Paris and extends for several miles along the southern bank of the Seine, lined with rows of trees, with double ways for pedestrians and carriages. Passing and examining again the outside of the Chamber of Deputies (I shall visit it particularly hereafter), I came to the Esplanade des Invalides—the hospital for wounded and worn-out soldiers. This esplanade is an extensive area of open ground, in the rear of which, looking toward the river, is the Hotel des Invalides, a vast and imposing edifice, over which rises a lofty golden dome—one of the most conspicuous sights in Paris and a landmark for the stranger.

I walked through the esplanade and visited the courts, halls and entrances of the hospital, and then went to Napoleon's tomb under

the gorgeous dome—and what a scene! No man's bones rest in such a mausoleum in all the world—certainly in the Occident. You must go to your books for a detailed description. I, as usual, can only give general views and impressions. The sarcophagus, of reddish granite, weighing sixty-seven tons, rests in a crypt under the dome, which springs above it nearly two hundred feet with marvellous grace and beauty, adorned with lavish wealth of art, casting a sombre light upon the grave, which is enhanced by the brilliant glow that streams out from the splendid altar in the rear. No work of art, for its purpose, that I have seen, rivals this mausoleum; and when we consider the wonderful creature whom it is intended to enshrine, does it seem, like many others, at all amiss. There is a congruity, in a worldly point of view, between the tomb and the remains it covers. This king of men, in the hour of his death thousands of miles away and with no authority, uttered a wish that the nation construed into one of those commands which they had so often enthusiastically obeyed, and have put, with imperial honors, his ashes upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom he loved so much!

Coming out of the building on the south side, I stood in the Place Vauban and looked down the Avenue de Breteuil, which is terminated by the tower of the artesian well. I walked to it, visiting on my way, to the left, the Church of St. Francis Xavier—another of the noted churches of Paris—and, when I got to the tower in Place de Breteuil, visiting near by, the abattoir, or chief slaughter-house of the city. I cannot stop to describe this, as I did the one in Chicago, nor is it so worthy, though it is nice and well-kept, and contains abundance of meat ready for market, or waiting to be made so.

Standing in Place Breteuil I had another view of the golden dome of des Invalides, crowning the end of the avenue; and here I will stop to remark that these vistas are among the charms which the plan of Paris affords. Objects of striking import or interest are located at the centre of radiating ways, and not only thus relieve the tedium of continued lines, but enhance the impressiveness and beauty of the objects themselves. The great Arc de l'Étoile gets its name from the fact that from it no less than twelve boulevards, avenues and streets radiate, and many of these ways are terminated by something striking and all are adorned by the terminal glory of the Arc itself. This same design will make the future of our Washington.

I then walked up the Avenue de Suffren and visited the National Military School, the West Point of France, and amused myself looking at the plebs and recruits go through some Zouave evolutions, for I inferred from the age of some of the men, they were not all students but enlisted soldiers and that a portion of the buildings were used for barracks. This brought me to the rear of the school, Place Fontenoy. I struck across then through the portion of the city which lies between the Military School and the Hotel des Invalides, and reached again the Quai d'Orsay at the west end of the Esplanade des Invalides, and then strolled outward along this delightful way looking at the fine structures on my side of the river, and the stretches of quais on the other. Among these houses is the tobacco factory and depot, of immense proportion, but I had no desire to go in: I saw enough of them in Richmond.

I soon reached the Champs de Mars, an open space in front of the Military School, much larger than the Esplanade des Invalides, being eleven hundred yards in length by five hundred and fifty in breadth. The portion of it toward the college buildings, probably four-fifths of it, is an extensive plain covered with sand, without a sprig of vegetation, a place for the rally and evolution of armies. The portion nearest the river is improved by grass plats, flower beds, fountains, grottoes, waterfalls, and the like, terraced from the water to the part in sand, and when I stood upon the terrace dividing the two it was difficult to tell which was the more striking, especially as the scene upon the Campus was enlivened by a lad who could not resist the temptation to have a race over the sand with a spirited horse he was riding, which being against orders quickly brought after him a cavalryman which converted the race into a chase, and made things lively for awhile.

At the foot of the Champs de Mars, spanning the river, is the Bridge d'Jena, its embankments on either side mounted with equestrian statuary, and beyond the river are the grounds and Palace du Trocadero. The Expositions of 1867 and 1878 were held on the Champs de Mars, and these magnificent grounds and buildings of Trocadero were laid out and constructed at those times. The edifice crowns a summit and is of oriental style with dome and minarets and wings or arcades ending with turreted towers; the arcades sweeping in circular form and enclosing a great fountain, ornamented with statuary. The outlook from the galleries of this building and

the towers is remarkably beautiful. In front are its own grounds, the river and its bridges, the improved portion of the Champs de Mars and the Campus, bordered by these vast buildings of the Military School with their quadrangular domes, whilst around and beyond is the city of Paris with many of whose points I am now familiar.

After amusing myself here for some time, I then struck for the Arc de l'Étoile by the way of the Avenue d'Jena. It is on this street that Benjamin lives, and being on my road back to the hotel, I determined to try again to see him, my effort in London failing because he was here. Unhappily, I was again disappointed; the servant informing me that he had gone to the country. I shall not now meet him at all. I am sorry; I wanted to talk with him about his experience in London, and how he made out to get along so prosperously in the jealous and close communion of the English bar.

Upon reaching the Place de l'Étoile I took an omnibus. As I stepped upon the rear platform, for they all are thus constructed, with a stairway to the top, carrying as many there as on the inside, I found the seats taken below, and the conductor requested me to go above, which I declined. Nothing more was said. A gentleman standing near me remarked politely in English, that he was pleased that the conductor was so respectful and polite to me. I replied that I had given him no occasion to be otherwise; that I was not going far, and it would have been inconvenient for me to have ascended the steps. He replied yes, but they are sometimes rude and insulting, and he had no sooner said so than I witnessed an instance of it, upon the part of this fellow toward two ladies who attempted to mount the car and were pushed rudely off; I suppose he thinking he was full enough. A lady told me in London that her experiences were similar, and that she had received more rudeness in Paris than any place she had ever been, and attributed it to the communistic spirit which prevails, awaiting another chance. Such has not been my experience.

I asked the gentleman if he was English? He said, no; he was an American, a Virginian, from Accomac County, and had been living in Paris since 1865. His daughter married here, and he and his wife thought they ought to come too, and now his whole family were in the city, though he would like to go back to Virginia. His name he informed me was Dane or Drane, I could not catch which. He asked me how long I expected to stay; was very polite when I

told him who I was, but I gave him no definite response, and did not inform him where I was stopping, for fear he might think it incumbent to pay me attention, which I have not time now to receive and return. This was another of the curious coincidents of travel. We had a good deal of pleasant conversation on our ride.

And thus ended my day's experiences. I don't know that I have mentioned, but I ought, that the weather could not be better for my purposes, the air cool and bracing, and though I am walking so much, not warm enough to raise a bead of perspiration on my brow.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *June 12, 1883.*

How can I convey to you in the time and space at my command the proceedings of this day? The sights which have passed across my vision and the thoughts which, like racers, have pursued each other through my mind, would consume a volume to transmit. I will simply have to name the places I have visited, and leave the rest to your fancy and inference.

After breakfast I crossed the Garden of the Tuilleries and struck the river bank and followed up its quays till I came to the Palace itself. I determined to go and examine it once more; for I find a second visit to such objects often more valuable than the first. It not only opens points not hitherto observed, but makes the place more thoroughly and lastingly one's own. I know now the Tuilleries and its surroundings, how and where the palace first stood, how and where its arms were extended, till it and the Louvre joined hands across the Carousal and over Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe and became one enormous structure, unrivalled among the homes of kings. I saw, too, more thoroughly, where the hammer and the torch of the destroyer of 1871 had been, and their shocking work. It had, however, nearly all been restored, save the front looking toward the Gardens, and the Arc de l'Étoile, a portion of which is still in ruins, but which they are rapidly renewing.

Do not confound the Arc de Triomphe with the Arc de l'Étoile; they are totally distinct. The former now stands within the enclosure of the Tuilleries and Louvre, built by Napoleon between the old Palace of the Tuilleries and the Place Carousal, and enclosed by the splendid structures which unite the palaces and galleries into one. This Arc de Triomphe is a toy to the glorious thing that shines from "l'Étoile."

These restorations are in a style of lavish art, which a volume and an artist-pen only could convey. The simple edifice is fine enough, but it is covered with bas-reliefs and statues of colossal, heroic and life size, that seeing alone can enable one to appreciate.

I now crossed the river on the Pont des Arts, and faced at the southern end the Institute of France, with its dome and circular wings. In front stands a statue in marble of the French Republic, a refined and gentle woman, which represents not accurately any French Republic that has hitherto existed. On the walls of the building is cut in stone "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*"

And here I will remark, in passing, that every public building in Paris, as far as I have observed, without exception, has this inscription, churches and all—Notre Dame, Pantheon, Palace of Industry, Louvre, Tuilleries, every one: every word of which in France's sad history is a frightful lie.

This Institute is the home of French learning, and to be a member of it is one of every ambitious Frenchman's aims. The only portion of it open to the public is the Library Mazarine, which I visited and saw the backs of the books, and what interested me more, a number of busts of eminent men, ancient and modern, but particularly the former.

I passed near by the Hotel des Monnaies, the Mint of France, which I had no desire to visit, and École des Beaux Arts, filled with statuary and paintings, more particularly as models for students, and frequented by young men and women for that purpose. Then along the Rue Bonaparte visiting an old church, St. Germain des Pres, and a little further on still, the Church St. Sulpice, the richest of the churches south of the Seine, and one of the finest in Paris. It has two towers flanking its front, one higher than the other, whether by design of the architect, or unfinished, I do not know. Its interior is ornamented with many frescoes, adorning the nave, transepts, ceiling and chapels. In front, in Place St. Sulpice, is a very striking fountain, ornamented with sitting figures in marble, of heroic size, of Bossuet, Fenelon, Fléchier, Massillon—France's most renowned preachers. These are admirable, and interested me greatly.

Turning out of my way a street or two, I visited another large market—Marché St. Germain. I go to these places you know whenever I can, and have stopped in several small ones, which I don't think I have mentioned. This, to-day, is next to the Halles Cen-

trales, on the north of the river and of which I am sure I said something. I walked through and looked at the commodities and people, and both made the same favorable impression upon me as hitherto. I bought some apricots, put them in a paper bag, and munched them as I strolled on towards the Luxembourg Palace and Gardens.

Like, as I have before remarked, all the buildings and objects of interest in Paris, this palace is put where it can be seen. It faces the Rue de Tournon, behind lies its gardens, through which, by broad avenues, it looks with another front over a vista, crowded with beauties of nature and art, to the Observatory, more than a mile away.

I visited first the Museum, containing principally works of modern artists—new men reaching for fame. And here I experienced the same enjoyment I had on Sunday at the Exposition Buildings, both in statuary and painting; not nearly so numerous as there, but enough to engage me for a good while. How can I, when I get back and go with Charles to Washington, lounge through our good old friend, Mr. Corcoran's Gallery, with our wonted pleasure? For my eyes will not only be full of images impressed here, but I will be provoked to think that some of these might have been transferred to his walls, had the means been sufficient and an agent been employed, competent for the work. For all these pictures are for sale, I believe, or have been; and for a man to come here and see these charming things, numerous enough to suit every phase of taste and culture, and be guilty of selecting the Translation of Moses and others I could name, is absolutely unpardonable.

Before visiting the gardens of the Palace I walked over, by the Rue Soufflot, to the Pantheon—not far off, and with its lofty dome majestically in full view up this street. It is in excellent preservation and is a striking edifice, both without and within. Around it are many high colleges and schools, whose names are world-wide. This locality seems to be more especially their scat. Paris and France have nurtured them with lavish hands, and they have repaid them by giving both a place in history unsurpassed in modern times.

In near vicinity are the Polytechnique School, Lycee Henry IV., College of France, Lycee Louis le Grand, École de Droit, Library St. Genevieve, the Church St. Etienne du Mont, Sorbonne. I

walked among these, visiting some of them through narrow streets—in places not allowing the passage of two carriages and footways, in proportion, as narrow—the old houses running up sometimes to four and five stories, and seeming to nod at each other across the way. It looked as if these seats of learning had hid themselves from the busy haunts of men, and did not want commerce and trade to find and bother them with their noise and fury. There is something charming to me in wandering through such places—every now and then coming across a beautiful work of art in bronze or marble, figuring a name which the world's memory loves to cherish. Thus, to-day Dante and Voltaire, done with master hand.

Satisfied here, I returned to the busy, bustling scene of life about the Gardens, and the contrast was striking. These Gardens are laid off in the old landscape-gardening style—with straight lines—and so with all I have seen in Paris. And thus, also, were once the lovely parks of England—trees set in rows and avenues, and the like. In England, in the lapse of years, some of these have died, some have been cut down, some have been blown down by storms, and, in riding through them now, you lose sight of the fact that they were once formally and stiffly arranged, and the massive growths look as though Nature had set them with her own graceful hands. And here, whilst you cannot get rid of the straight lines—for the trees are smaller and their places have been supplied as they were, from any cause, lost—they and their surroundings, in grass and flowers, are so well tended, and every stretch and every nook so adorned with exquisite works of art, staring you boldly in the face and defying you with their strength, or peeping at you, as from hiding-places, with such charming dalliance, that you forgive and forget what otherwise would be displeasing.

And how the French people do enjoy them! Such places are filled with chairs and benches, and the whole family—husband, wife and children—come out together, the women bringing their knitting and the children their toys. They have evidently come to spend the day. It is a lively scene. The bubble and the ripple of the fountains; the dancing shadows of the leaves; the song of the birds, heard now and then through the chatter and clatter of the rapid accents of the French tongue; whilst the grim satyr or the laughing faun look on from their pedestals of stone, is a sight to be enjoyed.

Leaving the Gardens, the Avenue continues as elegantly adorned

as the Gardens themselves; with trees and statuary, approaching another of those vistas of which I have spoken—the Luxembourg Palace at one end and the Observatory at the other. These ornaments are worth seeing, especially a grand fountain and a statue of Marshal Ney, erected on the spot where he was shot.

Leaving the Avenue de l'Observatoire, I turned to the right by the Rue Deufert Rocheveau and visited a Parisian cemetery—Cimetière du Mont Parnasse. I wanted to see, as they could fill their houses, their halls, their streets, and their parks and gardens with so much beauty in the way of art, what they could do with their cemeteries. In our country, when you visit a city of any import, you want to go to their burial-places, for there with us now are the places where the wealth and taste of our people are often lavished.

Expecting somewhat the same here, imagine my disappointment in going through this cemetery, I did not see one single manifestation of those things which I expected. The cemetery was full, yet there was not one tomb or stone which would attract your notice. And what was even worse, those, simple, unartistic as they were, were hung over, some crowded, with wreaths and shields and chains, &c., made of beads and glass around medallions and crosses, flowers and images, or covered with glass and hung upon the tomb-stones or laid upon the graves. One of our chill winters would send the trumpery to Limbo.

This cemetery is of no earthly interest to the stranger, but it is one of the youngest, and perchance the poor and humble are buried here and have such tastes as we see manifested with us sometimes in little toy lambs cut upon the stone, or the couplets of rhyme inserted in the obituary columns of our daily city papers. I will reserve therefore, any further comment till I see more, for I want to visit Pere-Lachaise before I leave the city.

I now turned my steps homeward and determined to traverse some of the boulevards, indeed to walk through them the entire distance to the Jardin des Plantes on the banks of the Seine. In doing so, I visited boulevards St. Jacques, d'Italie, Place d'Italie and Boulevard de l'Hopital, a long walk and yet one worth the taking, for the opportunity it gave me of seeing what immense sums have been spent in opening up these thoroughfares and embellishing Paris.

I cannot give you any better idea than by saying, they resemble the streets and avenues of Washington, like them differing from each

other in their several plans: some have double rows of trees on each side of the wagon-way, some have triple and some quadruple down the middle of the street, but all I have seen have trees located somehow or where, and every now and then interrupted by a round point or circle, or place, from which like a star other avenues, boulevards or streets radiate. The beauty of this I have hitherto commented upon. As in Washington, many parts of these avenues are awaiting improvement in the way of building, some are thus improved now, and as far as I have seen all are ready for it. But the expenditure to make them, Boss Shepherd can estimate.

When I got to the Jardin des Plantes it was after five o'clock and I determined to postpone my visit to it, and strolled on along the southern quai—Quai St. Bernard, passing the Halle aux Vins, the central wine warehouse of France. Put all the tobacco warehouses and yards of Richmond and all the hogsheads and barrels of tobacco you ever saw there together, this bulk increased many times, and you will have some idea of this immense depot and its business.

When I reached the eastern extremity of the Isle de la Cité, and crossed the Pont de l'Arche, I visited the Morgue located on a point of the island just back of Notre Dame. The Morgue is the place where the bodies of the unknown, who have met an untimely death are daily exposed to await identification. The number annually is very large, from seven to eight hundred; some of course are murdered, some kill themselves and some die of want. Why should there be so many untimely deaths in Paris? for you remember I said the people had a happy look. Maybe the record is logical. They are Epicurians, and believe they ought to live while they live, and when life ceases to be a pleasure, then they must end it to be rid of trouble, or end somebody else to furnish them those material pleasures which they think make life happy. Anyhow, here I saw their dead bodies laid on slabs, a ghastly sight! to wait identification, and crowds of men and women coming to look, some with anxious scrutiny, some with morbid appetite. You may be sure I did not stay long.

And thus ends a busy day. I have walked many miles and seen much and many things. I will close this letter and send it to you with my heartiest love for every one.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 16.]

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS.

*Wednesday, June 13, 1883.**My Dear Mary,—*

I sent No. 15, addressed to your mother, to Taylor, this morning. I hope it may safely reach its destination. I received a letter yesterday from Charles, date May 29. I need not repeat what pleasure it gives me when I have letters from you all, or any one.

I sit down quietly in my chamber and forget I am in a foreign country, and my thoughts cross the seas more quickly than lightning can carry them. You must write, if only a line on the receipt of each of mine, and give me any news, however trifling, concerning things at home. When one is so many miles removed, letters shorten and for a time obliterate the distance.

Yesterday I was with people; to-day I have been with animals, birds and fish, trees, grass and flowers. I took an omnibus at the hotel door and rode to Place de l'Étoile, over Place de la Concorde and Avenue des Champs Élysées, where you have been with me several times, and there I took a tram or street-car, and rode to the entrance of Bois de Boulogne by the Avenue de la Grande Armée. I then walked over nearly the whole of this large park—2,200 acres. I visited first the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, called Jardin d'Acclimation, where I stayed for a considerable time. Like everything of the kind or of a public character I have seen in Paris, it is well kept.

The animals and birds are numerous and diligently cared for. I think the bird collection the most varied and best I have seen. The ostriches were of much interest; there were eight or nine, and two of them must have been ten feet in height, and they were in the best kelter and happiest frame, and sported like young chickens—a funny sight. They had five or six elephants, none large, but all well conditioned. They seemed to be in the custody of Hindoostanees, of whom there were on the premises six or eight, draped in their native costumes, playing with and teaching the animals a variety of tricks.

But one of the chief attractions was the collection of dogs. I heard their barking a considerable distance and thought they were a

pack of hounds on their way to field. When I reached the spot I found they were a large collection of dogs of a number of species, shut up in apartments with iron-paling enclosure, and ranging from the insignificant poodle to the bloodhound, the mastiff, the bull, the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, and splendid creatures, whose lineage I did not know. And as to fierceness, I never saw any animals in a menagerie, not even the hyena or Bengal tiger, so savage as some of these canines were. They not only barked when you approached, but bounded to the enclosure and glared at you with vengeful ferocity. This is the only collection of dogs on exhibition I have seen, and I wonder they do not oftener have them, for what we call the wild animals do not present a more curious variety of structure, or range of disposition. - Certainly I saw nothing here that interested me half so much.

These gardens occupy a small area (I mean comparatively, for they are comprehensive and highly improved) at the northwest end of the Bois de Boulogne and are enclosed with a fence with admission fee. The rest of the park is free. It is laid out with walks and drives, beautifully kept in order, but differing totally from the English parks. There are here no reaches of grass, over which big trees stand, as there. The trees are small in comparison and are close together and in thickets which border the walks and drives. Now and then varied with open spaces where there are restaurants and areas for games. This place is attractive in spite of war and communism. For armies have encamped in it, and the iconoclast has tried to waste it, but these wiry, untiring French people will not allow either the works of man or of nature to be in ruins long. And when houses and trees are destroyed, they forthwith diligently rebuild and replant them. And now the Bois de Boulogne looks fresh and new after its many vicissitudes.

I walked first to the lakes and by their shores, enjoying the sweet scene and the delicious atmosphere. Though warmer than it has been, the weather was charming for my walk. I then turned westward and visited the Hippodrome, or race course of Longchamp, which is part of the park. Here there is a cascade with caverns and grottoes so extensive and artistic that one might easily mistake them for nature. From the summit of the rocks of which it is composed you have an extended view of St. Cloud, Mt. Valerien, Suresnes and the country generally beyond the river. I took a look over the race

course which is entirely in grass and with every foot of the track in view from the judges' stand. I wish Taylor could have seen it. I think he would like to move his fast horses there. Here is a handsome restaurant with surroundings, that make it pleasant as a place to live.

I then walked back by the Allée de Longchamp—a broad, straight road direct to the main gate of the Park, near Place de l'Étoile, where I entered and thence walked to the Avenue de l'Étoile, by Avenue de la Grande Armée, where I took a street-car *viâ* Avenue de Wagram, Boulevard de Courcelles, Boulevard Batignolles and Boulevard de Clichy to the Montmartre Cemetery. You know I wanted to visit another cemetery to see further what taste the French manifested in the burial of their dead. But on my way to this, in going from the Boulevard de Clichy by the short Avenue de Cimetière, which leads to the main entrance, I saw, on either side, shops and stores filled with the tinsel things for sale which I thought so *jeune* and trifling when thrown upon or hung about the resting-places of the dead; and when I walked through I observed the same condition of things that I found at the cemetery I visited on the south side of the Seine, and of which I have already spoken. This is probably the oldest in the city and is very full.

I saw one striking work of art. It was the recumbent figure of General Cavaignac, wrapped in a mantle, lying outstretched with his death-face to the sky. The figure, as a work of art, is exceedingly striking. As a gravestone, there might be diversity of opinion. But there is no accounting for taste, and it may be presumptuous in me to criticise the customs of the French, who have claimed supremacy in taste and set our fashions for so many generations.

Satisfied here, I determined to walk back that I might see a memorial group I had seen in Place de Clichy, representing in bronze Marshal Moncey defending Paris and a dying soldier under him, and also that I might visit the Park de Monceaux, which lies near the Boulevard de Courcelles, and I was repaid. The Park is not large—twenty-three acres. It is surrounded by a high and massive iron paling-fence, with gilded spear-head points, and is not laid out in the old Shenstone, but after our more modern and natural style. The trees are scattered and grouped, more attention is paid to grass and its spreading reaches, and altogether it is the prettiest thing of the sort I have seen in Paris. Whilst the vegetation is

arranged and utilized, as always in Paris, the most is made of the water, in ponds, lakes, fountains and cascades, and, as usual, bronze and marble, in every kind of lovely shape, are looking from the water and the leaves, claiming admiration.

From Avenue de l'Étoile I again took omnibus and came back to the hotel after a long but pleasant day of wandering.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Thursday, June 14, 1883.*

This morning I took an omnibus, near the door of the hotel, and went to Hotel de Ville. I then took tramway and went to the Column of July, which, you know, stands upon the site of the old Bastile. Here I delayed a while and viewed again this magnificent column. It is of bronze, one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and crowned with a golden-winged figure of Liberty standing on one foot, with arm extended bearing a torch, in somewhat the attitude of the winged Mercury of John de Bologna. It is more imposing than the Column Vendome, its site is higher and more exposed—the Place being larger than Place Vendome, and the figure which crowns its summit more spirited and striking.

Napoleon, with his bare legs and Roman toga, on the Vendome Column, looks altogether too spindling for the chunky fellow with the high top-boots and cocked hat we ever associate him with, and the attitude and costume the artist has chosen make him look shivery and forlorn. At so great an elevation the features and person are undistinguishable. A former figure, after the Monument Vendome was built, was Napoleon in his military dress, with which we are familiar. That was subsequently taken down and this substituted, and, when the Communists pulled the whole thing to the ground in '71, it was restored with the present figure in classic dress.

This, however, is a diversion, and I have not time to make diversions. From Place de la Bastille I walked up the Rue de la Roquette, passing the Place Voltaire and, still further on, two prisons—Prison des Jeunes Detenus and Prison de la Roquette, one on either hand, each set somewhat back from the street, surrounded by high, massive walls, making a place in front of considerable size, which is planted with trees. Prison de la Roquette is the spot where the Communists shot Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and a number of other priests, turned loose all the convicts and played high carnival

of crime generally. Proceeding on my walk up the same street—continuously ascending—I soon reached the gates of the Cemetery Pere-Lachaise, where I spent a long time enjoying myself, having the impressions of Mont Parnasse and Montmartre removed. I was sure that they did not represent the culture and taste of Paris.

Here I found the same crowded area filled closely with stones, monuments and vaults. No yards or ornamented spaces about the graves as with us. The city is too large and the cemetery too small for that. The only open areas almost are the roads, avenues and walks. But whilst I saw evidences of bad taste, as I have described as belonging to the other two cemeteries, there was not nearly so much of it here. As I wandered I was met everywhere by refined, beautiful and tasteful works of art. Many of France's illustrious men are buried here: Arago, Cousin, Ledru Rollin, Thiers, Michelet, and numbers of others whose graves I came across; sometimes surmounted with a finely wrought bust or full length figures standing or recumbent, sometimes with fancies of the artists so exquisite, that to my untutored taste at least, they could have taken the prize at a world's fair. The galleries did not fascinate me nearly so much, for here I wandered in the open air and sat down under the shade of trees, or from a commanding site looked over the great city with whose landmarks I am now familiar.

I must not fail to tell you I made a pilgrimage to the grave where Abelarde and Heloise are buried. Over them is a monument after the fashion of a Gothic temple, and on the marble slab which covers them are full length recumbent figures in stone, the whole surrounded by an iron fence enclosing a narrow plat of ground which is cultivated in flowers and kept in excellent preservation. On the fence and upon the tombs are memorials hung or thrown there from day to day, as has doubtless been the case for generations and will be for many more; their story will hardly be forgotten. I send you three beads and three buds I took from a broken wreath some one had offered to their memory: one for you, one for your mother and one for Essie, to show you of what materials these votive offerings are made, and as a memento from this romantic spot. May they have a safe voyage!

I was not tired of Pere-Lachaise when I left. I walked to the Prisons, and then took an omnibus back to Place de la Bastille, and then walked across to the Seine by Boulevard Contrescarp, a short

distance. Here I found a new and handsome circular brick structure with an announcement that within the Panorama of the taking of the Bastille was on exhibition. In the Champs d'Élysees I had seen the Panorama of the siege of Paris, and I thought I would step in and look at this; and my fare for entrance was well repaid. These panoramas are certainly wonderful productions. They are life-like until it is hard to realize you are not viewing an actual scene. When a sufficient number of persons arrived, a dozen or more, the man in charge explained it. Alas! I could not understand him! I could understand the artist better. How the frenzied creatures assailed the massive prison with fire and arms, how they broke in its doors, how they set in flames the houses, how the streets were filled with the maddening tide, how the women and children looked on from the trees, roofs and chimneys of their homes and raised a hallelujah as the hateful thing went down. The artist described this better than I can.

I crossed the Bridge d'Austerlitz and was speedily in the Jardin des Plantes which lies just before it. This is a Zoölogical and Botanical Garden, and as I remarked before I think, like all such things in Paris, well kept. The plants and animals are numerous, and as usual the place was full of people. I observed here as elsewhere, teachers with their schools, boys and girls enjoying themselves as children only can in such places. This I suppose is both for instruction and recreation, and the women and their children were there as usual in force, the former with their sewing and knitting come to spend the day. What would Paris do without these ventilators? Were these mercurial folks shut up in dingy houses and narrow streets fermentation would rapidly begin, and the top would be blown off the kettle with as much hot steam and confusion as in the first Revolution.

I thence walked towards the hotel, passing again the Halle aux Vins, the wine depot, and crossing the bridge to the Isle de la Cité, looked in again upon the Morgue. The same curious crowd were going and coming. I will not say that all had simple curiosity; many were there doubtless to look for one missing from their homes. But the Morgue presented the same ghastly sight; with its occupants laid out for inspection, before they were trundled off and forgotten. On the walls, too, were photographs of those who had been there, and sorry spectacles they were. I will not say a rogue's gallery:

part of them would frame well into that ; but more sorrow's gallery, for men's and women's faces were there, who had evidently left life because they thought it not worth living. Maybe you wonder why I went to this horrid place again? Well, because this is as much a part of Paris as the brilliant boulevards, or the galleries and graveyards, which are crowded with the effigies and remains of nature's best. Paris would not be Paris without the Morgue.

Coming on to the western end of the Isle de la Cité, passing Notre Dame and Hotel Dieu, I visited the Palace of Justice, an immense and costly building which contains the courts, the prison and the brilliant Sainte Chapelle. This last I visited, a splendid affair of painted glass, oaken trimmings and colors, reminding me of the lovely Temple Church, of which I wrote you whilst in London. Not because it is like the latter in structure, or appointments, but only that it is surrounded by buildings and apartments set apart for similar purposes. It does not compare with the Temple Church in beautiful and chaste simplicity, but surpasses it in flash and show.

I then walked through the halls and corridors of the Palace of Justice and observed the lawyers as they thronged, talking to each other and their clients. They had gowns much of the same cut as the English, but wore high black caps instead of wigs—a remarkably good-looking set of men. I then visited a court of justice in session. Three judges were on the bench with gowns, but without wigs. An intelligent-looking lawyer was addressing them, not in the halting style of most of the English barristers I heard, but with amazing volubility and with gesture I have not seen equalled in variety and grace since I listened to the Kanakas at Honolulu in the Hawaiian Parliament—the difference being, I have no doubt, for I did not understand either, that the Frenchman was uttering excellent fine sense and, maybe, learned argument, whilst the Kanakas, I was pretty sure, was sound and fury signifying nothing.

I was struck with the superior look of both bench and bar, and I am not wrong when I infer that whilst no one who visits the public places and works of Paris, can leave them without being impressed with the past efforts of the French people whom Napoleon loved so much and elevated so greatly before the world, so none the less can we look into the faces of the present race, of any class, without being satisfied that their full destiny is not yet played, and that history has still in store for them many wonderful achievements.

I then came to my room. I expect you will say, as you have thought at the end of many a busy day when you had followed with weariness my steps, that it was high time.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Friday, June 15, 1883.*

To-day I determined for variety to make a change in my style of travelling—to take a courier with me. Numbers of these men are about the hotel, speaking several languages and offering themselves to travellers either to go with them through the city, or on the continent. They are a well-dressed respectable people in their bearing. Soon after my arrival, one by the name of Kaufman, a German, offered his services, but when I inquired for him to-day he had gone with a family to make a tour through Switzerland. I had declined his services at first, for I wanted to see Paris alone and not have my meditations disturbed by the presence of any one.

But having seen Paris right thoroughly, I wanted one of these men for other purposes. I wanted to talk with him of the Parisians and French people, being unable to converse readily with the French themselves, and gather information I could not otherwise acquire. Kaufman having gone, the proprietor recommended another, and brought and introduced him, named John Raitz. We agreed upon our terms, and I told him we would visit St. Cloud and Versailles the next day, and he must be on hand by 9 o'clock a. m. to go with me. He was on time and we started for the train.

I did not travel now as a clodhopper, minding my steps, but as a gentleman, burdened with no care of self or luggage, both being cared for by my courier. He bought tickets for me and himself, asking if he “must buy first-class for both?” I told him yes! I wanted him with me, and we occupied together a first-class car. Hitherto I have generally traveled second-class, being good enough for me alone, but not good enough for me and courier.

When we reached St. Cloud, I did not trouble myself to study my guide-book to know what I should do or know where I should go, but having a courier, submitted myself to him, and told him to show me the sights. I soon found I knew more than he did, because I had read up before I started. I found, however, by this time that he was not only a man of fair sense, but of some intelligence, respectable and a good fellow; and I made him think he was doing

well. We walked through the town and saw where and how, in the bombardment, the Germans had done their work, and casting my eye up casually at a handsome house I observed a shell buried in the stone cornice of its portico, which the owner had left as a memento of the war—the only injury the dwelling seemed to have received. Then we went to the Palace of St. Cloud, or what was once a palace, now only a mass of ruins, the work of these same Germans when they laid France low. The site was most commanding and looked from its high position over a great range of country and on Paris itself. About us was a park extending for miles, with the biggest and finest trees I have seen in France. Often they reminded me of those whose acquaintance I had made in England and which lingered on my vision as unwilling to depart.

The day was very warm, the first hot one I have felt abroad, and we strolled too long. I trusted to my courier to have me back in time at the station to take the train for Versailles; we delayed so much that we missed it, and were thus kept nearly an hour in St. Cloud beyond what we intended.

I could not be idle, and I proposed to my courier to “feed,” and I took him to a restaurant, or he took me at my request, which is the proper way to put it. I gave him a *carte blanche* to order what he wanted, mine too, and keep the account, and in the shade of an awning in front of a café in St. Cloud, we together refreshed our inner man. Whilst we ate we talked of his experiences in France. He came soon after the German war in 1871 and has been here ever since. I asked him what reason the communist gave for his silly work? He said none, but to divide the property equally. But, I remarked, to destroy is not to divide! Yes, he said, but they would not argue that; and he seemed to be always afraid to go any further. Their temper would not permit it. He thought much of that feeling survived yet, buried in their hearts, and one day, no one could tell how soon, would come forth to play its bloody game again. As we sat and talked, he telling me of his family and himself and how he liked to live in Paris, the moments flew and soon it was the hour for the train. In a little while we were off for Versailles, twelve or fourteen miles from Paris, St. Cloud being half way. When we came to the station at Versailles my courier hired a *voiture*, *i. e.*, a one-horse carriage with a seat for the driver and two seats behind with

a folding top. With this we drove through the grounds to the Palace and its environs.

We went first to the Grand Trianon, a house which Louis XIV., the founder of the Palace, built for Madame de Maintenon, and were shown through the various apartments, many of them containing antique furniture and ornaments, portraits, busts and vases. In its principal room Marshal Bazaine's trial took place in 1873. We then went to the Petit Trianon near by, a home which Louis XV. built for Madame Du Barry. This also was a favorite home of Marie Antoinette.

We then visited the coach house, where are preserved the State and Imperial coaches, which are bright with silver and gold. One, an immense affair, in which the Prince Imperial, son of the last (Louis) Napoleon, was taken to be christened, surpassing in splendor and massiveness anything I saw in London when I visited the royal equipages there.

Then we went to the Palace, surrounded with its park, its fountains and its statuary, so vast, so costly, so imposing, that it is not possible now to give you any adequate idea of them. They must be seen or described with a minuteness of detail out of the question in these rapid sketches: with, shall I say miles? of galleries and halls filled with works of art—paintings, statuary, mosaic and tapestry, so numerous that hours are occupied in simply walking through and allowing them to pass like a panorama before one's eyes. Now and then, as you walk, a window of the palace breaks the dead wall of paintings, and the vision takes in a portion of the park reaching far away, of water, of wood, of grass, and of hill and dale; that throws into shade the highest conceptions of the artists whose works are about you. Palaces, parks and galleries in England and France, we wonder if ever the world will see the like constructed again? To keep them harmless from the hand of time and the ruthless hand of man, is the work of this generation and of those who are to follow.

After spending some time, we took tramway and came to the river Seine, near Sevres, and then one of the little steamers that ply between that place and Paris, and had a pleasant sail to the city, passing spots I had hitherto visited, Champs de Mars, and the Military School, and opposite, you know, the Palais Trocadero, thence to the Hotel des Invalides and its Esplanade, and on the opposite side,

Champs Élysees and the Palais de l'Industrie; then the Chamber of Deputies and over the river against it the Place de la Concorde, with its fountains and Egyptian monolith, with all of which you are now acquainted if you have followed me in these letters. At the latter place we landed and I walked to the hotel.

In the evening I took my courier to the opera. This is the largest Opera House in the world and said to be the most magnificent. It was built during Louis Napoleon's reign and is a wonder. I will merely mention that it covers three acres of ground. Between four and five hundred houses had to be removed to make its site, which alone cost two millions of dollars; the structure itself cost between seven and eight millions, and the finishing within is regardless of expense. Its capacity is not nearly so large as its exterior would indicate, because much space is taken up with entrances, corridors, galleries and embellishments. The place was full to-night, and "Faust" was elegantly put upon the stage.

Whilst I was interested in the music and acting, I was more so in the crowd. Among them were many pretty women seated in the boxes and circle, some dressed very high and some very low and at whom the men seemed privileged to look at the end of each act, rising in the parquette altogether occupied by men and turning deliberately around and gazing with glasses directly into their faces. The women did not seem to regard it as at all offensive, but the vulgarity of the whole proceeding I have never seen surpassed. Yet why call it by so harsh a name? It is a custom of these people and regarded, I suppose, as not by any means a breach of courtesy or decorum.

Indeed in Paris there seems to be perfect freedom of action, you can dress as you please, you can act with an independence which elsewhere noticed would be here unheeded, in other words this is a cosmopolitan city into which people may bring their own manners and tastes, provided in doing so they trench upon no one else's right to do the same.

This opera house is another of Louis Napoleon's works, numbers of which you see on every hand in Paris. He literally found it of brick and left it of marble. Had he died before the German war he would have gone down in history as a great man, and a benefactor of France. Certainly none of his predecessors did so much as he to make Paris attractive and brilliant.

I will close this letter now and send it off. Your mother's letter of May 30, has just come, and three papers from Taylor, the *Times*,

May 30, and *Dispatch*, May 18 and 19 respectively, also one *Dispatch* from Charles containing Judge Christian's eulogy on Judge Ould. I think I before answered yours of 25th, and Charles' of same date, 25th May, and Taylor's, 27th May. I need not tell you how I devour these when they come; readily turn away from sight-seeing to enjoy them. The papers inform me how we lost our town and carried the State. I grieve for the town and rejoice for the State, but, unhappily, I fear our party will fall into apathy as usual, and things lapse.

I have been hoping for a letter from Taylor daily, many of mine are on the wing which you had not received; I hope you have by this time—No. 7 being the last that had reached you as you say. With warmest love.

Affectionately,

F.

I see poor Mrs. Glass is dead and Goff Miller's wife.

[No. 17.]

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
Saturday, June 16, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed a letter to you, addressed to Mary to-day, (No. 16).

I am fearful some of my letters miscarried, as I gather from yours that No. 7 is the last you have received. Nine letters are on the wing somewhere; I doubt not that many of them have reached you by this time. No. 7, I find by my memorandum, brings my story down to May 11 inclusive. But you must write, if only a few lines, upon receipt of every letter, and Margaret too. Charles has promised to do this at which I am much gratified. Tell me of the little news, apparently of no account to you, but much to me.

I read the *Winchester Times* through far more carefully and with more interest than I ever did before. Who are the editors now? I think Bob Hunter has left it finally, has he not?

Did you tell me, or how did I get it, that Dick Byrd had gone upon its staff? I see, too, Dick took the prize at his Law School for an article upon some legal subject. Tell William and Dick I

read it in Paris and threw up my hat with pleasure, and if it had not been a new hat would have given it a *kick*, like our dear old friend David ~~Fursten~~ ^{Fursten} did on the platform in Alexandria, in expression of his pleasure that Virginia had joined the Southern Confederacy. Tell William I hope Dick will be the joy of his life.

But I must continue and write you of my goings and comings. This morning a party was made up from the hotel to visit the Catacombs. Once in two weeks entrance is allowed, and to-day was the time in course. Knowing pretty well what they were, I did not feel any great interest in visiting them.

But in travelling it is a good rule to neglect seeing nothing that does not cost more than it is worth, and that is of interest historically or otherwise, in connection with the place or places visited. For each and every locality has its objects, which together make up its attractiveness and worth, and it is injudicious for us to decide what ought or ought not to be seen from simply our own inclinations. Many a time I have put myself unwillingly to the trouble of visiting a spot because I thought it unworthy, that has turned out one of the most interesting and profitable scenes of my whole tour. And so here, I would have made a mistake not to have gone to see the Catacombs.

At ten or eleven a. m. we started from this hotel in voitures. We went some distance on the south of Paris to the neighborhood of the Cemetery Mont Parnasse, which, you remember, I visited the day I went to Luxembourg Palace.

These Catacombs were quarries out of which rock was taken to build the city, being soft and easily cut under ground, hardening by exposure. This was done for hundreds of years during the old Roman period. In this lapse of time and the construction of so large a city, of course, vast caverns were made. About a century ago, the operatives not leaving sufficient supports as they advanced, breakage in the superincumbent earth occurred, that threatened the ruin of the city which had been built upon it. Piers and buttresses had to be constructed to avoid such a calamity. This was done, and avenues and tunnels made leading for great distances underground, like the mines I gave you an account of which I visited in California and Colorado. When this was done and the quarrying ceased, came the day of its utilization. The city extending and the cemeteries hitherto used being in the way of the residences of the living, some

of them were closed, and the dead bodies which had been collecting for centuries were ordered to be removed to the quarries, as the most convenient for their disposition.

During the revolutions through which Paris has gone, numbers of dead bodies were thrown into them as into a charnel house. Afterwards they were taken regularly in hand and utilized handsomely and well. Ways were constructed, built up of solid stone, and when necessary, arched, well graded and drained. The skulls and other bones were gathered, carefully cleaned and stacked, the straight bones being built like a wall along the avenues, having now and then a layer of skulls with faces outward, which stare at you from their vacant sockets. It is not a pretty sight, but the atmosphere is pure and dry and the whole place is free from any disagreeable odor, and no more unwholesome or unpleasant than visiting a graveyard. Every few years, I hear, bodies are still gathered here, taken from the surrounding cemeteries.

Each one of the party carried a candle, the guide carried mine, and when the whole were collected from the different hotels and places there must have been near a hundred, and our numerous lights gave quite a lively scene to the dark place. We walked a good distance, having police with us, who counted our number going in and coming out, that none might be left behind. Such cases have occurred. In Paris, during peace, they take much care of human life; but let a civil war come and life thus cared for, they can with indifference convert into hecatombs of dead.

Whilst we were going through I fell in with a gentleman and lady, brother and sister, from Bristol, England, travelling for pleasure, each probably forty to fifty years of age. He told me he had lived some time in Cuba, and had travelled in the United States. We were walking and talking for a while, and when we came out were pretty well acquainted. I told them I was going to Vincennes, a few miles from Paris, and invited them to join me, which they readily agreed to do, and we got into a voiture together, the lady and I on the seat and Mr. Sarene (that was their name) with the driver. The weather was pleasant again. The hot temperature of the day before had been driven off by rain during the night, which had settled the dust and cooled the air, and our ride was delightful.

The Chateau at Vincennes has been used at different times for different purposes, as a palace, a manufactory of porcelain (now

removed to Sevres), a prison and a manufactory of arms, which it now is, and a station for troops. There is also a pretty chapel and the donjon, or keep, or prison, which is a high and massive castle of stone. The most interesting thing is the park through which we drove; but really I have told you so much about parks that you are weary of hearing the name pronounced or seeing it written. Whilst this is true to the reader or auditor, it is not so to the writer, for each one has points of interest or attraction that others have not, and they are not only beautiful but useful, and I do not weary in visiting them, enjoying not only the parks themselves but also the throngs of men, women and children who seem equally to appreciate and utilize them.

I was near forgetting to tell you of, probably, the most important sight of the day—the Gobelin and Carpet Manufactories—for there is nothing like them in the world. They are situated on the Avenue des Gobelins, where we stopped returning from Vincennes. The tapestry having been famous for centuries, and so rich and costly, has been, with the porcelains of Sevres, devoted to royal donations and luxuries in which common people could not indulge. Now when you visit the palaces of Europe, you are shown the tapestries preserved in them, the most valuable of their treasures. This is the place where many, if not most of them, for centuries have been wrought. I have seen a number here and in England, often worn by age and bad usage, and yet preserving their freshness and vitality of color. In the exhibition room of the factory we were shown some new ones just finished, as well as some old ones preserved there for show.

We were allowed to go through the factory and witness the employees at work, and were you to see the laborious and tedious process of the hand and eye, as well as the wonderful skill in coloring and design you would not be surprised at the value of the result. This manufactory is owned by the government and few, if any, articles are made for sale, all being for the public buildings, or as donations to foreign potentates and powers. Of course, the communistic devils played havoc here, which has been to a considerable degree restored or repaired, the finished work having been carried off and secreted.

We then visited the carpet manufactory under the same management, and I saw them at work there making as in the tapestry department a few square inches a day, but when made worth its weight in gold.

This morning before going to the Catacombs, I called to see the United States minister, but found I had hit upon the consulate, and, having done so, called on General Walker, the United States Consul General for France. I wanted to get permits for the Senate and House of Deputies. General Walker received me most cordially and tendered his services. I told him I had a letter of introduction from the United States Secretary of State, but had left it at my room. He said such a letter was altogether unnecessary as he knew me by reputation. I had only a few minutes to stay, as the party were waiting for me at the hotel for our Catacombs visit, of which I have in the foregoing given you an account. He said he had no authority to give permits to visit either house, the minister had and he would procure one for me if possible, and send it to my hotel, that the minister could only pass one at a time, and probably his authority was exhausted for the present, but I should know during the day. When I returned in the afternoon to my room I found the permit on my table, with a polite note. Tell Robert Barton, General Walker is an acquaintance of his, met him in the S. V. railroad case in Alexandria, and made kind inquires for him. He was executor of one of the parties in interest, I think he said.

I expect I had better go to bed now.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Sunday, June 17, 1883.*

After breakfast I walked along the quais ascending the river, enjoying the pleasant atmosphere, for it has been cool to-day, and scenes that have now become familiar to me and which seemed a few years ago so distant that I hardly expected ever to see, much less know them so well.

I continued my walk, crossing one of the bridges at the Palace of of the Tuilleries, along the quais on the southern bank of the river till I came to the Isle de la Cité, and then turned to the right along the Boulevard St. Michael, and soon was at the Hotel and Museum Cluny which I came purposely to see. This, like most of the museums and galleries here, is open free on Sunday. It is a museum principally of antiquities and old things of every sort. Each article, and they are numerous, having something of its own, or belonging to some age or period or person, crystalizes in itself the history of an epoch. You can readily infer then, that all a stranger can do is

simply to go through and take a general survey and catch an idea of the objects themselves, and of the story they tell, and the interest and information they throw over the centuries gone, for many of them were in being when Greece and Rome survived.

I am constantly impressed here, as I was in England, with the value of these collections to the student of history. What a flood of light often does a single one of the articles, however apparently worthless or insignificant, throw upon a historic point, and let us into the secret springs of events which have preserved or subverted empires and states! Here an old Roman bath has been uncovered, and, as I wrote you when in Bath, England, where one has also been exposed, you remember, both show us what a remarkable people those sturdy Romans were and how they live in their works, thrusting them into view through the lighter materials of our modern civilization. I lingered here a few hours, and then took one of the voitures at the door and told the driver to take me to the Park des Buttes-Chaumont, in the northeast part of the city and in the direction of Pere-Lachaise.

I have walked over much of the city I was about to traverse, and, the distance being considerable, I determined to ride. I drove through Boulevards Sebastopol and Strasbourg and other streets, passing, as we approached the suburbs, through various and thickly-populated streets like those of which I have spoken as having traversed since I have been in Paris. This park occupies high ground and overlooks the city. The day for distant vision could not have been better—cool and clear. The site was formerly a quarry. It was also a place of public execution in the olden time and more recently the rendezvous of malefactors. Heaps of rubbish having accumulated here, the place became foul and unhealthy. Of late, since '64, the authorities have cleaned it up, and, at great expense, have converted it from an eyesore into a thing of beauty.

The buttes, or bluffs, have not been cut down nor the gulches filled; but their rugged and ragged points have been moulded and curved into graceful lines, water flowing around them in gentle lakes or tossing itself from them in cascades, and one of the highest crowned with a small Grecian temple, from which nearly the whole of Paris can be seen. This is in the poor part of the city, and they were here to-day in force.

When I had satisfied myself, I ordered my driver to go to Butte

Montmartre, which lies east of the cemetery of that name, which is also high ground and overlooks an equally extended view. This butte, or knob, rises like a pyramid, and commands the city and country for many miles. Here the French army planted their batteries and drove the Communists from the point I had just left—Park Buttes-Chaumont. This high butte of Montmartre is covered with houses, which are mainly of the poorer orders and are reached by high flights of stone steps. I left the carriage and ascended to the summit to get the view, and, in doing so, passed through the streets and by houses where the odor was not “serene;” but I was repaid by the view and forgot the smell in the sight. I then came back to the carriage and made my driver take me to St. Vincent-de-Paul and Notre Dame de Lorette—two of the noted churches of the city—which I visited and then drove to my hotel. In the afternoon General Walker called to see me and we had a long talk. He was very courteous and polite and extended me hospitalities, which I declined.

After tea I strolled through the Garden of the Tuilleries and Place de la Concorde, and enjoyed again the fountains and examined, one by one, the works of art in marble and bronze which fill these places, and once again saw the sun go down behind the shining Arc, then came to my room and wrote these lines. And now, with the memory of each and all of you in my heart, I will “lay me down to sleep.”

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Monday, June 18, 1883.*

This morning I walked to the place just behind the Opera House, intending to take rail for St. Denis; but the morning was cool and bracing, and I resolved not to lose the opportunity for a carriage ride, and spoke to one or two of the voiture drivers in my imperfect French, trying to contract with one of them by the hour, when another coachman came up and spoke in English to aid me.

The one with whom I had been chaffering was engaged. My new-made friend hailed another and with him I made a contract. No sooner had I bargained with him and thanked my friend for his help, than he also spoke to me in good English. I told him he ought to have done it before. I was glad he talked so well in my tongue, for it made our ride, which turned out to be a long one, much more pleasant. He informed me, in the course of it, that he

had been coachman and servant for Americans and Englishmen, and had thus learned the language, and among those he served was General Sickles, who was American Consul or Minister for several years.

I went first to St. Denis, a small town north of Paris, in which is the cathedral that contains most of the French kings' remains and tombs—the Westminster Abbey of France. I wanted my driver, who said he had never been in, to go and I would pay a boy for holding his horse and all expenses; but he declined and I discovered, when I came out, he preferred a restaurant. I found him taking a bottle of wine.

The Cathedral is worth seeing not only on its own account, but because it enshrines so many of the dead kings, whose tombs and recumbent figures are works of art. The number is great, and two especially fine, Henry II. and his wife Catherine de Medici and Louis XVI. and poor Marie Antoinette. Of Henry II. and Catherine there are two, one recumbent and the others kneeling figures. I have not time to name the rest, much less to give you even a brief description.

We went then to Sevres, a drive of some miles through the streets and boulevards of Paris and the Bois de Boulogne. I have told you of the former, and given you a pretty full description of the latter in my letter several days ago. We drove along the Allee Longchamp to the race course of the same name, of which I wrote you, and then around the west side, which I had not visited, by the home of the Rothschilds, where we had a view of the ruins of the palace and the park of St. Cloud, which I also described to you in my former visit, lying opposite to us on the hill in full view across the river. In a little while we were in Sevres where the wonderful porcelain is made which has been for so many years the admiration of the world. Here I visited the exhibition rooms and the workshops. In the former of which they have preserved some of the old and some of their recent works, beautiful beyond my powers of description.

After going through the exhibition room I was conducted with a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had by this time collected, through the workshops, where we saw the pottery transformed into all sorts of artistic shapes, and figures transferred to the vessels already moulded. This manufactory is, like the Gobelins, owned by the government. After leaving here I drove into the city, passing many things with

which I am now familiar and of which I have told you : Champs de Mars, Trocadero, Hotel des Invalides, Champs d'Élysees, the Palae of Industry and, crossing the river, drove to the Chamber of Deputies.

I wanted to visit this body in session. I could not understand their deliberations and disensions, but as with the lawyers the other day, I desired to see what the looks and bearing of this popular branch of the Legislative Department of the French government were. The ticket given me by General Walker opened the door and I was admitted to the Diplomatic Gallery, in front of the presiding officer, an excellent point for observation. This officer was a handsome man, and the most of the members were also. The person addressing the Chamber does not stand at his seat as in our Legislative Assemblies, but advances to a tribune or rostrum before the speaker's chair, and when speaking has his back to him and his face to the Deputies. As with the lawyers, those I heard, spoke with volubility and much gesticulation, and the members in giving approval or otherwise to what was said, were not much restrained either in measure or manner. Sometimes their voices in one chorus would fill the hall with a roar of jeers or laughter.

I could well call up a scene when some agitating question was inflaming their passions, and when a genius like Mirabeau, or, in these latter days, Gambetta, could kindle a flame which, leaping through the doors and windows of the Chamber, would set on fire the whole of Paris. What is to become of this people under their present form of government, with so much genius and power in ambitious and angry contests? Can the bonds of the Republic hold them. Will they not break them, as Samson broke the withes?

Being satisfied with my observations here, I came out and could not find my driver anywhere. I waited for nearly an hour, but he did not come. He had my umbrella and I had his fare. I thought he had wanted the former as of more value than the latter, and had gone. I walked on across the Place de la Concorde to my hotel, recollecting that I had told him where I was stopping. Whilst I was at dinner he sent in for me, and, when I came out to see him, he told me he was there all the time, in the crowd of hacks and carriages. I paid him without any more ado, for I had a kindly feeling for the fellow, though I am quite sure he lied. He had made himself pleasant during the day, and given me much informa-

tion about Paris of late years. He seemed to think the French would never be satisfied with anything but a Republic, and yet they are not at present satisfied with that under which they are now living.

During our ride I told him of our institution of slavery as it was, and he seemed to be amazed. He said he thought it was dreadful, and had been always taught that the master was horrible and the slave miserable. He told me of the reign of the Commune, but could not tell me of the secret springs of their absurd action, even supposing their sole aim was to benefit themselves, for the destruction of public property was of no such benefit—it was, in effect, the destruction of their own. I have not been able to get anyone with whom I have conversed on that subject to talk freely. Whether they sympathized, or are ignorant or afraid, I do not know; but I think everybody, openly or tacitly, admits that things are not settled and under the present calm surface flows a volcanic current of red-hot passion.

As I was going to dinner my newly-made friends—Mr. and Miss Severn, of Bristol, England—came in from a trip to Versailles. I invited them to come to my table, which they accepted, and we had much pleasant talk whilst we dined. The same question of slavery came up. He said he had often remarked to his sister and friends that he sympathized with the Southern States. He had lived in the West Indies and visited our Southern States and knew slavery well, and that if all England and the Northern States could have known as well, we would not have had so much of the pseudo-philanthropy which has resulted in incalculable injury to both black and white. He is a solid, sensible, unpretentious man, and seems to have diagnosed the people of the different sections of our country quite well.

On coming to my room to bed, I found on my table your letter of June 3d. I need not say how glad I was to receive it. You had received No. 8 of mine, which brought my experiences up to May 15th—a good while ago—since which time I have seen and written you of many things. My letters took a considerable time to reach you. I am glad you enjoy them. I am glad, too, you are progressing with farm-work and your other doings. You must always send me the *Winchester Times*. I read it, and it and the *Richmond Dispatch* are the only public news I have from the United States, for

I have not time to read the exchanges. I do not, as you may readily infer, lose a moment from the objects I have in view. Give me the news, too—you and Margaret and Charles—in the community, however little. The temperature continues delightful—cool and bracing. I am fortunate, for in May, they tell me, they had hot weather here.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Tuesday, June 19, 1883.*

This morning I determined to visit St. Germain, thirteen miles from Paris. I took the cars, and, on my way to the station, stopped at the United States Consulate to return the card of admission to the Chamber of Deputies and thank the Consul for his courtesy. These cards are printed and simply presented, not taken up, at the door, and thus they can be used many times.

I determined to ride outside, on top of the car, that I might see the country. Some of these are constructed with seats arranged on top, and all the bridges and tunnels are built high accordingly. These seats have a cover or roof, though open around, and are therefore, in good weather, admirably adapted for observation. We passed through four or five villages and towns. In so large a city we were passing habitations all the time—houses of the people often who do business in Paris.

The Seine makes many bends, and we crossed it three times in going to St. Germain. That and the views along the way made the ride very interesting. My first point of visit on reaching St. Germain was the château, situated right in the town and near the station. This was formerly a palace. It is now a museum of antiquities relating to prehistoric, classic and especially Roman periods. The building is old, and, where not repaired, looks dilapidated; but they are now repairing and rebuilding portions, and, when completed, it will be imposing, for it is very large, like, as I have several times remarked, everything of the sort in Paris. The museum is well cared for. I was interested and stayed for several hours, coming across things I had not seen elsewhere.

In front and on either side of the château, or museum, is a large plaza or place, as you know they call them here, across which and in front is the old Church of St. Germain, in which James II. of England is buried, and to whom George IV. built a white marble monument of simple character, which Victoria has had repaired. It is plain, but

quite good enough for James. What interested me more was a sitting figure in bronze of Thiers, the historian, who died here in 1877. It is a striking thing and is located on the left of the museum.

I then went to a restaurant on the square and took lunch. A little girl came in who spoke some English, and it pleased her very much to be the medium of communication, and still more when I told her she pronounced well, which she did—the trouble being in the smallness of her vocabulary. But I had a nice lunch of soft-boiled eggs, and bread and butter, then started out to visit the gardens and the park, which are both well-kept.

This spot is interesting for itself and its historic associations to the readers of English history. On high ground, it commands from its terrace a superb view towards Paris, some of which can be seen, some concealed by heights which I have told you in former letters sweep around portions of the city. Immediately below and for some miles lay vineyards, forest, villas and towns, with the river flowing between them like a silver thread. Mont Valerien, crowned with massive fortifications, looms up grandly on the right and towards the left Montmartre is visible, limning the horizon, and the town of St. Denis, marking the burial-place of kings, tells us what becomes of them when the palaces, parks and gardens are done with.

Knowing familiarly, as I do, the private and public life of James II. of England, and his beautiful wife, Marie Beatrice, of Modena, I could call up the time when this was their home for many years. Louis XIV., when James was driven from his throne and England, received him in France and took care of him in the years of his exile. St. Germain he gave him for a place to live, and here he had leisure to think of his own selfishness, folly and bigotry, which lost him his crown. From this terrace he could look over the heart of a country which rested submissively under an imperial and absolute rule, and had not yet begun to feel the movings of that spirit which had driven James from his own home. This was hard for James and his devoted wife to understand, and here they passed many years in feeding upon a hope which made their hearts sick.

I had a delightful day at St. Germain and returned in the same way I went. When I got to my room I found a letter and card from my old friend, Colonel A. Dudley Mann, in reply to one I

wrote him yesterday. I thought it would never do to leave Paris without paying him my promised visit. He lives at Chantilly, some twenty-five miles from Paris. I wrote him that I would go and spend a few hours with him on Thursday. He replied in this letter, expressing his joy at my arrival and stating that he had come to Paris to-day, and that my letter had been forwarded to him here; but that I must come and breakfast with him at one o'clock—he wanted much to see me. Of course, the hour had long passed and I determined to call and see him. He gave me his address.

At eight o'clock, p. m., I hired a cab and drove to his lodgings. I found the old gentleman in bed—not sick, but he said it was his custom to retire early. His reception was, like his letters, full of cordiality, and you may be sure we talked much. He is eighty-two years old. In bed he does not look nearly so old. His senses are perfect, his hearing and perceptive powers quick and bright, and he is alive to what is going on.

We talked about Virginia and her affairs, concerning which we have been writing to each other so much. He receives the papers and keeps up with the current of events, and appears to take as deep an interest as a young man who expects to return to America one day to live. He talked to me of his experiences here in France, where he has been since 1861—in Paris for a large part of the time and in Chantilly for several years. He was in Paris during the German war and during the Communistic reign. His description of its horrors was graphic. He spoke, too, of Jefferson Davis' visit and how much pleasure it gave him, and how they sat up till the small hours of the morning and talked—the conversation drifting from theme to theme, coming to them from their long acquaintance and experiences, and never exhausting the subjects or themselves as they fought their battles over and talked of their hair-breadth escapes or victories. I should have liked to have been by and heard them, for each has had an eventful life. Nor did we weary in our talk. I could have sat for hours: but I feared, from the old man's earnest manner, that his sleep would be put to flight and that he would pay the penalty of our interview by a restless night. I came away. I want to see him again, but I fear I will not be able and our parting may be our last.

I must mention—I don't think I have done it before in former letters—that I have given up my Scandinavian trip. I found it

would take me three months or more, in the midst of the season—the best for seeing interesting portions of Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent—and I think it better to spend the time in seeing things and places which are much more numerous and contain much more of interest, and put off my journey to the “Land of the Midnight Sun” till another visit.

And now I bid you again good-bye. I will close this letter. It is better you should hear frequently than have longer letters at rarer intervals—at least, so I feel. Were you to write me every day I would welcome each one's letter, and shut out France or any other country, whilst we sat down and talked to one another in its pages. With best love,

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 18.]

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
Wednesday, June 20, 1883.

Dear Margaret,—

I wrote to Taylor this morning (No. 17). My letters seem to travel slowly; you had, from Taylor's last letter, only received up to No. 8, which was closed and mailed on May 15.

This morning, I, with a large party from this and other hotels, numbering I should think fifty or sixty, visited the sewers of Paris. You know Paris is said to be the best sewered city in the world, and from my observation to-day I should think it was. I expect you infer it was dirty work, but it was not. Many ladies were along with good dresses and came out as unsoiled as they went in, though they traversed two miles of a channel that carries off the drainings of a city which contains two millions of inhabitants.

We met in front of the Madeleine, and when all had gathered we descended with guides by a flight of stone steps to one of the main sewers of the city. It is a high archway with stone walks on either side, three or four feet wide, of the most substantial masonry. Between these walks we found flowing swiftly, a stream of water eight or ten feet in width like a canal. On this stream were a number

of boats, each being nearly the width of the canal, fixed up nicely with cushioned seats.

When the capacity of the boat was supplied by the persons who had descended from the street above to make the excursion, five or six men walked along the footway, up the current, drawing the boat from the landing or platform, and so with the other boats, till a number were filled containing ten or twelve each. Then the procession moved through the sewer which was lighted all the way with gas, the burners depending from the arch. I noticed also, that this sewer was the conduit through which the pipes were passed that conveyed the water for drinking and other purposes, that supplied the city, as well as the wires of the magnetic telegraph.

When we had gone about a mile, we changed our mode of locomotion. Getting out of the boats, we mounted tram-cars and were pushed and pulled at the same time through a smaller sewer, a feeder of the larger we had just left, and through which also was flowing a rapid current, the car running over it, the flanges of the wheels fitting the walls on either side. The men who propelled or pulled the cars walked on similar stone pathways to those I have described as bordering the large sewer. The distance we travelled was probably between one and two miles.

Had you not been told you never would have inferred that you were moving through a way where flowed the horrible offal and drippings of a vast city. The odor was slight and might readily have prevailed in any such underground channel. The workmanship of this conduit cannot be surpassed, everything being constructed of solid stone and iron, massive and well-finished. When invited to go I was loath to accept, thinking such a place would not be agreeable, willing to admit all that the people of Paris claim for their sewerage. But I am gratified now that I went, for Paris has nothing above ground that speaks more highly of her genius, enterprise and means than this immense work below the surface, which enables her people to live so comfortably and healthfully. We ascended to the street in a far distant part of the city—at Place Chatelet.

I then visited the Church of St. Eustache, the Halle au Ble or Grain Exchange, and the Bourse, or Money and Stock Exchange. You have heard of the Gold Board in New York, and the Grain and Stock Exchange of Chicago. I wrote you of them in my travels last spring. This was very much like them both. The excited

Frenchmen made even more noise, and the sound of their voices in the big hall was like the roar of "many waters." One little fellow who did not seem to be in the ring at all, inflamed by the excitement of those about him would every now and then jump up and yell at the top of his voice, seeming to feel like the old darkey crier of watermelons of whom Charles tells, who, when complained of for the noise he was making, thanked the Lord that he was attracting attention, for he was "hollerin' to be heered."

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Thursday, June 21, 1883.*

To-day I visited Fontainebleau, thirty-seven miles from this city by rail. Feeling like being carried to-day, I took my courier and interpreter, John Raitz, the German who went with me to Versailles.

We started at 8.30 o'clock from the hotel in a voiture. It took us half an hour to come to the station, and we found ourselves too late by five minutes for that train.

This is the second time my Dutchman has been left with me in his arms. I was never thus served in my life in any country, when on my own feet. You remember we missed the train at St. Cloud on our way to Versailles. But this morning he apologized amply by saying his wife was sick and he could not leave her. We lounged about the station till the next train and then started on our trip, on express and first-class car. My guide procuring tickets and conducting me to my seat, I, not bothering myself with anything, simply taking my place near the window and telling my guide to show me the objects of interest as we travelled. Having studied up, I knew as much or more than he did.

Between Paris and Fontainebleau are five or six villages and towns, but really the whole country is one stretch of habitations, through and by which you are constantly gliding. The land is cultivated in grain and grass, vegetables and fruits. After we arrived at Fontainebleau station we had to ride in a cab or voiture, a mile or two before reaching the chateau or palace. It was under an avenue of tolerably large trees the entire distance. The ease-loving and seeking men who built these palatial residences, were fond of trees and liked to have them in straight lines, through whose vistas they could look, ride or drive.

We went at once to the palace or chateau, which was first built

by Francis I. and afterwards extended by Henry IV. It covers three sides of a quadrangle, enclosing a large court, and is not very imposing—the most of it being but two stories, interrupted now and then by pavilions, much of it presenting an old and common and worn appearance; but it is one of the most interesting palaces in the world. It is crowded with historic associations, many of them most important in French story.

Here some of France's greatest monarchs loved to live. Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., Napoleon I., Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon spent large sums upon its restoration. Here Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—one of the most thrilling and startling events of history, which caused so much terror and suffering and sent so many into exile, not a few of whose descendants we know to-day in our own country. Here Napoleon I. held in custody Pope Pius VII. for eighteen months, and the rooms are shown which he occupied. Here he signed his abdication of the Empire, and the little round mahogany table is preserved on which it was written. Here, in the courtyard of the palace, he parted from his Grenadiers of the Old Guard April 14, 1814, after his abdication, and here he reviewed the same troops in March, 1815, before marching with them to Paris. Here Louis XV. was married and Louis Napoleon was baptized. Here Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette spent much time, and numerous other interesting and thrilling historic events occurred; and the places or rooms are exhibited, often filled with the same old furniture and appointments—in many instances, exceedingly rich and beautiful and crowded with memories—for whilst the outside of this palace looks comparatively indifferent, the inside is the most brilliant and most instructive I have seen in Europe.

As the keeper in charge conducted us through the suites of rooms and halls one after another in long succession, telling us by whom they were finished and furnished and occupied, dazzling with mosaic, glass, porcelain, marble, bronze and tapestry, I was compelled to the conclusion that I have seen no palace in England or France to rival it.

Never before have I been so struck with the beauty and elegance of tapestries. There are more here than in any other palace I have seen or than, probably, all others combined, and I had a better opportunity of contrasting them with paintings and other adorn-

ments. Here are some of every epoch almost, and, from the freshness of coloring in many instances, you cannot tell whether they are several centuries or only several years of age. I remember in one instance, to which my attention was called, the tapestries and paintings are of the same figures and scene and age. The latter are faded, and the former as rich and bright as when they were wrought.

In what splendor and luxury this old Royalty lived! It is well to see their evidences now. The present Rule preserves them more as attractions to strangers and for feeding the French love of show than for any reverence for the memories with which they are crowded. France will never see another Monarchy or Empire of any duration. If, in the frenzy of revolution, another king or emperor should rise to the surface, he will again be submerged by the rushing tide that for a hundred years has swept this mercurial people towards the *ignis fatuus* of a republic, and soon these places, now full of charms, will fall into ruin or be converted to other purposes. The demagogue, having worn threadbare the flags with which he has inflamed the Gallic Taurus, will cry, "A bas!" to these spots, which, they will insist, contain simply the mementoes of their servitude, folly and shame; and the splendid things which their ancestors adored will be broken in pieces or destroyed, or find lodgment only in the cabinets of the curious. It is well to see them now!

This palace and the town, which grew up around it when the drippings of the Court were enough to support a town, is surrounded by a vast forest, called the Forest of Fontainebleau, which is fifty miles in circumference and contains 42,500 acres. Here the gay members of Royalty found sport in the hunting of game whose range was sufficient to keep them ever wild; but won't the inquiry be soon, "Why should this land lie waste?" and the Forest of Fontainebleau will live only in history and tradition, for the axe of the reformer will be unsparingly abroad!

When we had seen the palace it was important that myself and courier should "refresh"—more especially my courier, for who ever saw a Dutchman who could live without refreshment? I observed, too, that this Dutchman loved any comfort, and, to secure it, had no more reluctance to spend his employer's money than Artemus Ward had to offer his and his wife's cousins, to the remotest generation, upon his country's altar. I gave him *carte blanche* for dinner, and he and I

went to a restaurant not far from the palace, and I had double compensation for my money not only in the good meal I had myself, but in the contemplation of the enjoyment my courier derived from his appreciation of the fare, which he floated with excellent wine.

After our lunch we mounted a voiture and drove to Fort de l'Empereur—a high butte or knob in the forest two or three miles distant, on whose summit has been built a miniature tower of observation. When I arrived there I noticed that since my guide-book was written, the name had been changed, and no longer called Fort de l'Empereur but Tour Deneconet, after a local celebrity who lived in the forest, and devoting much of his life to wandering through its mazes, has made a map or chart of it. His likeness in bronze, in bas-relief, is on the tower and above it, painted in large letters, "Tour Deneconet;" so that visitors and the whole world may know that the Emperor has been dethroned at Fontainebleau, and that one of the People now reigns.

I found several persons on the tower prospecting like myself, and an old woman with a telescope for hire. She seemed to live in the base of the tower, and made her livelihood with this glass. The view was extensive and striking, the day clear and cool. Around us lay this extensive forest stretching for miles, sometimes without break: here and there, beyond its range, villages, villas and humbler habitations, and one or two high points in and near the city of Paris. The position gave me an opportunity of seeing how the forest lay—right in the heart of France, surrounding this home of kings, who held here high carnival and imperial sway for so many generations, with only foreign potentates "to molest or make them afraid." Their own subjects looked up to them as "God's Vicegerents," and they recognized the salutation with complacent satisfaction or imperious contempt; but a day has come which "knows not Joseph." What next?

You must not understand this forest to be an unobstructed spread of magnificent trees. France, as far as I have seen, does not grow them. The only approximation to such are at St. Cloud, as I have told you in a former letter. This so-called forest, or much of it, is undergrowth, then reaches of large trees, mostly of oak, say four, five or six inches in diameter, standing independently of each other, and between whose trunks and under whose branches you have, here and there, quite distant views. These trees indicate age by their

looks, and similar to many you have seen in our country on poor land—not approaching the noble things which our limestone soil can grow, as in our Virginia Valley—then breaks of loose or fixed rock, many of which are utilized for building or paving purposes in Paris.

From this rapid sketch you can derive an idea of the Forest of Fontainebleau, famed in France's history. As you ride through it sometimes you feel, by the atmosphere and surroundings, that you are in the midst of wild Nature, far off from human habitations, when a few steps more will tell you it is not Nature wild, but trained into striking resemblances of its primeval state.

We drove from the fort, or tower, to the station, and, in a little while, were in Paris again.

Expecting to go to Geneva to-morrow, I determined to see my old friend Colonel Mann again before I left. His delight at seeing me was so manifest on my former visit and his anxiety to have more talk, that I could not think of allowing that short visit to be my last, for we can, in the ordinary course of nature, never meet again. He is eighty-two. I shall probably never be in Paris at any future time—he will certainly never be in Virginia. You remember the cordial letters, amounting to enthusiasm, with which he began our acquaintance and how bravely he sustained my official acts?

About 8.30 o'clock, p. m., I called upon him. Again I found him in bed; but again he greeted me with his wonted cordiality and again we talked with incessant flow till nearly ten o'clock, of Virginia, of the South, of our past and of our future—the old man with senses and perceptions keen and quick, knowing recent events as well as those which happened in his younger days, rising up in bed to tell me of his experiences, his hopes or his fears, full of incident. The time sped, and, when I rose to leave, he insisted I should come and take breakfast with him the next day at one o'clock. I had gone to see him, expecting my visit, as I have said, to be the last. I could not resist. I told him I would postpone my departure to Geneva till the day after to-morrow. He promised that no one should be there but his son and myself. I agreed to comply with his wishes. This will not only give me the pleasure of seeing the old gentleman once more, but enable me to see my banker and put things in order, and read a little in my guide-book of the tour on which I am going to enter.

I bid him good-night. When I came out it was raining. He is living at 5 Rue Cail. I took a voiture and drove to the hotel, and was soon wearing off the day's fatigue in sound sleep.

SAME HOTEL, PARIS, *Friday, June 22, 1883.*

Received Charles' letter of 6th and Mary's of 6th. Welcome both! How they obliterate the distance and put me by your side! If I did not receive these letters I could not hold my interest up, and think I should hurry home and leave Europe behind unvisited. They keep me in heart, and, like a hearty meal to the wearied body, give strength and keenness to my vision. These things of which I tell you every day are good to see; but I would not exchange my home and its associations and my friends for all these sights, however splendid.

I went and took breakfast or dinner or lunch, or whatever you please to call it, to-day with my old friend, Colonel Mann. No one was present but his son, who, living in Savannah, was now on a visit to his father—the only child the old man has. He is a lawyer by profession, I think, though he is wealthy, I expect, and does not have to work—a pleasant, sensible man of about my age. I went at twelve o'clock, we sat down at once and rose at four. Hence, you may readily infer there was a constant flow of talk. The old gentleman is as active on his feet as he appeared to be in bed. I have never seen a man of his years with keener senses and perceptions. The range of our conversation was very broad. He knows or knew the men who have been prominent in our country for several generations, and his residence abroad for many years before, during and since the war enables him to spice his talk with incident.

He was present as a boy when Henry Clay, on the stump in Kentucky, vindicated himself to the satisfaction of a Kentucky crowd, against the charge of inconsistency and the damage it implied, by the inquiry of a blunt, honest hunter whether, when his faithful rifle flashed, he would pick his flint and try again, or throw it in anger away? He was full of memories of the men who, for fifty years, made us in our young days, and thinks that the oratory and patriotism of Greece and Rome were, in those years, having a renaissance in our new country. He was with our cause during the war, with Mason and Slidell, trying to gain among the old dynasties

for our young Confederacy a local habitation and name, and told me many things of how it waxed and waned at European courts, until at last its light went out; and he seemed—kind old man!—in his sorrow to think that with it light for us, too, had gone out forever.

Standing off so far, he could see the elements at work in whose conflict would ultimately perish that Southern civilization, than which he doubted if there ever was a higher. We talked of old Virginia and of the new, of the people who once ruled and those who now filled their places of honor, and he sighed and thought that the glory had clean departed, and Ichabod was to be written on her walls. And yet with these sombre views, which some of us might say were not only excused by virtue of age but justified by results, his youthful spirit would revive, and every now and then, thinking of the many who had not gone down, he would say: "With these left, is there not hope for the old State yet?" But I cannot pretend to give you even a small portion of our four hours' friendly chat. Sitting this distance from our shores, I could hardly realize that we were not at home and talking of things around us, and the hours quickly passed. I bade my friend good-bye, feeling, both he and I, I am sure, that we would never meet again. I was glad I stayed and saw so much of him. It leaves pleasant memories for us both.

I came back to the hotel. To-morrow I leave Paris after a sojourn of more than two weeks. I have told you rapidly of the incidents of that stay. I trust you may have been able, without much weariness, to follow me and have caught at least a faint idea of what I have seen and thought. Of course, you have not entered into my journeyings in and about Paris with the same interest you did in London and England. When I came I had no idea my stay would be so long and so interesting. Paris was not like London to me before I saw it. London I knew as a quite familiar friend, and, when I walked its streets, some ancient citizen led me by the hand and showed me the places he frequented, where I knew him well in the pages of history or romance; and they increased from day to day during my sojourn, for they came trooping from every street and lane of London, and from every town and village and every hedge-row through merry England, and escorted me to the white gates of Dover to bid me adieu as I left their shores. Could my fellow-passengers have seen them as they were present to my vision, a fantastic set they would have seemed to their prosaic eyes.

Not thus with Paris and France. Here I have no such familiars. I do not know nearly so many, and those I do are not nearly so close and dear to me. They are purely historic men and women, who have never lingered, as I progressed. They make no signs of friendly recognition—simply bow and pass.

But by constant looking, I have come to know Paris better than I could have thought. I have walked over it—some portions many times, threading its boulevards, avenues and streets, till the memory of them will not soon fade; have seen its monuments, dedicated to its victories in war or manifestations of its triumphs in peace; seen its palaces, its museums, its libraries and its churches, till their catalogue shows scarcely one unvisited.

And now you ask: What think you of Paris? As I before have said I think of London, like everything great it grows upon you. Paris though hardly one-half the size of its sister English city, contains two millions of people. In proportion it has more objects of general interest than London. To an English-speaking person and knowing the history of the English people and their literature, general and individual, London certainly is the more interesting place. But to the cosmopolite who knows all history equally and none well, to the man in search of pleasure, or the simple seeing of attractive things, to the artist by profession, or the connoisseur who wants to gratify an aimless longing for the beautiful in art, to one who seeks the glitter and show which spring from these things combined, Paris is like Damascus to the Oriental. London is the greater in population, in material and substantial business and in the commercial and mechanic arts; Paris, in the treasures which tell of triumphs in those Arts, which men call Fine. London in many respects is the Rome, Paris the Athens of modern cities. The longer one stays in either, the more their greatness grows.

And now having seen much of Paris and seen it well, should any Frenchman argue with me of its greatness, I will not join issue with him: it is a claim I cannot deny. Should I be asked: Are the French fit for a Republic? If not for that, what are they fit for? They have been learning for one hundred years, the hard lesson amid many bloody experiences; they may not have reached the summit of human philosophy and be able to know and govern themselves. Alas! have we? But this, I believe, that whatever throes of Revolution agitate and wound them, Royalty or the Empire cannot be

firmly fixed in France again. Each Frenchman now thinks he is as good as any other Frenchman, if not a little better, and no more will they submit to a Bourbon or Napoleonic dynasty. They may have revolutions, but the point of settlement with them will be nothing short of a Republic or Despotism—and which?

But I have consumed my time and your patience. We will talk of these things when I get home. For, as to such a people as this, so strong, yet so weak; so stable, yet so fickle in purpose; so steady of aim sometimes, yet so mercurial, all is conjectural.

And now a word to Charles. I am glad you enjoy my letters. Continue to write upon the reception of every one. I must have letters from you all whilst I am away. Of course read them to Mittie if she wants to hear them. Give her my love, and to Essie and all. Tell Miss Maggie Smith, our old friend Colonel Mann spoke of her in the kindest and most admiring way, to every word of which I assented, and to use a card phrase, “went it better.” You say you would like to be with me. Oh! that you had your old legs with which we first traversed Richmond.

And here I will close and send this off. To-morrow I will start for Geneva and the Alps. May the same fortune attend me, and may God bless you all—each and every one!

Affectionately,

F.

I hoped to have received a letter from you before I left Paris, but it will greet me in Geneva. What have you and the Doctor and Taylor done about a tenant for me? I told him to close with Conklin; what has he done? Taylor seems to be going on finely with his work and mine. I am afraid I worry him too much with many burdens. Give my best love to the Doctor, and ask him how he would like to be tramping around Europe with me? or whether he prefers riding under the shadow of the Blue Ridge in preference to the streets of London or Paris, or the heights and hollows of the Alps?

[No. 19.]

HOTEL METROPOLE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND,
Saturday, June 23, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I sent yesterday to your mother, through Taylor, letter No. 18. In it I informed you I was going to leave Paris for Geneva. Here I am, safe.

I rose early, put my things in order, had breakfast and by eight o'clock was on my way to the station with my German friend Raitz, the interpreter, to get my ticket and look after my baggage for me. This I could do myself very well, but I find it a convenience in a city like Paris, to have some one to do it for me. It saves me annoyance in communicating in a foreign tongue, and in having my baggage weighed, which is always done here, as the traveller is only allowed in France fifty-six pounds. The consideration of the fee is fully received in the saving of this trouble. I think I shall resort to it hereafter in my travels on the continent, for you know I am carrying out my long since formed theory of the perfection of travelling, not to hurry or worry but to lounge, lingering or hastening as my pleasure or convenience prompts, and not making a task or burden of it. Thus you have seen from my letters, I have done on this trip, and should the same fortune attend me through as has done up to the present time, the memory of the long tour I am making will not speedily fade.

If my halting words could only convey the impressions made, you would have better chance of entering into my enjoyment and forming some idea of the persons, places and things which greet me as I move. But you must remember that there is a spirit that neither pen nor pencil can transmit, and which passes from lines or words however deep or burning, like fragrance from flowers.

My Dutchman, like an honest fellow, fixed my baggage, bought my ticket, seated me in a first-class car and bade me good-bye! Shall we ever meet again?

In a little while I was on my journey from the city where Art has taken up its home, to the mountains where all is swallowed up in Nature's glories.

Only two other persons, a man and wife, were in the coach and happily we had it to ourselves. We made each other's acquaintance, and had much talk during the day. When we parted in Geneva, they going to another hotel, he gave me his card and I told him who I was. His name is F. E. Liebrich—they are from Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England. They made themselves as pleasant as they could—she, the superior of the two, having travelled a good deal, and bearing herself in a most ladylike manner.

In leaving Paris, I am leaving the epitome of France. No country in the world is represented in its chief city, like France in Paris. This springs from the fact, I doubt not, that for many centuries the government was centralized, as Louis XIV. said of himself, the monarch is in effect the state—"l'Etat c'est Moi." Consequently for centuries, the people of this country recognized the kingly authority as almost, if not quite divine. Paris being the habitation of its kings, in it was gathered whatever was best and most glorious in France, and as the people never conceived that the assumption and exercise of absolute royal power was not right, so they never imagined that Paris did not represent everything that was most admirable in the constitution and life of a queen city.

Thus out of Paris, France has not nearly so much for a stranger to see. Her other cities, towns and villages in effect are, or try to be miniatures of Paris. They have in them not much *sui generis* and original, and whatever notable they once had has been added if possible to the wealth of the capital, and is preserved in her museums, galleries, libraries and palaces. This is not so of England as you have seen. Her people have through their municipalities and local governments, been struggling against the concentration of power in the centre, and the voice of London has never been absolutely potential for weal or woe in England's history, though she now has four millions of people within her limits with untold wealth, and accumulation of historic memories. London to-day, as to the influence of her political opinions, has no more weight or influence than the smaller towns, except what her simple numerical and monetary strength give her. Consequently the traveller has many things to see in England beyond the bounds of London, and feels as he travels, that every town he comes to has its own individuality and its own story. I visited many and told you what I saw. I could not do this in

France to anything like the same extent, and have much of consequence to tell you in my rapid transit.

These conclusions are forced upon you as you pass through the country ; you see few, if any houses, humble though they be, surrounded by those things which make home home-like, and which sever it from the homes of others. The Englishman and the English law call them "castles"—every man's house is a Castle in England and with us, and if not surrounded by moat and wall, is environed by Law which enables each to hold it as supremely his own, and puts about it those improvements and adornments which assert its complete individuality.

Not so in France : you see none or few of such places, and though Frenchmen have the ability to make much out of little to advance their physical comfort, they collect into societies and live, though cultivating the soil, in villages or communities, towns, larger or smaller, with the same narrow streets and crowded as their sires built them centuries ago, and as you pass them in the cars, they look as old. Many dwellings under one long roof, no trees, no flowers, save in pots about the doors and windows, one, one and a half, or two stories. From these villages they go out daily to the cultivation of their small patches of land, which, like their dwellings, are without visible lines of demarkation. No fences, and as far as I could see, no landmarks, though they are there, doubtless, and well defined as they have been for generations.

This cultivation is marked with right lines, and presents the appearance of an enlarged garden. Thus, as I have given in the diagram. They are an industrious people : men and women working

Wheat.	Oats.	Grass.	Beets.	Grapes.
	Turnips.		Potatoes.	

in the field and making the same impression on me they did in Paris—well-clothed and well-fed, and having a sleek, hearty, happy look. It is an unfortunate thing that Paris speaks for France, in that it makes for her revolutions that

would not otherwise occur. It is, *per contra*, a fortunate thing, too, because when the revolution comes the villains do not always reach these industrious, laborious people.

The country is much better than that through which I travelled from Calais to Paris, and showed an excellent state of cultivation. The products were, for some time after leaving Paris, wheat, barley,

oats, grass and roots of all sorts. After a while we passed into the region of the vine, and large areas were in that. They were cut down low and cultivated to stakes. I did not think the vineyards were so vigorous or so handsome as those I saw in California; but it is not the wood, it is the fruit that tells: the growth, both of a peculiar soil and climate, which, knowing ones say, will always prevent America from competing with France in the making of her unrivalled wines. Of that I am not competent to speak.

At first the country was level, and frequently we would travel through reaches which presented a lovely appearance—cultivated as I have described, and, with this luxuriant season, beautifully green.

As we approached Dijon, near the shed which divides the waters of the Channel from those of the Mediterranean, the country became more rolling, now and then widening into meadowy land—the culture of the grape predominating, for this is the Burgundy region. Not long after passing Macon the mountains appeared, looking sometimes like the Blue Ridge: foot-hills of the Alps, and growing more and more tumultuous. I felt that I was in the midst of their spurs, which were lifting me higher and higher as they bowed around their Alpine Throne.

When we reached Geneva—nine o'clock, p. m.—the sun had gone down; but he had done us kindly service as we came, and had used artistically his rays to paint the mountains as he disappeared. We had travelled three hundred and ninety-one miles from Paris. Learning that this was a first-class hotel I came at once here, had my supper and you can guess, it is hardly necessary for me to say, went to bed.

SAME HOTEL, GENEVA, *Sunday, June 24, 1883.*

I rose this morning and looked out of my window, and before me what a vision! introduced by the inviting rays of the rising sun. Under me was a parterre or square set with trees and flowers and ornamented with a handsome fountain, which, as the sun was inviting me to look how he was introducing beauty to me, was inviting him to convert its spray into jewels that they might add their brightness to the scene. Beyond this, Lake Geneva smooth as a mirror stretched before me, rimmed with mountains whose feet by the shores were clothed with villages, and villas, and vineyards as far as the eye could reach.

A large portion of the city was in view on either hand running along the lake, and beyond its waters in the distance rose the mountains, those on the left with a slight covering of snow. The greater portion of the city and some of the higher Alps were behind me.

I took my breakfast earlier than usual, for since I have been travelling I have not been an early riser. I found I could do nothing in the way of sight-seeing soon in the morning. People here in Europe don't like to get up as early as we do. I went out to stroll about Geneva and see what I could, and how it bore itself with such a weight of history, and under the eye of these famous mountains. I walked pretty much over it. The river Rhone which carries the waters of the lake, runs through the city. The ancient and historic portion is on the east, the newer portion on the west. I walked on its quais and looked over the clear blue surface of the lake, which is quite as beautiful and attractive as it has always been represented.

I then strolled through the streets, some of which were narrow and crooked, indicating by their buildings their age. Some were new and bright, with modern houses. I went to see the buildings and places of interest and note; but there was nothing in particular which I will consume your time in describing. There is a Russian church, one or two museums, a fine theatre, a botanical garden and park, an old church or two, but so inferior to those of which I have been telling you in England and Paris, that they are hardly worth the writing down. I went into two of the churches, but the preacher in one was talking German and in the other French. I found no profit in staying. Both were Protestant.

By far the most interesting houses I visited, were the house in which Calvin lived for twenty years and in which he died; and the house in which Rousseau was born. If Geneva had no other mark of distinction, these alone would make her historic: the homes of two men who had in Church and State much to do in moulding men's thoughts—Calvin for centuries the leader of probably one-half of the Protestant Christian world in questions of doctrine, and, with his powerful and uncompromising genius, not backward in planting the *Odium Theologicum* where brotherly love ought to have reigned as a fundamental principle of Christian faith; Rousseau with that wild and strange genius which makes his history attractive, throwing out

sentiments that were one day to take root in the hearts of men and keep them on fire for generations.

The house in which Calvin lived is an ancient stone one, with gable to the front, a large door in the middle opening into a courtyard, situated in a narrow street. Rousseau was born but fifty yards off from it in a street running parallel, but in a house five stories high and handsome. It is not hard to recall Calvin's coming forth from that courtway, his brain ablaze with thoughts that animated his whole being, and walking through the narrow streets to the pulpit where he gave them utterance. Could he have seen the people at work this Sabbath day, shoeing horses, trafficking and the like, he would have been ready to devote them to the same punishment he meted out to Servetus, and have thought the stake not by any means too severe for an offence so heinous. To Rousseau, they have built a monument—a sitting figure in bronze and good, too—and put it on a small island in the Rhone, which they call after his name.

I then walked by the river and watched it as it shot, arrowy-like, under the bridge, as clear and limpid as the glacier from which it sprang, and, looking far away, saw Mont Blanc shining with its snowy top in the eastern heavens. It carried me back a year or more to the days when I was fascinated by other snow-crowned mountains and was quite as deeply moved.

In the afternoon, tell Mrs. Tuley, I called to see her friend, Mrs. Pleasants; but, unhappily, she is away in the country somewhere and I missed her, and probably will have no chance now to see her. But she has a delightful home. Her windows look upon the lake and across it to the glittering summit of Mont Blanc, which when I was there, just as the sun was setting, was glowing with hues that no painter's brush could imitate.

They told me I was blessed in the day. It was the finest they had had for more than a month—much rain and cloudy weather had prevailed. Surely no finer day could come to show me the objects at Geneva—its lake and mountains, and, above all, its chief pride—Mont Blanc—which was clean-cut against the sky, its heights beaming with aureate light. I wish you could have been with me here to-day.

HOTEL ROYAL, CHAMOUNIX, OR CHAMOUNY,
Monday, June 25, 1883.

Here I am, in the midst of the Alps. When I look up at the mountains towering over me, I have memories of the time when they seemed so distant that I could only read of, but hardly hope to see them.

We left Geneva in a stage-coach made on purpose for such a journey, with high but comfortable seats, open around, so that the country through which we passed could be readily observed. There were seven of us, though the coach could easily have carried more than a dozen.

When I looked out in the morning the sky was not so bright as yesterday, and fog and mist, I feared, threatened unfavorable weather for a mountain drive. The proprietor told me the barometer was high and promised well; but what can a barometer do with Alpine heights? They are their own monarchs, and can call up at any time almost the gentle breezes of the plain and nurse them into storms. What can Geneva instruments tell of the humors of the Alps? But, being a friend of Science, I pretended to have faith in its interpreter, and started with hope, if not trust, in its prescience.

For travelling, the temperature could not have been better. We had six good horses, three abreast, and we left town with two other coaches more heavily laden, with that flourish with which coaches always leave and enter towns. I observed my companions; two ladies, a young man and little girl, were French or Italian: I did not hear them speak a word of English: they sat before me. On the seat with me was a gentleman, who from his appearance, was also French: there was a young gentleman behind me whom I could not see, and I thought as far as my ride and experience were concerned, I was with a set of dummies, and would have my reflections to myself and plenty of time to revolve them. Well, you know these reflections are friends of mine, and I was not grieving.

Something occurred and I turned and spoke to my companion behind me; he responded in English very politely. I asked him who he was? He told me his name was Dr. John W. Lowman, from Cleveland, Ohio, and gave me his card. I told him who I was; he said he knew me by reputation. We talked of Hunter Powell. He said Hunter was

his friend, and he had left him in charge of his practice. We became quite sociable. He has been travelling in Europe and studying his profession since January 1st, and was then on his way to Chamouny, and we talked a good deal by the way. I think he had a ticket or coupon for another hotel; he came however with me to this and said courteously, to have my company, he would lose his coupon, and we would visit Mer de Glace together to-morrow. He is an intelligent, well-informed young gentleman and makes a pleasant companion.

The distance from Geneva to this place is fifty-four miles, over a fine road and may be called a lovely ride, certainly with such weather as we had. Sometimes along a smooth and level country rimmed with mountains, sometimes in the narrow valley of the Arve that drains this range, which was scarcely ever lost to view, shooting with its freight of melted snow, across which we passed on quite numerous bridges to and fro in its winding course; sometimes toiling slowly up the heights, and sometimes speeding down, a deep chasm at our side divided from us by the abutments of the road, sometimes the snowy mountains greeting us in masses, and sometimes hid by the lesser heights which were not tall enough to wear a diadem of snow.

And thus the scene continued, varied by the villages and cottages we were passing far and near, the plain, but well clad and good-appearing Swiss men and women as they stood at their doors, or drove their cows afield, or tossed and tumbled into and out of heaps the new mown hay. It was altogether a charming ride, for around us was luxuriant vegetation, and the mountains never sent us a chilly breeze, but simply improved with cool draughts what otherwise would have been heated air. Surely I am a fortunate traveller as to weather, and it is so marked that every now and then I must notice it on these pages. We dined at Sallanches, thirty-six and a half miles from Geneva and had a nice dinner. One by one our fellow-travellers dismounted, until at last Dr. Lowman and myself were left alone as we entered Chamouny and came to this hotel.

After brushing up a little we went out. How could I stand in this noted place and view my surroundings without being moved? About me were mountains everywhere, shooting up from the suburbs of the village, many of them with snow, but most majestic, Mt. Blanc, towering with his solid mass of white, sending his glaciers almost to the village bounds. Light clouds were resting on him now. The sun went down behind a veil and we failed to see his glorious

crown as yesterday from Geneva. But we were higher now, and stood under his feet, and looked up into his face. Then came to me the Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny of Coleridge, which you know De Quincey charged was borrowed from Fredericka Brun, but whencesoever the lines, they are not unworthy of their theme:

“O sovran Blane!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly: but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently!”

We came to the hotel and had our supper. As we were leaving the room, we heard the rolling and roaring of the thunder and wind and the rattle of the rain. Mont Blane was showing us what a contempt he had for the Geneva barometer, and was giving us a sample of an Alpine storm:—and he tried himself. I asked the proprietor if his house could stand before the blast? He said it was very fierce, but he thought the house would survive, though he was by no means undisturbed himself. And so it did—the tempest fled as suddenly as it came. Thus, I have seen Mont Blane in smiles, and also when he gathered up the elements and threw them down in anger. Bierstadt could have witnessed no greater fury when he transferred to canvas the Rocky Mountains’ rage; but it was quickly come and gone, and, in a little while, the only sound was the rushing of the Arve as it hastened to the Rhone.

SAME HOTEL, CHAMOUNY, *Tuesday, June 26, 1883.*

This morning my friend, the Doctor, and I were up early, and, by seven o’clock, had breakfast and were on our way to visit the celebrated Mer de Glace and Mauvais Pas, of which you have many times read and heard. I rode a mule, the Doctor walked with Alpenstock. We had a guide and his son, a youth of some fourteen years, both stout and hearty, who frequent the mountains with their goats. The Doctor, too, is a sturdy walker. I determined not to fatigue myself so much as such a journey might entail.

After leaving the town we began to ascend the mountain, graded for footmen and horses, but not for carriages, and climbed along the eastern range, of which Mont Blanc constitutes a member. We left Mont Blane to the south, or behind us. As we mounted the crests

of the mountains we had lovely views of the Valley of Chamouny and the high mountains which make its western border, for we ascended continuously, looking down immediately upon the beautiful vale, Chamouny in its centre—not now, as once, a shabby-looking little town, but a village mainly of new and large hotels, interspersed with houses which looked brushed up and snug and tidy, kept so because of their proximity to these public buildings, which, at this season of the year and for a month or two, contain visitors from all parts of the world.

The valley is cultivated well, and we could look down upon the little fields, like squares upon a chess-board, bright and green, extending up the sides of the mountain till met by pine forests, or rocks, or the ever-living glaciers, or perpetual snow; and these patches of cultivated ground, when not in grain, are in grass, which was most generally the case, and were luxuriant with flowers of a variety of species and color, blooming not alone in the valley, but making bold to exhibit their young life and beauty right by the side of the forbidding ice. I enclose some I gathered there to show you the truth of what you have so often heard—that the Alpine snow and the frailest flower sometimes dwell in harmony together. If they survive the ocean trip, you can see how delicate and exquisitely tinted they are.

The Doctor and the boy walked, the man led my mule, and I enjoyed, on the sure-footed, quiet creature's back, as he stepped carefully along, the scene, which I do not think tourists have by any means exaggerated. The day again was propitious for our work. Clouds concealed the sun, but they were high and most of the mountains were uncovered. A few had clouds upon their summits and nearly all were snow-capped, many white with an unchanging vestment. When we had climbed five or six miles we came to Montanvert—quite a good hotel, built of the native granite, on which it stands, upon the precipice, that on the west looks towards the Valley of Chamouny, and on the north overlooks the Mer de Glace.

This site is more than six thousand feet above the sea, and around us on every side were peaks reaching from eight to nearly fifteen thousand feet. Beyond the valley a similar house was perched upon the crest of another mountain called La Flagere, which commands an equally extensive prospect. We rested here awhile, and then the boy started with my mule to return and meet us with

him on the other side of the Mer de Glace, half way down the mountain. The doctor, our guide and myself descended to the glacier and walked over its rugged surface. It was literally a river of ice, which looked like waves of the sea congealed in the subsidence of a storm, much like in formation, the lava of which I wrote you when in Hawaii: one the production of cold, the other of heat; one ice and the other stone. Across this, just as there, were great crevasses, no one knows how deep, which care had to be taken to avoid, for from them in a fall there would be no resurrection. I had a pair of woollen socks that I bought from the innkeeper, that I put on, which prevented slipping, and my guide in dangerous places gave me his hand; I determined to run no risks.

The scene in crossing was really exceedingly striking. On either hand were stupendous elevations, lifting themselves into the regions of everlasting snow, and between them seemed to flow their offspring, this river of ice, which appeared to be coming in waves down from the clouds on the one hand, and on the other, tiding with resistless current towards the habitations of men, rolling in heaving waves and bearing on its surface the granite rocks which it had torn from the mountains in its onward flow. It was a sight worth seeing, and from the heights above us and afar, the snowy tops were sending themselves down in cascades, and falls, and torrents, sometimes dashing upon the surface of the rocks and ice, sometimes undercutting arches for their passage, as perfect and graceful as if made by human hands.

After we crossed the glaciers we had to descend the opposite mountain by what is called Mauvais Pas—the dangerous pass; and so it proved to me. I will never attempt the like again. Steps were cut into the rocks of the mountain on its side, barely enough to accommodate the feet, a hand rail of iron was fastened to the mountain wall, but unhappily it was on my right and I could not readily grasp it. The journey was perilous. My guide went before, and the Doctor, who is a fine climber, behind me, and offered what help they could. But what could they do? On the one side was the sheer face of the wall rising hundreds of feet above me, on the other, the same sheer face dipping hundreds of feet below. All between was the narrow footway cut into the rock. I had to move sideways, holding on with my left hand to the right hand rail. A flock of goats had gathered and were coming down, jumping from

such crags as they could find a footing on above us. An attempt of these goats to pass, or one single false step of theirs or mine, or slip of my hand, and I would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks and ice of the glacier below. And had my friends, the Doctor and guide, attempted to save me, all would of course have gone down together.

The pass was quite long, and a more anxious journey I never made. With both hands, it is a slippery task; with only one and the railing so located, it was dangerous in the extreme. The trip was safely made, but the strain upon my nerves was such, that the fatigue induced was greater than if I had walked a dozen miles.

At the end of this path there was a little house of entertainment, or a mountain lodge. We refreshed, and then walked down some distance further where the boy had my mule to meet me; mounting which, we came leisurely back to the hotel, this time striking the valley and travelling a few miles over its smooth and well constructed road, enjoying now the pretty plats on either hand, and the myriad flowers of every hue which seemed to live and flourish in the grass with an exuberance that California could not surpass, whilst high around and about us the mountains lifted up their peaks.

And so ends a pleasant day in the Valley of Chamouny.

I will close this now, and send it off if I can get any foreign stamps, and haste to you greetings and warmest love from this far-off spot.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 20.]

HOTEL BYRON, VILLENEUVE, SWITZERLAND,
Wednesday, June 27, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed at Chamouny this morning to you a letter addressed to Mary (No. 19).

After breakfast, by 7.30 o'clock, Dr. Lowman and I were *en route* to Martigny in a two-horse carriage, through the Alps. After traversing the Valley of Chamouny by the same road on which we

travelled yesterday in returning from the Mer de Glace and the Mauvais Pas for several miles, at a village called Argentiere and just opposite to a glacier of that name, which showed its billows between the mountains on our right towards the east, we turned slightly to the left, northwest, and journeyed to Martigny by the way of the Tete Noire Pass—a distance of twenty-five miles. It was among mountains the entire distance.

Before we started, Mont Blanc showed itself grandly. Yesterday its top was hid and this morning, when I first turned out, I was fearful we would have a bad day; but, before we started, the clouds had drifted and the sun was shining on the famous mountain's head, and continued to do so during our ride of the whole length of the Chamouny Valley. It and its range were towering across our eastern sky, with their snowy tops and glaciers. The road was graded, and, though sometimes steep, smooth and well-kept. We had two fine horses and travelled steadily, though slowly. Two other carriages were with ours, more heavily laden.

All day we were in the midst of these immense mountains, threading our way through their valleys or creeping along their crests as we ascended or descended their peaks. The melted snow on either hand was sending down cascades and waterfalls by the road, flowing into the Arve, on whose banks we travelled, or some of its swift affluents. Nothing small seems to attach to these historic mountains—their grandeur is unquestioned. Sometimes they rise with sides and summits covered with pine or smaller growth; sometimes with nothing green upon them—the naked, bare granite wall at whose base boulders and fragments lay, tossed down in ages gone from their rugged sides; sometimes they closed in around us, lifting their summits from the narrow pathway into the region of perpetual snow, and sometimes the space would widen out into valleys, verdant as Ireland ever was, with herds of cows and flocks of sheep and goats, with their tinkling bells—for almost every cow had one and many of the sheep and goats—the whole surface of the ground glowing with thousands of flowers which vied with each other in their beauty of texture and brilliancy and variety of hue.

These Alpine flowers are simply wonderful, and seem not afraid to bloom by the side of the glacier and avalanche, and adorn with their frail presence the sternest of Nature's works. The flowers

are among the most striking and interesting things I have seen in the Alps.

Towards midday we reached the hotel of Tete Noire, situated high up on the mountains, on whose sides we had travelled by a narrow road cut from these steep precipices, over which a fall would be the end. We here rested, and fed our horses and lunched. Having some time to spare after lunch, we went out and viewed the scenery.

Deep below us was a cultivated valley, on the other side mountains high as that on which we stood, down whose sides I counted seven cascades, gleaming like silver threads, whilst across their tops clouds were drifting in rapid flight. Far as the eye could reach mountains extended in unbroken lines, many of them clad in snow.

In the afternoon we drove slowly, for the day was clear and the sun shone brightly with considerable power. For several hours we climbed and descended lofty elevations, at the northern extremity of which there opened upon us another range, called the Bernese Oberland—as striking as that of Mont Blanc we had left behind—which continued to the terminus of our day's journey; and with these in the distant background, at a turn in the road there burst upon us the Valley of the Rhone, stretching eastward towards Sion, through which the river flowed with clear-marked current; on either side were cultivated fields, and at the main point of the valley, immediately at our feet, the town of Martigny, whilst on right and left, like walls, rose huge mountains. It was an enchanting scene, and was spread for more than two hours before us in our long descent.

When we arrived in Martigny, we drove to a hotel and got our supper, and, after walking for a while around the town, took the cars at seven o'clock and came through the upper Rhone Valley, where it enters into Lake Geneva, to this place, situated on its shore. Before we reached Martigny we saw many vineyards on the sides of the mountains, wherever there was sufficient earth to grow the vine, or, when not sufficient, they could gather up and terrace it. I tasted some of the wine at our meal in Martigny—you know I am no judge of wine; it seemed to me sharp, like that made by our friend, Marcus Buck. Maybe the site is too high or my taste uncultivated.

People say one cannot travel in Europe without drinking wine—

the water is not pure and the natives do not use it. This is one of the myths which observation and experience on the spot dissipate, as they do so many other ideas and opinions founded on affectation or that cute selfishness whose wish is father to the thought. I have not drank wine and I have been nowhere where the water is not palatable—in some places not to be surpassed. I drank only water in London and Paris, and better I could not wish. They drink wine—natives and travellers—because they like it and not because the water is unhealthy.

The houses of the Swiss would strike you—built of stone sometimes and sometimes of wood. The form you have seen often in paint or print. It is not worth while to describe it, for it is now a style and term in architecture. They are very indifferent generally, and their roofs, whether of shingles or rough slate, are weighted down with stones, covering more or less their surface, to enable them to withstand the blasts which prevail in their icy homes. I should think when they come in the time of winter, though they do not carry away the roofs, they penetrate the ill-constructed habitations and chill the inmates to the bone.

The inhabitants, men, women and children, I have not been struck with either, for looks or vigor. It has been the reverse; and a sorer people I never saw than those about Martigny. Many were deformed and the goitre so frequent as to attract at once our notice. They do not seem to be an idle race, they seem to be at work within the little sphere where nature has confined them. The men afield and the women with them to bring and carry the new mown hay, which they do well. But so few seem to be the resources of the country, that were the tide of travel stopped, a wide-spread ruin would ensue; for hotels are everywhere, which afford a market near their homes for their little produce of provisions and for the sale of their handiwork, in which they are very skilful. As you pass through the country you are met at every turn by small booths where refreshments are sold, or they run out and meet you with trinkets and fruits for sale. Their mountains are a God-send, drawing the wealth of the world, and, for a few months in every year, scattering it among them.

HOTEL DE FRIBOURG, FRIBOURG, SWITZERLAND,
Thursday, June 28, 1883.

This morning, when I looked from my window, Lake Geneva and another fine day greeted me. Hotel Byron is located on high ground near the lake—a handsome house and highly-improved surroundings—gardens, flowers and trees. The outlook over the lake is charming, situated at the farther end from Geneva. Mont Blanc is behind and not in sight; but the view takes in the north and south shores on either hand as you look toward the west. It is a short distance from Villeneuve on the one side and Montreux on the other.

My friend, the Doctor, and I were up early, and, having breakfasted, walked to the celebrated Castle of Chillon, which is situated on the lake shore, or rather, in the lake near the shore, about one half-mile distant from the hotel, the walk to which they have improved and made a charming stroll under the shade of the trees and in view of or by the water's edge. The Castle, you know, is very old, but is in excellent repair, and presents not an imposing but romantic sight. It is not large, but has numerous towers with pointed or conical roofs, built of stone, with the water of the lake washing its base. Read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." My recollection is that he gives an accurate description of it.

We reached it by a short bridge, and were conducted through by a woman—I suppose, wife of one of the soldiers, for it is now a sort of government armory and a few soldiers are stationed there. We visited the Banqueting-Hall of the knights—a handsome room, with a massive wood-panelled ceiling and a fireplace that would hold cords, and which has many times in centuries gone blazed on jollity and mirth; for portions of this castle are a thousand years old.

On the floor below is the Hall of Justice, of the same size, save in one end of it—the room of torture, in whose centre there is an iron pillar supporting the floor above, to which are attached irons and pulleys, by means of which the honorable and kindly people of the olden time extracted testimony and administered, in their fierce way, what they called justice. Near by, in a smaller room, was a descent by stone steps into a dark, well-like looking place, where they gently led the prisoners and tumbled them through a pitfall into the

waters of the lake. We then went to the lower or ground floor, which Byron has immortalized and where the prisoners were kept—a long hall, with seven massive columns supporting the arches and groins which sustain the edifice, of choicest workmanship, showing that the men who put them there long ago knew their trade and did it well. At one of these columns Bonivard was chained, and around it the rock is worn, they say, by his feet as he chafingly paced there for six weary years. It is not a dungeon. Light comes through narrow port-holes, and we could read hundreds of names cut upon the stone—among them Byron, Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, &c. Adjoining this is the recess, which, they tell us, was the place where the unhappy mortals were hung, and there is a worm-eaten beam that spans it at a reasonable elevation for a gallows, and an opening in the outer wall where the dead body was tossed into the water. Thus, the little castle contains within itself materials which, moulded into form, would give an epitome of the history of the centuries it has lived.

When we returned to the hotel I found upon the register, where I was requested to write my name, that of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wallace, Fredericksburg, Virginia, U. S. A. I thought it must be Wallace whom I knew, and sure enough, in a short while, he came out of the breakfast-room and we gladly recognized each other. He introduced me to his wife, and told me he had been travelling nearly as long as myself in Europe. They must be bride and groom, though he did not tell me so. She is pretty, and they look young and happy. I had no time to make inquiries—the carriage was waiting to take us to the boat. I regretted much we could not have more talk. They were about to go over the same route I have just traversed—Chamouny and Mont Blanc region.

We took the boat—one of the pigmy steamers which ply the lake—to Lausanne, twenty-five miles. They are comfortable for their purpose. You can sit under a canvas cover on deck and watch the scenery as you go. To-day it was propitious. The sky was clear and the atmosphere was balmy. We stopped at numerous places on the way—Montreux, Vivay, Clarens, &c., which are principally places of resort, containing fashionable showy hotels and villas, many of which are visible from the boat, and surrounded and connected by vineyards that cover the shores for many miles upon the rising ground, which, in many instances, are terraced with stone

walls most expensively. The crops must be very profitable to justify such expenditure.

As we progressed and got further into the lake, the mountains, with their snowy caps we had left, rose up to greet us. One could not help admitting that all that travellers, poets and historians have said about this lovely lake and its surroundings have not been overdrawn. Lighted up by the sun, with a clear, blue sky above and the waters of a deep blue below, reflecting like a mirror every object that came within their reach, presented a scene which taxed the genius and pen of those wild spirits, Rousseau and Byron to describe.

When we came to Lausanne we had an hour or two to spare, and we took a voiture and drove about the town, visiting the cathedral, the theatre, the terrace and other objects of interest, of which I have not time to tell you. We came back in time to take the train for Fribourg, reaching here at 4.30 p. m. We came forthwith to this hotel, and then strolled through and around the town. We found it an old place that had been once surrounded by a wall and towers, of which we counted seven of the latter still standing, and long lines of walls still preserved. The town is situated on a peninsula formed by the River Saane, which, as it flows, makes something like a parabola. In the point of the peninsula described by the curve it is low, and on it the older town stands. As it recedes from the outer rim of the curve and beyond the river, the ground rises rapidly and the communication, in many places, is by steep and long flights of stone steps.

On the upper portion are the cathedral and other buildings of import, and also the best residences. We were told that as the town is divided in topography, so it is in language. In the lower and poorer portion German is spoken; in the upper and better, French.

We walked through the higher and crossed an elegant suspension bridge over the river, and, strolling on by a high-terraced road overlooking the town, crossed another suspension bridge spanning a stream that flows into the bend of the river, and returned passing an ancient-towered church, by a shady, pleasant walk, which the city has improved. All the time we were looking down upon the river as it flowed around the lower city and its walls, and over towards the opposite upper portion, which was on our level as we walked, whilst around us and the city were greater elevations of varied outline and adornment. We then descended by steep steps into the lower city

and reached it by a covered bridge, and then, by steps again, ascended to our hotel through narrow streets that looked as ancient as they are.

The people struck me as those about Martigny. We scarcely met a good-looking man, woman or child. They appeared small, feeble and unhealthy. What is this? Is it the climate or their mode of life?

In the evening we went to a concert at the cathedral, upon the celebrated organ. We were fortunate in the opportunity and it was an experience. You know the people of Fribourg claim this to be the largest and completest organ in the world. My impression is there are larger and better, more than one probably in our country; but as far as I am concerned, it is the largest and finest I ever heard. I had no idea of the power and compass of an instrument of such proportions, struck by a master hand.

I think I remarked somewhere in one of my letters, in what connection I have forgotten, that the notes of Pareppa's voice in two simple ballads I heard her sing when Mittie, Charles and I went together in Newark several years ago, linger with me still. I listened to music to-night I will not soon forget. The instrument responded to the touch with intonations such as I never heard before. After several pieces, with some of which I was familiar, the organist gave us one of his own inspirations interpreted by the organ. Taking us to some mountain pass he made us familiar with the quiet of a cottage life. As we sit, there come to us the tones which have made "Home, sweet Home" welcome in every land, and when our spirit is calmed into gentlest peace and rest, there rises the far-distant sound of a coming storm, and we hear the rattle of the rain and the sobbing and sighing of the wind. Then come the thunderbolt and its reverberating roar in its bounds from crag to crag as I heard them in Chamouny the other evening, and the house trembles under the concussion; then it dies into an echo and peace and rest return, borne on more than earthly wings. Then steal upon us sounds mingled with sweetest human voices out of the "sempiternal Æons": when they whispered themselves away, I seemed to wake as from a sleep. I am sure I have not overdrawn. I may have been in favorable mood or as a novice extravagantly moved, but others were affected like myself.

HOTEL STEINBROCK, LAUTERBRUNEN,
Friday, June 29, 1883.

Here I am again in the midst of the high Alps. From my windows I look out on a thoroughly Swiss scene in its mountain home, on one side are Swiss houses or cottages scattered on and up the base of the mountain as it rises to the pine belt, without fences, the grass around them green and smooth as the best kept park. Behind them tower the giant peaks. Just opposite beyond the valley, here quite narrow, the famous Staubbach Falls tumbling into spray from an elevation of nearly one thousand feet, and in front appears the snow-clad Jungfrau, rising behind and looking with white face over another mountain that stands at the head of and serves to close the valley. Altogether a scene of rare beauty mounting towards the sublime.

I must tell you how I got here. We left Fribourg after breakfast and came on by rail to Bern. This is a city containing a population of more than forty thousand. It is old and has old looks and ways. Having some three or four hours to spare, we took a carriage and drove about and around the city.

There are things of interest here in addition to its site and general appearance. For instance, there is a venerable clock which performs with its attendants, quite a number of tricks. On the front and not far from the dial sits an old man (probably two or three feet high, the other figures in proportion) holding in one hand an hour-glass, and in the other a sceptre. Three minutes before the striking of every hour, a cock on his right crows and on the instant a procession of bears, some on two legs, some on four and some on horseback move around the base of the old man's seat, and when the time comes or nearly so for the hour to strike, the cock crows again and a harlequin above the old man strikes the number upon two small bells hanging over his head. The old man himself turns up the hour-glass he holds with one hand, and indicates the hour by waving his sceptre with the other, at the same time a bear on the side opposite the cock accompanies him by nods of approval. In the tower above, a stone figure of a man, in answer, strikes on the great bell the number of the hour, the cock crows thrice and the whirligig of Time moves on.

On the street in various places are fountains, at many of which

are columns mounted with figures of quaint device. Bears in all sorts of attitudes, the Bear being the genius of Bern as the Eagle is with us and the Lion with England. Among these devices I was struck with one where an ogre in human form, was devouring little children. They are in numbers about him, in his pockets, under his feet, some behind him trying to hide, and one he has in both hands with its head in his ferocious mouth; whilst on the column in bas-relief are collected a squad of bears looking with craving eyes at his juicy meal.

They have a cathedral and an organ which almost rivals Fribourg, they say, and a wine vault, where we went and saw the immense vessels holding many thousands of bottles. Being a cool place we took a half to try it. I find the same objection I have mentioned before, too sharp and not what I would call prime. My friend, better informed on the subject, agreed with me.

They have several monuments, some of them well done in bronze, of their distinguished men. When we had seen pretty well the places in the city, we drove to a garden and terrace, called the Schänzli, out of the town, on our way visiting the bear den, where it is said bears have been kept and bred for generations by the city—the Sacred Beast! We saw quite a number here—one large fellow and some young ones. The view from the terrace was so extended and beautiful, and the breeze so pleasant under the trees, we determined to take our lunch there, and, whilst we did so, we could survey the site of the city and its surroundings.

The town lay at our feet and on an opposing hill, located, much as Fribourg, on a peninsula formed by the River Aare, with a high and low portion, and, as to age, similarly distributed. It is much larger than Fribourg and better built, evidently having more wealth.

The surrounding country, in its contour, is more pronounced in outline—about it the hills, and towards the south the magnificent snow-covered chain of the Bernese Oberland, out of which Jungfrau rises like a monarch.

In coming to Bern we passed through a much better country, cultivated in grain, grass and fruits, but few vineyards. The soil is evidently better, as is indicated in the better dwellings and better looks of the people. It is rolling on the south and east, rimmed by the Bernese Oberland, and, towards the northwest, extending to the Neufchatel and Bienne Lakes, which are bounded by the Jura

range. From Lausanne we have been travelling in the valley of the lakes.

When we left Bern we came to a place called Thun, and there took a boat and sailed the length of Lake Thun, which may be called literally a mountain lake, for around it, on every side, they lift their summits. It was a delightful sail. Landing near the head of the lake, we took rail for Interlaken, ten miles.

It had been threatening rain for some time; but it did not fall, and, it being several hours before sundown, we determined to take advantage of the promised clear weather which then appeared, and came on by voiture to Lauterbrunnen. And it was well we did, for the clouds dispersed and we had a charming ride through the Alps, over a well-graded road and amid scenery, I think, the most Alpine I have seen—at least that which gave me a better idea of what Swiss scenery and life is.

The mountains came in close upon our road and the valleys more retired, and as we travelled southward towards the Oberland range, we passed through the depressions of their spurs, mounting higher and higher every mile and having in front of us the gigantic Jungfrau, serving, with its white attendants, to bar the way. The valley was well-clothed with grass and flowers; often the lower mountain sides were timbered; often they presented a solid wall, down which cascades trickle or speed or fall, tumbling without a break. There was something to beguile us at every step. It had rained upon the mountain when it had threatened us below, and we had the freshness that follows a shower.

We arrived at the hotel before sundown, and whiled the time in walking to the Staubbach, which, though in sight, was farther up the valley. On the roadside Swiss men and women had put their shops and booths, and swarmed to beg you to buy some of their beautiful workmanship of lace, carved wood and horn. I was strongly tempted to violate the resolve I had made not to burden myself with such things. They, after a while, become a burden, and it is cheaper to buy them at home. The habit of the people of this country is pestiferous enough. You are met at every turn. Boys and girls salute you in the road—men and women, too—with something to sell. At the hotels and everywhere it is the same, and, after the novelty wears off, it is annoying.

We walked on and saw the Staubbach. Standing below, from the

edge of the rock, over which it falls about one thousand feet, the volume of the water is not very large, and, of course, before it reaches the bottom, is scattered mostly into spray. As we were watching it we heard the Alpine horn not far off, and, looking, we saw a young man had come from one of the booths, and was sounding it for our delight and his profit. We beckoned to him to sound on, and, as the evening fell, the notes were strikingly melodious. The echoes came and went from mountain answering to mountain. Of course, we paid him for his music and his trouble. We found his instrument to be of wood, about eight feet long, and certainly in these mountain passes capable of utterances which we are not surprised have made them so much to be admired.

Whilst these echoes were abroad men, women and boys came by with their belled goats—probably a hundred in the flock—belonging to the town. Their rustic dress and look and the mountains made me feel for certain I was among the Swiss. I looked up, and the sun going down behind me had painted the head of Jungfrau with an Alpine glow.

HOTEL DES ALPES, INTERLAKEN,
Saturday, June 30, 1883.

This morning my friend Dr. Lowman took a horse and guide, and went through the interior passes of the Alps, a distance of eighteen miles, agreeing to meet me at Grindelwald, I going over to the latter place in a voiture. I was not willing to undergo so much fatigue, for I feared so little compensation, as the mountains I saw on every side he could only see somewhat nearer.

I had a pleasant ride. The morning again opened with clouds and rain, but about eight o'clock they passed and another charming day attended us. The road was over a part of that we travelled yesterday. Then driving to the right, going through another valley similar to the one already described, I came to Grindelwald at eleven o'clock. Here again a Swiss Alpine scene awaited me. The green turf which lay at the foot of the mountains and running some distance up, was utilized by the inhabitants, sprinkled with picturesque houses, over them the mountains springing high either with rugged granite or other rock, with varied and jagged outline of summit, or covered with snow. Here there are two glaciers, one on either side of the abutting high mountain. I amused myself by walking or resting

or writing some of these lines. I will say no more of the scenery, as I have given you a touch of it already and to attempt to transfer to paper its image is utterly impossible. We carry the impressions on our mental vision and they may be indestructible, but so soon as we attempt to write them down, then we feel how inadequate language is as a vehicle to convey the faintest semblance of their charms.

The Doctor arrived safely at three o'clock and in a short while we were on our way to this place. The road being fine we soon finished our journey.

In the evening we strolled about this place. English is spoken on every hand. The persons occupying rooms near mine at the hotel all speak English, and as we walked the streets it appeared to me, that most of the voices we heard were English-speaking; of course I mean the travellers and the strangers, not the inhabitants who speak German or French—principally the former.

It is in its newer portions, a city of elegant hotels. They are mainly on one handsome street called Höhweg which is well-graded and paved, with rows of walnut trees on either side. They are built on the north, back from the street with improved yards in front. The south is all open in grass, left I suppose purposely, so as not to shut out the views towards the Bernese Oberland. We wandered in the old part of the city towards the west and crossed the river Aare, which rushes through like a mountain torrent in three channels, with waters of deep green and clear as crystal. This older portion is called the Unterseen and is a typical Swiss town, greatly improved however by the proximity of these hotels, which with the crowds of travellers drop much money among them. The effect is manifest—whilst they have preserved the style of buildings, which is picturesque, and some built of fine material, handsome: the houses here are generally so much superior to those I saw about the country, as to show the proximity of a later civilization with its many modern comforts.

The streets are narrow as of old, and the projecting eaves reach over them as if to meet. I observed also, how much better the natives look. They are gathering up the crumbs which are falling from the tables of these big hotels and from the plates of their rich occupants and sojourners, and are filling their bellies no longer with husks, but with rich provender, and have grown fat. I have been at a loss to know why the people of these mountains are many of them

such a poorly-looking set. Our idea of a Swiss mountaineer, is of a hale, robust constitution, aglow with the wild free spirit of his mountain home. Out of the cities, he has been to my observation just the reverse. Cretinism and goitre prevail, and when you do not see those wretched diseases, you see a physique that looks as though it had been soaked and washed into pallor and feebleness. Is it the high latitude in which they live, or bad shelter, ventilation, clothing and food? When I see the difference in the cities among the rather better classes I am inclined to infer the latter.

The town is filled with booths and shops where carved-wood ornaments are sold. Some of them are exceedingly handsome and I could scarcely refrain from buying, but what could I do with them? They would be a bother to me on my journey, and when I get home after paying duty, I would find I could have gotten them cheaper there.

I will now close this letter and send it off. I hope when I get to Geneva, I will find several from each of you awaiting me. As I write, I look out of my window and right before me, are the outlines of the Valley of Lauterbrunnen with its mountain walls, closed and barred as it were on the south by Jungfrau, lifting its white battlements to the clouds. With tenderest love for all and each of you.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 21.]

SWANN HOTEL, LUCERNE, *Monday, July 1, 1884.*

My Dear Margaret,—

I sent to Taylor to-day from Interlaken No. 20. We left that place at 9.50 this morning and came a few miles by rail to Bönigen, at the foot of Lake Brienz, where we took boat for the town of Brienz, near its head, thus sailing over nearly its entire length. It is a mountain lake and the land rising from its shores into high peaks, every now and then sending down cascades, sometimes in threads and sometimes amounting to waterfalls, one of which, called Giessbach, is celebrated. It is immediately across the lake from the town of Brienz. We had quite a good view of

portions of it from the boat, which stops near its foot where it falls into the lake, and sails thence to Brienz.

At this latter place we took a voiture over the Brünig Pass, to Alpnach on Lake Lucerne, or rather, Lake Alpnach, which is an arm of Lake Lucerne, otherwise called Lake of the Four Cantons. This pass was formerly regarded as difficult. A gentleman on the boat told me he crossed it some years ago on mule-back, and it had many dangerous places. Now it is an elegant macadamized road, over which you travel in comfort, enjoying the scene without apprehension.

The views are charming as you rise the mountains to a height of 3,500 feet. You have a view of the Meiringen Valley below, through which flows, like a thread, the River Aare, that has been embanked its entire length. Here I must remark upon the wonderful amount of work that has been accomplished in Switzerland in facilitating travel. Everything has been done to induce the advent of tourists and render locomotion easy. Where once it was perilous or laborious, it is now safe and comfortable.

There are many mountain passes yet, which can only be scaled by the robust and enterprising; but many now can be reached without wear and tear, which formerly only the daring and vigorous could enjoy. This Brünig Pass is one of them. There is a hotel on the summit, where we stopped and had a good dinner. The other conveniences of travel, too, are great. Wherever you go you find excellent hotels, from which, while you take your meals, you look upon an Alpine scene. Such was the case at this Brünig Hotel to-day. After leaving it we began soon to descend the mountain, and another lovely valley, or series of them, opened. Two lakes—Sarner See and Lungern—chain these valleys, which are largely cultivated and thickly inhabited with a people much better-looking than any I have seen in Switzerland. The houses, too, though retaining the Swiss architecture, are an improvement upon any I have hitherto observed in the rural districts, and more comfort and industry prevails.

One of the lakes, Lungern, has been partially reclaimed, and the bottom, or what was formerly so, has been converted into fertile and well-cultivated fields. I talked with an English gentleman, who tells me he has been coming to Switzerland for many years, and that the improvement of the people has been very marked. He is

of the opinion that the indifferent people I have seen are the product of bad living and housing, not the result of climate, and that where he formerly knew a feeble, sickly and diseased community, are now good-looking, healthy inhabitants, such as we met everywhere to-day.

Modern travel has brought to their doors modern comfort. Modern comfort has filled their bellies with better food, and covered their backs with better clothing, and sheltered them with better houses, and has also brought the various cantons and communities into intercourse, and averted that segregation and intermarriage which have so seriously debilitated the race. To-day we saw a totally different people from those we saw and I described in other parts of the mountains.

I wish I could give you some idea of these lovely valleys as they opened themselves before us on either side of the Brünig, with their swift-flowing rivers and sparkling lakes, the country around them finely cultivated, mainly in grass, rimmed with high mountains of every variety of outline and elevation. When we reached Alpnach, where we took boat, it was raining and so continued during our sail to Lucerne; but I must not complain, for almost every hour of my stay in Switzerland has been attended with fair weather, or such as to enable me to see it to the best advantage.

Having dined on the mountain, nothing delayed us on reaching Lucerne. We went out, after getting our rooms at the hotel which heads this letter, and having but a little while before dark, walked at once to see its greatest curiosity—and in the way of sculpture, one of the greatest in the world—the Lion of Lucerne. It is Thorwaldsen's work. Not cut, but designed by him, and is a wonderful triumph of art. It is carved from the living rock in a grotto, the rock rising above and around it like a wall. In this, I had formed an erroneous idea. I had conceived that it was in the nature of a relief but I did not know it was clean cut out of the rock where it lies. It is of colossal size, twenty-eight feet long, and most impressive: in memory of the Swiss officers and soldiers who fell, in 1792, at the Tuilleries in defence of Louis XVI. The noble Beast is represented as in the agony of death, the spear broken in the wound, with his head upon one paw, which covers the Lily of France, whilst the other is extended and hanging limp over the ledge of the rock on which he is lying. The position is natural and expressive, and the

entire thing of extreme dignity and pathos, both in design and execution. It is not an unworthy companion of the Dying Gladiator. A pool of water is at the foot of the rock, from which springs a fountain, the whole in a garden or park, set with trees and flowers. The night, by this time, began to fall, and as we returned to our hotel, we stopped and saw a diorama of portions of the Alps by gas light, which gave us an accurate idea of some of those we had seen, especially in their relation to the adjacent mountains.

RIGI, RIGI-KULM HOTEL, *Monday, July 2, 1883.*

This morning we took steamboat and traversed the whole of Lake Lucerne, touching at different points on its shores, and giving us an opportunity of seeing it in its length and breadth. It is, as you observe on the map, very irregular, and, situated among mountains, is very beautiful. We stopped at a place called Flüellen, at its farther extremity, and then mounted one of the regular omnibuses to Altorf, a distance of ten miles. This is an old Swiss town, now as quiet as possible, where Tell is said to have been compelled to perform his exploit of shooting the apple from his son's head.

On the spot where Tell himself stood, there has been erected a colossal statue of him in plaster, holding in one hand the crossbow, and in the other an arrow, arm extended, declaring that he had two arrows; if with the one he killed his son, with the other he would kill the tyrant who commanded the deed. A hundred yards distant up the street, for both stand in the main avenue of the town, has been erected a Fountain upon the spot where Tell's son stood when his father shot. Near it is an ancient tower, which some say is the place and not where the fountain is. Both I fear are myths, but the people of the country believe it, as they revere Tell's memory and have marked in some way the places with which his name is associated throughout this region; and, of course, we travellers believe every word that tradition tells of him. Did we not carry our imaginations with us when we move, we would have a sorry time of it, and would be unable to enjoy many a scene which fame or story has filled with enchanting associations. We believe heartily, all about Tell and the apple.

We then walked up to the top of one of the surrounding hills, on which stands an ancient church and from which we could overlook

the quiet old town and the country around. We returned to Flüellen in time to take train for Rigi.

This is an isolated mountain in full view from Lucerne and its lake on the left; whilst Mount Pilatus, another prominent peak stands upon the right, on the opposite side—two of the most striking objects in the landscape. Up Rigi, an elevation of nearly six thousand feet, they have constructed two railways, climbing the mountain by means of cogged rails and wheels, the cogged rail and wheel being in the middle of the track and between the wheels of the engine. The road from Flüellen at the foot of the lake, is a portion or link of that which passes through St. Gothard tunnel, which is nine and a half miles in length—the longest in the world.

At a place called Goldau, at the the foot of Mount Rigi, the Rigi road connects with it. This place Goldau, some years ago, was overwhelmed by an avalanche two miles long, a thousand feet broad and one hundred feet deep, which came down from Rossberg, an adjacent high mountain. You can see the rocks and debris now scattered over a large extent of country, under which Goldau and its inhabitants are buried, and as we rose Rigi we could observe distinctly how the mountain was truncated by the avalanche. The Rigi road runs from Goldau to the top of the mountain as I have described, climbing up by a heavy grade, opening wider and wider views at almost every rod of its progress. The hotel, consisting of several large and handsome houses, occupies a site almost on its summit.

The afternoon had been unpromising, and rain came down upon us as we ascended the mountain, making us fear our journey was for nought. But again we were favored. The rain ceased shortly after we reached the summit, and the clouds drifted, leaving enough of themselves and of mist for the sun to adorn upon his going down; and such a going down it has rarely been my fortune to witness.

We stood upon an elevation six thousand feet (5,900 accurately) above the level of the sea. On our south stretched the snowy range of the Bernese Oberland, peak after peak of every variety of outline. Towards the west, far off, the Jura range; around us other smaller mountains and hills, spurs of the larger, taking in a sweep of more than three hundred miles, including within it eleven lakes, large and small, their valleys teaming with houses, villages, and cultivated fields.

With this scene before us, the sun went down amid clouds, which he made gorgeous, as we have seen them many a time at our own country's sunset. But as with us, at home, they were not confined to his own pavillion. He sent out his power over hundreds of miles and over every variety of object, sky and earth, land and water, mountain and valley, and all within the range of our vision, as we quietly stood upon Rigi's top. It was hard to say which he most glorified. The clouds, as they drifted across the heavens' whole expanse, were painted as he painted those immediately about him, and their coloring was reflected upon the water and land below. The lakes assumed and threw back all sorts of hues. Lake Zug, just below us, was of the deepest blue; another was like molten silver; another as red as blood. Through the mist, here and there, over earth and sky were varied tints, and on a mountain top arose the base of a rainbow, standing like a column, the arch being lost, of the deepest prismatic coloring; whilst not far off was its counterpart—a double bow—of feebler hues. But I have allowed my pen to run on, dotting down my memory of a scene which we know and feel is indescribable, by pen or pencil. No wonder thousands come up here to see, from Rigi, the sun go down.

The hotels are large and well appointed, and even now, so early in the season, there are quite a number gathered, simply to spend the night, to see the sun set and rise, a privilege he will not always allow. Many come and go without witnessing what they came to see. One gentleman said to me, a friend told him he had been here six times and was disappointed on each occasion, clouds intervening. I am again fortunate. We went to bed hoping the sun would rise for us as he had set.

LUCERNE, SWANN HOTEL, *Tuesday, July 3, 1883.*

This morning we were early up, to witness the rising of the sun, with as much interest as we had his setting. The hours for sleeping were very few. He went down at eight, and by half past two in the morning he began to herald his coming. All were out. Men and women, young and old, with their wraps, had left their beds and walked to the topmost peak, that they might see his doings when he came. And these wraps were needed: The air was keen and cold. Some suffered more than they enjoyed, it seemed to me. The morn-

ing was clear and everything was favorable. Just as the sun peeped above the horizon, an Alpine horn was winded to proclaim his advent, the romance of which was speedily destroyed by the herald going around with a tin plate to petition compensation therefor.

I shall not attempt to tell you of the doings of his majesty when he appeared. He bore himself right royally and his subjects, the Genii of Mountain and of Lake, came forth to greet him, and flashed welcome from their glorious homes, till we were quite at a loss to know which was the more joyous or brilliant, his departure or his advent.

We did not wait for breakfast, but at six o'clock took train and came down to Vitznau, a place on lake Lucerne, thus, you see, going up Rigi on the north, and coming down by a different track on the south. We had time for breakfast, which we took in pleasant style, sitting upon a portico, overlooking the lake, and enjoying its blue waters and beautiful surroundings, and the delicious morning air, as it came from the snow, warmed already in its transit by the sun. I doubt not you think I am having a delightful time, floating through these lovely scenes.

Soon the boat came and we took it for Lucerne. On landing, I met a Mr. English from Liverpool, with four ladies—two daughters, a Mrs. Long, and a Miss McConnell—all of whom I had seen before, and made the acquaintance of, in coming from Interlaken over the Brünig. They had urged me to join them in an excursion to the Rhone Glacier, one of the largest and most imposing of the Alpine glaciers, reached through the St. Gothard and Furca Passes. He has been to Switzerland many times, and is familiar with its routes and objects of interest. I was, from the first, strongly tempted to accept his invitation, but hesitated, because I did not like to intrude, fearing the invitation was tendered in a mere spirit of politeness, without expecting its acceptance.

But here it was again repeated, with inducements, which made me feel that it was intended and that he wished my company. The temptation was strong, too, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing the most interesting part of Switzerland, in company with one who knew it, and with ladies, two of whom, his daughters, were educated here, in Switzerland and Germany, and spoke German and French, thus relieving me from all apprehension and trouble, in travelling

alone through the region we proposed to visit. He is evidently a warm-hearted and enthusiastic man.

I was strongly inclined to accept his invitation, but I told him I had started from Geneva with the expectation of being absent three days, and having met with my friend, Dr. Lowman, had been travelling more than a week ; that I wanted to go back to get my letters, which I hoped would meet me there, and also that I had left my Letter of Credit in Geneva, and was fearful my stock of funds would fail. He at once said, that need not bother me, he would let me have what money I wanted. I then told him I was going to Zurich, that day, on my way to Geneva, *via* Bâle, and that then Dr. Lowman and I would part, he going home to America, and I to Geneva ; that I would think of his proposition and my ability to accept it, and that should I determine to do so, would return to Lucerne by the afternoon train.

Having an hour or two before the time of departure, he, the Doctor, and I walked about the city, visiting some things I had not seen and revisiting some I had. Again I stood before the dying Lion and enjoyed the master-work. Like all things great, as I have before—maybe, more than once—remarked, it grows greater by acquaintance, and, though I am not familiar with many of Thorwaldsen's conceptions, I should doubt if he ever surpassed this. Whilst the Lion of Lucerne is well known, it seems to me that the time will come when many will make a pilgrimage here to see it with as much enthusiasm as they travel to see the Dying Gladiator. There is much similarity in the emotions excited, as I have before incidentally said, and one feels, when gazing upon this wonderful conception, that by comparison with the Gladiator, it is by no means insignificant. Before leaving it, I must remark that no one can see it without apprehension of its loss. It is, as I have told you, cut from the living rock, and one feels as in looking upon that beautiful work of art, Old Mortality, at the gateway of Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, cut from perishable sandstone, that both will one day not remote, be destroyed by the waste and wear of time. This stone from which the Lion is cut looks friable, and, in the main rock itself, there are splits or rifts which seem as though they might, in no great while, drop off and obliterate the noble Beast.

Near the yard or park where the Lion is, there is a small enclosure, where are exposed some of the most striking exhibitions of the

operations of the glacial period I have seen. A man, in digging in the garden, came across a hollow scooped out of the solid rock like a basin, in which was the round globular boulder that had done the work, revolved by the force or action of ice or water. He dug and uncovered in the immediate vicinity eight or ten others, much larger, all containing the globular rock by which the effect was produced. In one of the basins this rock is very large and of granite which does not belong to the locality, and, therefore, must have been transported from its home miles away by Nature's forces. The whole collection is one of the most interesting sights I ever saw, and is proof of the modes by which many strange phenomena are produced.

Here they have, too, objects gathered from the bottom of the lake, of household or war-like character. In the lake piles are now standing, showing evidently that the spot was inhabited by a pre-historic race, who lived in houses built upon these piles, to protect them from other tribes or races, or beasts of prey. We then visited the bridges which span the Reuss River, that divides the city of Lucerne into two sections. There are four of these bridges, two modern and of no more interest than other ordinary affairs of the sort; but two are ancient and are curiously ornamented with paintings—one, Holbein's celebrated Dance of Death. The pictures are painted on wood of triangular shape, fitting to the cone of the roof, and are fastened to the pieces of timber which run across and tie the sides, one on either face of each tie; so that in walking to and fro over the bridge you have, by casting your eyes up, studies in Art throughout its entire length. Some of these paintings are worn by age where the wind and weather can reach them through the openings in the bridge. Others are in excellent preservation. Both bridges will, I should think, soon have to be renewed. It is to be hoped, when they are, these quaint old pictures will be preserved, and I have no doubt they will. They are careful here to hold on to anything which adds to the interest of, and invites the stranger to, their lovely country.

Across the upper part of the town runs an ancient wall, with towers in fine preservation, and which, when approaching it from the lake, present an imposing, picturesque appearance. You can count seven, maybe eight, from one of which Lucerne derives its name—standing nearest to the water, now used as a light-

house. When we had seen everything of interest in Lucerne, the Doctor and I started for Zurich on the train, forty miles distant. We lost sight, in a measure, of the snow-clad mountains, and travelled through a rolling, highly-improved and cultivated country. I noticed to-day more orchards than I have seen before in Switzerland—principally apple and pear—and the people presented a better appearance. I am the more convinced, that the theory I have suggested will account for their different appearance in different sections. Man is an animal that improves, as any other, by being well-fed and cared for.

When we reached Zurich, we hired a voiture and drove about the city. It is quite large, is a manufacturing place, and is regarded as the educational centre of Switzerland. As we rode, we could see evidences of wealth in the buildings—private and public, residences and business—some of them handsome and imposing. When we approached the suburbs, villas of a costly and artistic character were numerous. We then visited the museum, where we found some works of art and many old things, to which interest now attaches as matters of local or general history ; but I have not time to even name them. We then returned to the station and took lunch, after which, having still some time to spare, we visited the National Exposition, now in progress. We walked through the building and took a glance at the contents. I describe it by saying, it was an Exposition, and who nowadays does not know what an Exposition is?

I had thought during the day of the invitation of Mr. English to join his party and concluded to do so. In any event I have to go back to Geneva to make a fresh start. My trunk is there and my Letter of Credit, and I will stop there a day or so and rest. Instead of returning by the northern route which I can see at any time without trouble, I shall return by the Valley of the Rhone and thus visit the heart of the Alps with those who know and can give me much information, and make the journey more enjoyable and profitable. This region, I can never visit so profitably, and as it seems now, more pleasantly.

The Doctor and I here parted. We have travelled together with perfect accord for more than a week, and together have seen, as you have read, several of the most interesting portions of Switzerland. He helped me in every way in his power, and speaking German, he could aid me very much, buying my tickets, and getting information. He will soon return to Cleveland.

I was sitting in the car on my way back to Lucerne, looking out of the window, the sun shining brightly, for it has been quite a hot day, when a young man came from the rear of the car and said my seat appeared uncomfortable in the sun, and added there was one near him which he would be pleased if I would take. I accepted his invitation and went back. We continued to talk, he asking me for some information about travel in Switzerland, and I telling him what I knew, when a young lady inquired across the car, is not this Governor Holliday? I told her it was. There was an old lady with her. They both rose and extended their hands with much delight. The old lady said she was Mrs. Ellinger, our late neighbor. The younger one said she was now Mrs. Fleisheim, a daughter of Mrs. Ellinger, and introduced me to her husband, the person with whom I had been talking. You have no idea how glad they were to meet me, as I was them. They inquired concerning every member of the family, expressing great fondness for Taylor, even asking about his fine horses. The old lady looks uncommonly well and happy as a lark. To tell you all they said would take a long letter by itself, for they talked incessantly and seemed pleased to talk of Winchester and their home there. The meeting gave me much pleasure, as it was gratifying to see theirs. They told me of William and the boy who graduated at the Naval School, and what they were doing.

We parted in Lucerne, they going to a different hotel. I saw Mr. English and informed him of my conclusion, which seemed to please him much. I found in my purse some Greenbacks which I had overlooked, and which I took to a banker in Lucerne and had converted into French gold *at par*. This relieved me as to money matters and dispensed with the necessity of accepting Mr. English's kind tender; and is worthy of note too, as showing the high credit of our Government abroad. British credit is such, that you can travel over the world with Notes of the Bank of England, often using them *at a premium*.

We start in the morning on our long journey into the heart of the Alps. Not having time to mail this at Lucerne, I will do so when I can; in the meantime, send you my warmest love. I am in a hurry now to get back to Geneva, hoping to hear from you there through many letters.

Affectionately,

F.

I mail this at Visp, Rhone Valley.

[No. 22.]

HOTEL DE GLACIER, RHONE GLACIER, SWITZERLAND.

*Wednesday, July 4, 1883.**My Dear Mary,—*

I wrote No. 21 to your mother and will mail it when I reach a railroad, that I may be more certain of its sure and speedy passage.

The party composed of Mr. English, his two daughters, Mrs. Long and Miss McConnell, all of Liverpool, and myself, started from Lucerne this morning at five o'clock on the boat bound for the extreme end of the Lake, Flüellen. We breakfasted on board, as we sailed.

I have said enough of Lake Lucerne, and will therefore pass over it this time without remark. When we arrived at Flüellen, we took train by the St. Gothard road and came as far as the northern mouth of the tunnel; and at a place called Geschenen, left it. Here all the party were, by previous arrangement, to take diligence over part of the St. Gothard Pass; the vehicle being adapted to six. But I there hired an open carriage and two horses, which turned out to be good ones, and invited one of the ladies, Miss Rebecca English, to ride with me, which she accepted. The distance from Flüellen to Geschenen is twenty-one and a half miles and the road a marvel of construction. As I have already told you in riding over the section from Flüellen to Goldau on my way to Rigi, it is all of similar character. The diligence went in front and we drove after.

Our driver was quite a youth, but he seemed to know how to handle his horses. Indeed there was not much difficulty, if he did not fall asleep or the horses become frightened. For though the road passed by the side of frightful precipices, it was itself well graded and macadamized and as smooth as a floor. Such a journey as we had to-day can only be described in the most general way, for it was through and over mountains, of stupendous character, and our ascent at one point of our journey, eight thousand feet. Above us even then, mountains sprang devoid of vegetation; many times not a tree or shrub visible and their pinnacles often covered with snow or pointed with jagged rocks: a scene of utter desolation. The road cut from the sides of the mountains; sometimes clung to them

over the deep precipices and gorges, as with the tenacity of life; sometimes crossed bridges strongly constructed of stone and finely arched, under which flowed the rushing floods, as they came down dashing themselves into foam and spray, or raining upon us as from a cloud. Sometimes we passed through walls of snow, from five to twenty feet in height, through a path cut for the passage of vehicles. It was a wild scene.

And when we descended from this great elevation, valleys would open, and cottages would be scattered about, and villages of humble character, and with the green sward, would present a pretty sight resting under the shadow of the snow or rock-clad mountains. Through such scenes we rode from twenty to thirty miles. Though we had so much snow everywhere around us, even in its immediate presence, the sun was oppressive for several hours. We then traversed a part of the St. Gothard and the Furca Passes and towards nightfall approached the valley of the Rhone, into which we drove by many zigzags, passing in our descent nearly from top to bottom, the Rhone Glacier, from which flows the river of that name, that two hundred miles off empties itself into the Mediterranean. The northern water-shed of the same mountain is the source of the river Rhine.

The view from the summit and in the descent was exceedingly striking. On one side was this volume of ice, torn as it were into rugged masses by the violence of its own action, sweeping from the top of the mountain into the valley, and its offspring, here a slender stream, flowing below and away like a silver thread. The immediate valley was small and apparently closed like a cul de sac, at the mouth of which is situated the hotel and its surroundings, whilst far as the eye could reach we could trace the gorge through which the Rhone made its passage towards the sea. As we were driving rapidly down our winding road clouds came, we could not tell whence, and gathering in black masses, fell into the valley by their own specific gravity, it seemed, without the aid of currents. And as we hurried to the hotel we passed into a rain. Happily we were in time to escape its worst, for we had hardly reached the hotel before it poured in torrents. Like all the Inns or Public Houses at which I have been through Switzerland, it is a good one and a grateful retreat to travellers after a long day's work.

VISP, SWITZERLAND, *Thursday, July 5, 1883.*

We started this morning from the Rhone Glacier at nine o'clock, travelling in the same way—Miss R. English riding in the carriage with me. I found her very agreeable, intelligent and cultivated, and as the ride was pleasant yesterday in her company, so it was to-day. We followed the Rhone to Brieg, a distance of thirty-one miles, and saw it grow from a rivulet, as it issued from the glacier, into a powerful stream, and in its narrow valley we saw its tributaries, as they came tumbling down under our feet or across from the mountains on the other side, swelling its volume at every mile.

As we travelled we could note not only the river's growth, but the change of vegetation as we came down from the region of perpetual snow; first the growth of pines, then other forest trees, and then cultivated grass and grain. Looking around us upon the beautiful valley rich with vegetation, we could scarcely realize we had just left a region where ice and snow perpetually prevail. Around us, too, on every hand were flowers—such as I have before told you of—painting with their many hues every field. Yet, whilst in our midst were these evidences of a genial climate, the white tops of the mountains never disappeared, but continually looked upon us over their smaller neighbors, which formed the immediate boundary of the scene.

We then came to Brieg, an old Swiss town, the present terminus of the railway from Martigny, and thence to this place by train. Having a few hours to spare at Brieg, we pedestrianized the town; but there is nothing worth the trouble of mentioning. There are some old churches and an ancient chateau, which, with their many towers, spring from among the houses and situated on the side of the mountains, overlooking the Rhone and its valley, present an attractive scene.

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND, *Friday, July 6, 1883.*

We started this morning tolerably early—Mr. English and all the ladies save one walking; one of the ladies and I on horseback. The distance to be travelled to a place called St. Nicolaus is thirteen miles—there being no carriage-way, only a mule-path. Mr. English

and all the ladies being from England, understand walking and enjoy it. He and his two daughters have pedestrianized this country before and know the routes we are travelling. What points they do not know, they can get easily from the guides and people of the country, knowing the language. This makes their company both pleasant and valuable.

The ladies used the horse alternately, save Miss Eva English, who walked the entire distance without the slightest fatigue, climbing and descending mountains. I determined not to fatigue myself unnecessarily nor to make my feet sore, as I will want them to pedestrianize many cities I hope yet to visit. I rode all the way. Each horse had a guide, which is the custom of the country, so that my journey was light. When we came to dangerous places my guide led my horse, and thus I could quietly sit upon his back and enjoy the scenery without apprehension of danger. We had, also, a porter for the luggage, and it is wonderful what an amount these men can and do bear. They have a basket or hamper, which they strap upon their back and bear with ease, filled with all sorts of luggage, walking rapidly up and down the mountains, coming in with the horses or unencumbered pedestrians.

When we reached St. Nicolaus—a small place, principally of hotels—we gave up our horses and took carriages, for, strange to say, there is no road-way for carriages to this place from below; but there is one which carries travellers farther on. Why this is so, I could not learn. They are, however, projecting a continuation of the carriage road to Visp, so there will be a turnpike through from Visp to Zermatt before long, they think. We lunched at St. Nicolaus, and then took carriages for Zermatt (this place), three in each carriage, they being open wagons with seats for the driver and three others.

I had with me Miss R. English and Miss McConnell. The ride was pleasant—the road fine, as usual in this country—and the sun, whilst warm for several hours, was not hot, as we had hitherto experienced it. As to the scenery! What shall I say of it? The wildest ride I have yet had in Switzerland. I seemed to be going deeper and deeper into the mountains as I travelled inward and upward through the Valley of the Visp. It is folly to describe such scenes; our language is too poor to furnish words which express the emotions they arouse. And when we have used those which we think appropriate they give no ideas distinctive from those which,

though of a totally different character, have been under compulsion of poverty of language used to describe another much tamer scene. Beautiful, grand, sublime! all may be proper and suitable to a single description; but when forced to use them day after day, as objects come and go, they cease to be descriptive.

Through these mountains the chords whose touch express the whole range of emotions are struck at every step, and in our minds and hearts as we travel on there is perpetual music. Mountains lift themselves up on either hand along the valley and invite us on to higher—fit entrance even to Walhalla's Halls; the rushing river flows ever at our side, gathering as it goes from cascades and falls and rivulets hurrying to pay their tribute from the snow. The glaciers shine sometimes with dim, sometimes with brilliant light from their scarred faces. Now we move through hamlets that are so quiet, with the green grass around them—their people, men, women and children curing the hay, or gathering it into their little barns, while the savage mountains seem to stand sentinel to guard them and keep the peace. Now we have desolation itself where the land-slide and avalanche have left their marks, or where the torrent in its mad mood has lately been. All these are things and scenes not to be described, and I can only treasure them up in my mental vision and tell you I travelled through the Alpine Ranges and saw mountains and snow and ice in heaps, and avalanches and glaciers and rocks piled up to the clouds, and leave you in your imagination to put them into shape, and pronounce when done—the Alps!

You would suppose such a country thinly settled, and that nature had left small foothold for cultivation; but whilst vast extents are too bleak, rocky and sterile to produce anything, wherever there is soil you find Swiss cottages—now in little villages, now in single houses—scattered through the valleys, large and small, or on the mountain sides, which in some places they have terraced with stone walls at vast expenditure of labor, cultivating the vine, grain and roots. The grain was near its harvest; it looked feeble. I got out and examined some. I should think it would hardly justify the labor of its cultivation, the heads of wheat in many cases containing only five or six grains, and those small and light. Their summers are too short to mature it.

I observed the houses, too, as I travelled, and their little towns.

In some instances they have not improved upon their fathers, and filth and dirt abound. The towns are filled with ugly odors. Mr. English says all or nearly all were so when he first travelled here twenty or thirty years ago, and that the improvement has been marked. The advent of this ever-flowing, increasing tide of travel has opened up the country, and brought them not only a market but an example of higher modes of life and architecture, and the later houses are better ventilated and the people more cleanly.

We arrived here safe and sound, and before dark walked over the little place, a town of hotels, three or four of considerable size. The principal charm which fills these hotels for awhile in the summer is the pure air, more than five thousand feet above the sea, and the famous Mount Matterhorn, which stands in full view. This evening the clouds had settled on it and we could not see its head, and soon after our arrival it began to rain. This has taken place almost every evening, you have doubtless observed from my letters for some time, but brightness has always come with the morning. So we must hope for to-morrow.

I went into the saloon or drawing-room of the hotel and looked over the books upon the table, thirty or forty at least; every one was in the English language. Here in the midst of the Alps, with powerful and wealthy nations and people immediately around speaking German, French and Italian, no preparation or thought of them is made in the way of literature upon the table of the public rooms; only American and English publications. Whilst this seems curious it is really simply preparation for those who mostly come, and my observation to this time is that more Americans and English travel here than the people of all other nationalities combined, and everybody living here is learning English more or less, whatever their station in life, and it is no greater trouble or inconvenience to travel here than in England or America as far as language is concerned; and there seem to be more Americans than English, I think. They literally swarm; but, unhappily for me, few from the South. Nearly all are Northern men and women. The South is yet too poor to travel much, I must infer.

To Charles: The first thing I saw when I went into the dining-room, was the engraving of Tasso reciting his *Jerusalem Delivered*—the same you have hanging in your house—and my thoughts went to you, and I felt like sitting with you in your home and telling you

the story of my wanderings. But I fear you will never want to hear of them again if you have read the many pages I have written ; you feel I am sure, ready to cry for rest, as he who wanted to, but could not escape the Ancient Mariner's glittering eye.

HOTEL RIFFEL, SWITZERLAND, *Saturday, July 7, 1883.*

This morning I looked from my window and the sky was clear, without a cloud ; they had during the night, as has been my good fortune all the time, drifted away. I rose and went out before the mountains could cover their heads with clouds, as they can scarcely help doing when the sun comes. I was repaid. Matterhorn was naked against the deep blue, a vast pointed rock more than eight thousand feet above the plain in which Zermatt stands ; Zermatt being more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It is one of the most striking mountains not only in Switzerland, but in the world, by reason of its strange peak, so steep that the snow does not remain upon it as long as it does upon the other mountains. When the summer-sun shines upon it, not having foothold it soon melts or slides in avalanches down. It is not so high as some others of its Range, but standing alone with this singular horn, it seems much higher. To look at it from below you would say no human foot has or will ever tread upon its summit. Yet it has been by the adventurous, frequently done. In late years they have found a way from ledge to ledge, and have fastened ropes and stays by which the sides have been scaled. The first attempt was in 1865 ; seven men went up, three of whom were guides. They reached the top safely. In returning, the rope by which they were fastened, one to the other, broke. Three with one guide slipped and with lightning speed were dashed at one clear fall upon the glacier four thousand feet below. The bodies of three including the guide have been recovered, and now lie in the little churchyard at Zermatt with monuments over them to tell their story and fate. The body of the other, the glacier will one day deliver in its appointed time.

After breakfast we determined to come up here, several thousand feet higher—8,429 feet above the sea. We had to walk or come on horse or mule-back. I determined still I would not risk my feet, and chose to ride : Mrs. Long chose with me, and we came together. The others walked a distance of five or six miles, climbing nearly all

the way by steep ascents. One of the young ladies, Miss McConnell, when she reached the portico of the hotel, fell upon the bench exhausted, and we were apprehensive of serious consequences for some moments. She is delicate, but she would not ride, must rival her companions who are robust English girls and knew how and had the ability to walk.

We found upon this great height an excellent hotel. It is surprising how these people have provided for travellers, and what inducements they hold out for them to come. Much of the material of which this hotel is built was brought on the backs of mules and horses; all save the rock dug from the mountain, as is also everything consumed by the guests, even the wood for fuel. We saw on our ascent, the mules toiling up with these stores. It would seem a poor investment, yet later in the summer the crowds are so numerous, that rooms have to be engaged in advance.

These mountains have a strong fascination, especially for those who live in cities, or on the sea-shore; and I do not wonder. Whilst the sun searches, when exposed to its direct rays, in the middle of the day, in the shade at that hour, it is always cool, for you not only have the elevation, but near you, on every hand, are heaps of snow, lying as with us in the dead of winter. As usual, each horse had a guide, which suited me exactly. I sat composedly in the saddle and let him lead, whilst I looked out quietly and safely upon the scene.

You need not think I intend to tell you what I saw—I do not, really. Nor shall I again, as long as I am in the Alps. If, by chance, anything has the semblance of description upon my pages, you may be sure I did not willingly put it there, but the ink imbibed the spirit of the place, and the pen ran on and let it drop.

We reached here in the middle of the day, and I had no trouble in amusing myself, wandering around, looking at the freaky manner in which Nature had tumbled up these mountains, till earth and sky were joined, and listening to the water-falls, each with its own note, according to its size, and looking towards the valley which we traversed to reach Zermatt, in which we could see the Visp shining, as it hurried its waters down, rendered brighter as the shadows of the evening fell.

After dinner, we went out to see the sun go down. As usual the clouds gathered, but brought no rain. They were too heavy, how-

ever, to give us a sunset like the one I saw on Rigi. Indeed, independently of the clouds, the earth itself here presents no objects upon which his rays could play with any such effect. But we could witness how his coming and his going marked the hours. Night had already fallen upon the valley when the mountain-tops were bright and, by degrees, the shadows crept up and, by their steady advance, drove the brightness off. Then the young moon came forth in the deep blue sky and hung her silver crescent over Matterhorn. Was it equal to the painted varied glories we witnessed from the height of Rigi?

With nightfall came cold, so penetrating we had to retreat into the house, and I went to bed and covered myself with as many blankets as at home in winter, and through the window saw enough of snow to make me feel they were not too many.

SAME HOTEL, *Sunday, July 8, 1883.*

This morning Mr. English started off early to walk to Gorner Grat, a mountain from which there is a marvelous outlook. It is 10,289 feet above the level of the sea, and three miles from this hotel. He started early. I had declined to go with him, putting off my visit to accommodate the ladies who could not make their arrangements to attempt it to-day.

When I arose the morning was so fine for such an excursion that I feared to postpone it, and I told the ladies I would go now and also go with them to-morrow. Now the question was, how to reach there? To do so I was told I had to pass over or through heaps of snow, and I would certainly get my feet wet with my light shoes. No mules are kept up here, the expense of feeding them is too great; and even if they were they could not make their way through the drifts. The only other mode was by chair, carried by two men with poles upon their shoulders. I determined to try it, not only because I wanted to see the mountains, but because I wanted the experience of such a ride. I took three men, two saying I was too heavy; they must have a relay, and they were right. I made the contract and started. I soon found that the difficulty of carrying my weight, increased by the lightness of the atmosphere at this elevation, was so serious that the men panted as they walked.

This I could not endure. So I got out and walked myself, taking

them with me simply to lift me over the snow heaps and the water and mud which had accumulated before my return. I met Mr. English coming back; he had taken the tramp early in the morning, while the snow was frozen, and had succeeded well. I started at eight o'clock, after the sun had gathered power and had begun to melt the snow and thaw the ground.

They had cut a pathway through the drifts the entire distance; but much of it had blown or fallen back into the narrow track and was hard to walk through. It was well that I brought my sedan, though I walked where there was dry ground or rocks to tread upon. It was quite strange in midsummer, and yet not strange when we consider how high above the sea it is.

We arrived there safely and made our way to the top of the mountain, where a place had been cleared of snow, which stood around five or six feet in depth; but it was not cold. On the contrary, it was genial and pleasant, there being no wind, the sun shining full upon us from a cloudless sky. The spectacle was most imposing—a desolate winter scene, no sign of vegetation save a few pines in small patches, of feeble growth, low down on some of the foot-hills, and those tender little flowers of which I have spoken so often, looking so beautiful in color and texture in the midst of their savage homes. I enclose you some specimens. You must make allowance for the sickness that will affect them on their long journey over the waters.

But whilst I stood looking, a crow came up from the lowlands and circled around us, seeming to inquire why we had invaded his home. I was in the centre of an amphitheatre of snow-capped mountains stretching miles away—the loftiest ones already making their own clouds under the sun's rays and looking, as they drifted from the top, like big houses on fire, no sign of life save the crow visible. Between the mountain sides was a glorious glacier, at the bottom of the height on which I stood. Gorner Glacier seemed to sweep on like a river of ice, whilst the others in sight appeared to flow into its channel, swelling its mighty current. Now and then the roar would reach my ear of the snow, as it tumbled in avalanches down, and, in the distance, the never-ceasing sound of rushing waters. It was an arctic rather than a temperate scene, and its grandeur will not be forgotten.

After satisfying myself with the view I returned to the hotel.

I then took my breakfast, and, whilst at it, was notified we would have religious services, as there was a clergyman of the Established Church of England present, who would conduct them. I went into the saloon. He simply read the Liturgy, nothing more.

I must mention that there is a company here of twenty-five or thirty and all are English-speaking people, and, except myself, from England or Scotland, I think. I whiled away the time in reading, walking and writing some of these lines, and wishing that I could look in upon you and see how you and things are tiding.

It seems a good while since I saw you, and many events with me have come and gone. I hope the time I have taken to write them for you has not been lost. I have tried to let you be with me as it were, and I have talked to you of the passing days and told you of the incidents each one brought.

The evening was as usual, cool, so much so that we had to come into the house before it was dark. I have conversed with many other people, but have not time to write you of it. But I would like to tell you if I could, how the mountains looked before I went to bed—gleaming in the night-time as impressive as in the day, and how the moon again adorned the peak of Matterhorn with her shining bow.

I will mail this to-morrow in Zermatt when we go down, which we now propose to do, and will, with tender love for you, one and all, bid you good night!

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 23.]

ST. NICOLAUS, SWITZERLAND.

Monday, July 9, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed you a letter this morning, addressed to Mary, (No. 22), in Zermatt.

I have nothing of importance to tell to-day. Miss Eva English started from the Riffel Hotel with a guide, to ascend the Breithorn, a brave undertaking, to be done in two days, and to meet us in Zermatt this evening. The rest of us walked down the mountain this

morning five miles, starting early; it was pleasant before the sun grew hot, as it nearly always does here towards the middle of the day. We met numbers going up to the hotel we had just left. Some walking, some riding on horse or muleback, and some in chairs, such as I have described in my trip to Gorner Grat.

We have seen Switzerland, or rather this part of it, before the crowd arrives, as it does during this month and August. It has been free from the discomforts that crowds always cause, and which I have at times experienced in my travels. I have already described the road and scenes over and through which I have moved to-day, and shall not repeat, as no incident occurred worthy of mention. About four o'clock Miss Eva arrived in Zermatt, from her long tramp, having stood it remarkably well, though much jaded. She says she walked through snow for hours. Strange fancy some people have for climbing these mountains. Every year numbers do so; I am sure at great present discomfort and with many, I doubt not, permanent injury. She is stout and may stand it without such results. Soon after her arrival we took carriages and came on to this place, meeting again numbers travelling up to take our places.

The ride was in the shade of the valley, and with clear weather and genial temperature, was all we could wish. We reached here in a couple of hours, took dinner and a walk in which we were followed by a troop of children offering us mountain flowers for sale. I went to bed early in preparation for a sunrise start in the morning and probably a long ride.

DOMO D'OSSOLA, ITALY, *Tuesday, July 10, 1883.*

MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND, *Wednesday, July 11, 1883.*

These two days have been of absorbing interest; we have spent them in crossing the Simplon Pass and returning.

This morning we started early, and came to Visp on the Rhone River, I on horseback. There were two horses for the ladies, who "rode and tied" among themselves, Mr. English walking. This was down the valley of the Visp, which we ascended you know in getting to Zermatt, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to repeat my description.

When we arrived at Visp, we telegraphed to Brieg, you remember some little distance up the river, to engage a carriage which would

carry us all, for a trip over the Simplon to Domo d'Ossola, a place in Italy, forty miles off. When we arrived, the carriage was waiting for us; with four horses, seats for four inside and two out. A vehicle peculiar to the country, admirably adapted to travelling in this land of scenery. The top is so arranged that you can close or open it at pleasure.

This Simplon Road was mainly projected and built by Napoleon, as a route for the transportation of his armies. He first made his passage of the Alps by the great St. Bernard, but finding that so difficult, slow and expensive, he determined to construct this. The engineers told him at first it was impossible. But to him all things were possible, and he insisted that it should be attempted. And now we have the result of that determination, in a road, one of the most substantial in its structure, and the most attractive in its surroundings in the world.

It is built regardless of cost, smooth as a floor, macadamized, walled with massive rocks, and guarded on the precipitous sides of the mountain; with bridges of stone spanning the streams and gorges, and snow breaks or sheds, which they call galleries, to protect it from avalanches and drifts, built not temporarily of wood, as ours through the Rocky Mountains, but arched entirely of stone of the most massive and durable character. Along the road every five miles, after the ascent is begun, are houses of refuge for the unfortunate wayfarer and traveller who may be caught in an Alpine storm. There are nine of these well-built storm-houses, some of them large.

The Hospice near the summit is an imposing building also of stone. It is occupied by Augustinian monks, who live there the year round, and extend their hospitalities and care to strangers who may be in misfortune on the journey, or who choose to pay them a visit. It is supported by the Catholic Church, save such contributions as they may receive from those who visit them, by special donation or bequest. The building is comparatively new. There is, not far off in a meadow, an old building with a tower, which was the Hospice for many years before the new road was built, and which has sheltered many a luckless traveller overtaken by the sudden tempests which sweep over and through these mountains. It seems to be standing unused now, a short distance from the present road, simply *in memoriam*.

On every hand the Alpine rose is blooming in profusion, and lighting up the region with its bright red flowers. We had not

time to stop, either going or returning. Going, we started late (10 o'clock), for so long a journey, desiring to make it before sunset ; and returning, we desired to catch the train for Martigny and not be delayed at Brieg over night. Soon after leaving Brieg we began to ascend, behind us the valley of the Rhone, which opened at every turn beneath us in beautiful vistas. A cloud came up and we had a chance to observe its doings in the plain below, where it mainly spent itself, but little of it reaching us on the heights. There had not been any rain for several days and the roads were dry and dusty. It was a sight to see, the manner in which the storm gathered up the dust and whirled it about, until the whole valley was obscured, and then see how it dashed it down again with its deluge of waters ; how in a short time the sun came out and burnished the trees and fields until they looked so bright that they did not seem to have ever felt dust or disturbance, so clean and quiet did they appear. Later in the day we had rain upon us, but not enough to interfere with our movements.

Whilst we stopped at the village of Simplon, half way to lunch, it rained heavily for awhile, but with my usual good fortune it only cooled the air and made our journey more pleasant. It is astonishing how in these high regions the rays of the sun are hot and burning in the middle of the day, but when he goes toward his setting behind one of the mountains you feel the fresh air creep from its hiding places and cool or chill you, according to your elevation.

There is a curious power of the sun and snow conjoined which the Alpine climbers feel—they blister and burn the skin as with fire. Travellers who even do not reach the loftier elevations must protect their faces carefully when they ascend into the regions of perpetual snow, or before they are aware of it they will be scorched and sore to the touch. Miss English has suffered greatly since her return, not so much from fatigue, as that her face is swollen and blistered as with a hot iron.

The scenery from the time we left Brieg till we reached Domo d'Ossola is simply glorious—on either side of the Pass totally different. On the Switzerland side you ascend the mountains by climbing gradually, making long and gentle curves. The road turns upon itself, until you see it both far below and far above you—as you creep around the elevations at every step vistas opening through which you can look into valleys or gorges or rifts, down which streams

are hurrying as they carry the snows back again to their source, filling the air with the sound of flowing waters so pleasant to one with such surroundings ; or towards mountains towering high above the one over which you are moving, covered with unfailing glaciers, or having about you banks of snow which have come from the heights in avalanches, or the debris, rocks and rubbish which some land-slide has thrown down, and under which a town was buried, or which has but lately destroyed the road and changed the channel of the river.

As we climbed up from mountain to mountain, at various times the Valley of the Rhone appeared, and when we reached the summit we could look far below, catching views of the spiral road here and there, and at the base a section of the valley in which Brieg sat like a jewel, its roughness smoothed and burnished by the distance.

The ride on the Italian side is entirely unlike that I have described. The descent is made by gorges and defiles through which the waters rush, so narrow sometimes as to amount to cañons, and claim rivalry with those which have made our Cordilleras so famous. A portion of it, the Ravine of Gondo, is made by mountains, that rise two thousand feet above the currents that turbulently wash their base, and overhang the road and throw into it their profound shadows. Such was the character of the Pass over which we rolled without a jolt, now along the river bank, now through tunnels, now through galleries, such as I have spoken of, over which mountain torrents were conducted and fell by our side, as we rapidly descended.

Towards sundown, we came among the inhabitants of Italy. The Swiss cottage vanished. People with new faces, new habits, and new homes appeared. As we passed into a more genial climate, the vine again began to flourish—not cultivated, as in Switzerland, to stakes, but trained over arbors and trellises ; the houses of entirely different construction, the windows barred with iron, balconies such as that from which Juliet greeted the love-sick Romeo, and painting, rough or smooth, upon the outer walls, to tell that you are approaching the land of Art.

When we reached the final summit of our descent, we looked upon a valley which had no semblance to Switzerland life. A pure Italian scene, with an Italian sky ! The outlook was not over the plains of Italy, but upon a valley, whose southern border is a mountain spur. This valley is five or six miles long and nearly as broad, with villages and villas here and there. At the farther end from our

descent, was the small town of Domo D'Ossola, our destination ; thus, to reach it, we saw the country and the people as we drove. We could not be deceived in the Italian faces, and had we been, our hotel experience would have undeceived us, for whilst they gave us the best they had, no doubt ; in charges, being strangers, "they took us in." But as we saw the valley in coming, and as we left it the next morning, we could not wonder that Hannibal, as he crossed the Little St. Bernard, coming out of the savage wilderness of the Alps, could make such a scene most eloquent to his weary soldiers to stir their souls for a conquest.

We made an early start the next morning and returned to Brieg—of course, by the same route—having the scenes reversed, but not wearying of them. We reached Brieg in time to take train for Martigny, down the Valley of the Rhone, where we arrived before night—two busy but charming days of travel ! Here I will state that as I gave up my Scandinavian trip for reasons which I mentioned in a former letter, so I have given up my trip to the cities of Northern Italy. I have seen persons who have been there, and they tell me it is fearfully hot. One of them said he contracted malaria in Venice. It would be folly to run such a risk. A single night might infuse a poison that would linger with me. Then I want to pedestrianize them as much as possible, which I could not do in such weather as prevails there at this season ; so I will put the visit off till my winter around the Mediterranean, which I hope some time to spend.

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD,

Thursday, July 12, 1883.

HOTEL CLERC, MARTIGNY, *Friday, July 13, 1883.*

Two more days of enjoyment, occupied in a visit to the Pass of the Great St. Bernard and its Hospice !

Miss R. English had a friend—Miss Clegg, of Liverpool—to join her at Martigny, so that our party, now amounting to seven, had to take two carriages. We went in carriages twenty-five miles, and then were compelled to pursue the rest of our journey on mule-back or on foot. As usual, we made an early start, again having fine weather.

This celebrated Pass is entirely different from the Simplon in its scenery. Here the road, however, is fine, as are all the roads in Swit-

zerland that have been constructed at public expense, and are kept in order, which is no small matter in this land of floods, avalanches and land-slides. To-day, on our ride, we passed over a portion which was covered and crushed out of recognition last January by a piece of a big mountain falling off. The Pass has been used for many years for travel and the transportation of armies. Hannibal did not cross into Italy here but over the Little St. Bernard, to the southwest of this. Charlemagne and Napoleon used this.

Who has not heard of the Great St. Bernard, and its kind-hearted, self-sacrificing monks and dogs? The route lies through valleys, narrow and shut in by high ranges, but often well-cultivated and productive. As you progress further and further into the recesses, rising as you go, the scene grows wilder and wilder, vegetation becomes feebler and feebler until it fails altogether, and snow and ice abound. This pass reaches an elevation of 8,120 feet, where the Hospice is located; the Simplon 6,595.

The carriage-road ceases at what is called Cantine de Proz, a military station, formerly used as a hotel or stopping-place. We changed our horses at a house a short distance back down the mountain and put mules in the carriage, being told we could ascend to the Hospice now on mule-back, the snow having sufficiently disappeared. At the Cantine the four mules were taken out of the carriages. At starting some rode and some walked, but before we reached the Hospice, all had to walk—the snow being so deep that the mules floundered and fell. Mine went in up to his girth over a torrent, and I felt for a while as I did last year when astride of a log over one of the torrents in Yosemite.

The outlook from the Cantine towards the gorge which leads to the Hospice is a picture of desolation. The very streams which drain it seem to be rushing from some horror hidden in the dark recess where the mountains come together. As you ascend the snow gets deeper and deeper, and it would have been impassable had it not been rendered compact by the midday thaws and constant use. The sun had nearly set when we came in sight of the Hospice, a large stone building with a porch in front without covering—simply a stone platform raised. So soon as we ascended to the door a half-dozen of the dogs came to greet us—noble creatures in size and appearance. Their hair is not long and shaggy, but straight and thick, looking more like the English mastiff than the long-haired Newfoundland. They have fine

faces, indicating in expression both gentleness and courage. One of them—an immense fellow—had a sore ear, which one of the ladies, in patting him, touched. He manifested pain by a whine, but never changed his expression into anger, seeming to know that the hurt was not intended.

We rang a large bell, and soon a young and good-looking monk appeared and gave us a hearty welcome. He could not speak English, but Miss Rebecca carried on our talk with him in French. He was a handsome man. We learned afterwards from him that he had been here eleven years. When asked how long he expected to stay? he replied, that depended upon his health. They come to offer up in devotion their lives or health. When worn out they are transferred to a hospital at Martigny, and racked and broken with disease, they pass the residue of their days in other lighter service. The average duration of their lives is from nine to fifteen years, according to their constitution.

He counted our number and conducted us to our rooms. The one I had was large and well-furnished, with two beds, washstands and sofa, looking-glass, an easy and sick chair. He told me when dinner would be ready, and when the hour came and we were assembled, I counted eighteen guests, women and men who had come like ourselves to spend the night. I sat at the head of the table, Mr. English on my left and our young monk next to him, and we had a dinner of courses, plain but substantial, beef, veal, ham, bread and butter, rice, cheese, plums, and wine for all.

Our monk was the only priest who appeared. This is the rule I hear. They alternate in their service and attention to strangers. After dinner we assembled in the dining-room, with a handful of fire in the grate; with fuel they have to be extremely frugal, everything is brought upon mules, wagons cannot come. You can infer what a burden it imposes to entertain those who visit them. They receive no pay, and it is said out of the twenty or thirty thousand who partake of their hospitality annually, not one thousand deposit anything in the box which is placed in the chapel for the reception of donations. What a shame!

It was a winter night, the bedclothes were piled upon me, and yet not too much or many. The wind howled around the old building as it has done for hundreds of years, and it was hard to realize that a few miles lower mid-summer was prevailing; a few miles more an

almost torrid sun. I let it howl and slept soundly, and when the morning dawned I got up and looked from the window upon a wild and cheerless scene. A narrow plat just back of the Hospice had been cleared, all else was snow and ice, and immediately under my window was a small lake or pond on which was broken and frozen slush mixed of ice and snow which you know makes such a dreary sight. The clouds hung closely around us and shut in the view with chill and smoky vapor. What a place to live in! This is summer, what must the winter be?

A mark upon the Hospice shows that the snow, one year reached the top of the front door, at least fifteen or twenty feet upon a level. And these devoted men go out with their equally devoted dogs every day, down either side of the mountain to look for those whom the storm and night have overtaken. They love to tell of how many the noble dogs have saved from death, for each one has his own honorable record.

I was up early and went to the chapel not far off, on the floor I occupied. Here I saw all the priests or monks. I learned that four of them were full priests, the rest were students not yet admitted to the priesthood. Their chapel is small but handsomely fitted up. Their services are long, beginning at half past five o'clock and lasting several hours. First, a sort of love feast, then singing, then Mass. They say their time is fully occupied, and they are happy in their lot notwithstanding their surroundings and the knowledge too, that they are sapping the vigor of their lives.

When I left the chapel Mr. English and I walked out to see the Morgue. This is the house in which those are put who have fallen and died upon the mountain. They are simply wrapped in their winding sheet and stood against the wall, and the atmosphere is so chill they never decay, but waste, and stand stark like mummies or fall into a heap of whitened bones. Not an attractive sight! But we went to see them. On opening the window, which was closed with a wooden shutter, there they were arranged against the wall, some twenty of them, whilst the floor was strewn with the bones of those who had fallen — a memorial of the fearful region so destructive to human life, and of the devotion of those who sacrifice their own to save it. The wonder to me is that any should attempt to cross these mountains in the winter-time.

Immediately upon our appearance at the door of the Hospice the dogs came bounding to greet us—ten of them—barking and dashing

through the snow, rolling in it, biting it, tossing it in the air, tumbling over each other in their sport, and running to us, licking our hands and feet, looking up with their intelligent eyes into our faces for us to admire the display of their vigorous and joyous health. We have read so much of these dogs in our young days it seems to be worth a trip to St. Bernard to see them.

We took our breakfast, visited the library—a good one—put our tribute in the chapel-box, bade our kind monk good-bye, and walked down the mountain to our carriage, four or five miles, the snow so early being frozen, bearing us better than it did yesterday. In a little while we were descending the mountain, and the winter breath of the Hospice was thawed quite speedily by the hot sun of the valley.

We arrived at Martigny in time, before table d'hôte (six o'clock), to take fresh carriages and visit the Gorge du Trient and the Pissevache Falls, a short distance from the town, being near each other and formed by or issuing from the same mountain range. The Gorge is very similar to the cañons of which I wrote you so much from Colorado, and the falls, now flushed with the melted snow, are exceedingly handsome.

We came back and dined, and after sitting awhile, I bade my friends good night and good-bye. To-morrow they go to Chamouny. I return to Geneva to get my trunk, fix up my things, and above everything else get my letters, of which I hope a number awaits me from you all, rest awhile from my travels, in their enjoyment, and then speed on to other scenes.

But before I part from my new-made friends I must tell you of them. You know I left Geneva to be absent two or three days. I met with Dr. Lowman, of Cleveland, you will recall, and we travelled some time most pleasantly together. I then met with Mr. English and the ladies, and with them, as you know, other days have gone till now three weeks have been consumed in travel, where only three days was intended. And pleasant weeks they have been, as you have gathered from these letters. The ladies are cultivated and intelligent, being so well informed as to afford much entertainment and enjoyment as we travelled amid the wonderful Alpine scenery. Nor were they novices in Switzerland, the young ladies having been partly educated in Geneva; and Mr. English having, with the spirit of an enthusiast, spent many summers in wandering through its mountains, I could not have had better guides or more agreeable companions.

And from day to day, as we talked of England and the English life, its men, history and books—happily such subjects and books were broached as I was familiar with, and my small stock of knowledge grew in their eyes into remarkable proportions, and they gave me credit for much I did not possess. The fraud of the Village Schoolmaster was repeated, and the wonder grew “how one small head could carry all I knew.” I did not undeceive them. The offence, if offence at all, was venial. Anyway, the days passed pleasantly and rapidly, they all uniting to make them thus go. To gratify me mainly they took the trip over the Simplon and to St. Bernard’s, they having been before. Mr. English is a merchant and was wealthy. His trade was large with Virginia merchants before the war, and he told me he had dealings with William Fowle, of Alexandria, years ago, without knowing our relationship, and afterwards with George. He was ruined by our civil war, and is now in moderate circumstances, but rejoices that whilst he was able, he gave his children an education.

We parted with many regrets, they making me promise to pay them a visit in Liverpool. His sympathies were with us during our struggle, and he understands well the difference between a Northern and a Southern man and their relative characteristics.

HOTEL METROPOLE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND,
Saturday, July 14, 1883.

This morning I was up very early in Martigny to breakfast and get off. I did not expect to see my friends again when I bade them good-bye last night, but they would not let me thus go. Mr. English and the ladies were up to see me and bid me good-bye once more and wish me all pleasant things on my travels, and urge me again to visit them at their homes. When I am thus treated by the few English whom I have met, what would have become of me had I extended my acquaintance whilst in England? He (Mr. E.) went to the train with me, helped me to procure my ticket, cared for my baggage, handed me on the cars, and with many tokens of regret at parting saw me off. But I may meet them again here, should I stay a day or two, as they will pass through this city on their way from Chamouny to Paris.

We ran down the Valley of the Rhone to a place called Bouveret, at its junction with Lake Geneva. I have thus traversed the whole country through which this river flows, from where it creeps out of the Glacier, a rivulet, till it helps so materially to form this lovely Lake.

I have told you of the Rhone Glacier which I saw so favorably in going to Zermatt. It is the third in size of the Alpine Glaciers. I told you of the Gorner Glacier as it looked to me like a mighty river, from the summit of Gorner Grat, receiving its tribute of other glaciers from the high mountain gorges. This is the second of the Alpine Glaciers in size. I do not think I told you of the Aletsch Glacier, the largest of them all, as it appeared to me from the Simplon Pass. Of course many things occur and many scenes and sights which I have to omit for want of time to put them down.

This Rhone Valley from Brieg to Bouveret, seventy-five miles, is exceedingly attractive, though narrow. Large portions of it are in fine cultivation, in wheat, corn, grass, vegetables and vines. Other portions, small in comparison, are in marsh or washed into gullies or exposed gravel. Here and there, dunes, hills and mounds are scattered, their summits sometimes ornamented with castles, which have stood for centuries, on either hand the huge mountains rising with every variety of outline, through which ravines appear like mighty rifts, and down whose face waterfalls flow with beauty indescribable.

At Bouveret I took boat and sailed again over Lake Geneva. You remember before, when I came from Chamouny, I visited the Castle of Chillon and then sailed as far as Lausanne, on my way to Fribourg. This time I sailed the entire length of the lake, crossing from side to side and seeing it in every part and way. For the first time the day was rainy, showery all the time. But it did not interfere with my views. Before, I saw it under the glare of the sun, to-day with alternate sun and shower. And I was left in doubt which was the more beautiful, as I was as to the Worcester Cathedral, you remember, whether under the dim religious light of painted windows or the garish glare of gas.

So soon as I landed I came to my hotel, and securing my chamber, went at once to my bankers, found your letters, brought them to my room, threw open the windows looking upon the lake, sat down with that joy only a traveller can feel, who has home and friends, and let my heart take wings and rest among you all. I will name them: Charles, June 18 and 26; yours, June 10, 17 and 24; Margaret's, June 10, 18 and 27; Mary, June 13 and 24. When I had devoured them and satisfied myself that all were well, I read the *Times* and *Dispatch*, of which I received three numbers of the former and six or eight of the latter.

I am delighted you are getting on so well with your works; new house, garden, horses, servants, farm-fencing, patients, and other things too numerous to mention. For Margaret; I am glad the Doctor continues so well. Tell him if he grumbles when he has much work, I reckon he would grumble much more if he had none. Give him my best love, and Mary, tell her to write whenever she can and give me every scrap of news that is floating or flying around. It leaves your pens a mote to you, it grows into a volume of interest in its journey to me. What has the Doctor to say about Taylor's beating him a-gardening?

Taylor writes wonderful stories about his lettuce and asparagus, and how he supplies his neighbors. I will have to set him down as Dr. Blackburn's negro man did Charles: "Mars Charles, for a *young* man, is a most didigious bragg."

To Charles: You say, you would like to be with me, I truly wish you were. Many a time as I strolled, thinking, I have wanted to think aloud to you. I know that as we thought so much to each other for four trying years, we could think aloud now, amid the shifting, varying scenes of my travel, and need be troubled with no dreams of plots and machinations. I could sleep then, though the disturbers raged; I sleep now after an exciting day among men and things which stir the blood so strangely. How think you, your nerves would stand the strain? I should not wonder if my simple story is better for you, than the sight, if you can catch a glimpse through my poor pen, of the wonders and charms I would reveal. One of the ladies (Miss Clegg), broke quite down at times, not with fatigue, but the strain of some thought or scene shook her nerves into a heap. Give my love to Mittie and tell her how I thank her for her kind messages; and as she would like to tramp with me, how I should like to have her; and to Essie, Julian, Charlie, Mary and the babies all. And now, I will close this letter and speed it off.

Affectionately,

F.

You, Margaret and the Doctor advise and determine as to Conklyn or some other tenant. Are John Stephenson and Jackson, doing their work well? Both will slight if you do not watch them. I send you two flowers, the "edelweiss," the highest flower that grows among the Alps. Send Essie one.

[No. 24.]

HOTEL METROPOLE, GENEVA,

*Sunday, July 15, 1883.**Monday, July 16, 1883.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I mailed a letter to-day, No. 23, addressed to Taylor. May it reach you safely!

These two days I have rested in this city, and therefore have not much to tell you, as I have written of Geneva on my former visit. You remember I left my trunk here and started with my satchel to be gone three days, and was absent three weeks. How occupied, my letters, which I hope you have received, will tell you.

These rests are important to me in many ways. I think they do me good after so much vigorous movement, tone up my nervous system for other efforts, and enable me quietly to think over the many sights I have witnessed and the incidents I have experienced. Then, too, my clothing has to be washed and righted. When I start again it is, as it were, afresh. How could I have rested anywhere more pleasantly? The Hotel is a handsome one in its structure and appointments, thoroughly genteel and comfortable. My room looks upon a highly ornamental square: over that, upon the lake, with its lovely surroundings.

The weather, which has been hitherto favorable, appears to have changed. You remember, in my last, I told you I had arrived at Geneva in rain. It has continued to shower, off and on, for these two days also. I fear a change has come which may continue during the rest of my sojourn in Switzerland. I was told that, before my arrival, the weather had been very adverse to tourists. Happily, my stay, up to this time, has been attended with such as to facilitate, in every way, the objects of my travel. But we will hope for the best.

When the rain would cease, from time to time, I strolled through the city, along the quais and the Lake shore, down the Rhone, where the arrowy Arve comes in, with its tribute from Mont Blanc and the adjacent mountains. This is a charming sight. The Rhone, purified by Lake Geneva, rushes, with strange impetuosity, in waters the color of the deep blue sky. A mile below, the Arve, with equal impetu-

osity, flows into it with a stream stained by the disintegrated granite and limestone of the mountains. The Rhone, the more powerful of the two, seems, with indignation, to reject the discolored current, and pushes it towards the shore, each flowing with well-marked lines for some distance after their junction, until gradually the Arve is swallowed up and suffers the same beautiful change from the Rhone, which that had just suffered from the Lake.

As I have said, the clouds have been coming and going—now falling in rain, now drifting over the heavens, letting through, from time to time, here and there, the light of the sun. Sitting at my window, in the balmy air, I have been at a loss to say, whether it is not more attractive than when lighted up with brilliant glare. Any way it is a charming place to rest, and if I could have you all with me, as I do so, I could, it seems to me, tell you far more pleasantly of my experiences in the mountains, whose distant tops only I can now see.

Tell Mrs. Tuley I called again upon her friend, Mrs. Pleasants, but she had not returned. I shall have to go from Switzerland without meeting her. As I was leaving the dining-room to-day, a gentleman spoke to me and asked if I was not Governor Holliday? I replied. He then introduced himself as Mr. Stephens from Norfolk, and also introduced two young ladies who were with him; one of them was his daughter. He said, though he had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, he, of course, knew all about me, and had heard me speak. He said he had met Mr. Summerville, who is now spending the season at Spiez, on Lake Thun, with the young lady his wife adopted, you remember. Mr. Stephens is simply travelling for pleasure. I saw him several times about the hotel, but he left before I did.

I also made acquaintances at the table and in the hotel, some Americans—all, however, from the North—and some English and Scotch. Every Englishman and Scotchman whom I have met draws a distinction between the North and the South, and does not hesitate to say that the latter are *prima facie* gentlemen—the former, not unfrequently, as Sam Weller would say, “on the contrary, quite the reverse.” One told me the gentry of those countries sympathized with us in our struggle and do so now, and the well-informed among them seem to understand and appreciate fully the characteristics of the people of the two sections. Of course, I take all this as pleasant compliment, nothing more.

Just received Taylor's letter of July 1st, and must say read it

greedily. I acknowledged in my last those that I had received from each of you on my arrival at Geneva and what pleasure I derived from them. I am glad that Taylor is getting on so well with all his works. As to my tenant, you and the Doctor and Taylor determine. I think it would be very bad to have R. on me another year to worry and annoy me. Do the best you can and try to get me another tenant. R. tantalizes me out of all patience. My farm with him, instead of being a pleasure, is a pest.

HOTEL TROIS-ROIS, BÂLE, SWITZERLAND,
Tuesday, July 17, 1883.

This morning I was up early, and by six o'clock was on my road to this city. I came the entire distance by rail by rather a round-about route. The distance travelled was one hundred and sixty-one miles, and I did not reach here till between five and six o'clock. The weather continued cloudy, but no rain—the clouds being high and not obstructing the view materially. Sometimes we had intervals of sunshine; but the condition of the weather is unsettled, and I fear that the travels which I promise myself still in Switzerland will not be unattended with unpropitious things, as those I have enjoyed have been so free from them.

But I must not complain of the day, for things might have been worse. The journey lay along the northwest shore of Lake Geneva to Lausanne (of which I have hitherto spoken in a former letter), thence turning toward the northwest to the foot of Lake Neuchatel, thence by its northwestern shore and that of Bienne to the town of that name, situated at its foot, thence *via* Delemont to this city. You can follow me on the map.

It was a delightful ride. Indeed, that term can be applied to nearly all the routes in Switzerland, whether over the plains or through the mountains. This strange country, placed like a jewel in the heart of Europe, full of history and romance, has now, in these material days, become its Sanitarium, and whilst the crowds that come hither wander among its valleys and mountain fastnesses for recreation and pure air, their eyes are ever resting upon scenes that enchant by their novelty and wonderful contrasts.

With this tide of travel have come improvements in locomotion, and where steam on water or land has not been adopted, the roads

have from time to time, either from military or commercial necessity, been so improved that you can now penetrate the most difficult passes without that fatigue which the delicate cannot endure, everywhere finding comforts that, a few years ago, were absolutely not thought of. This travel will not diminish—it will every year increase. There is no place to supersede Switzerland. People now must travel. The people of our country must come to Europe, because with many it is the fashion—"the thing to do." The people of Europe must come to Switzerland, because in Europe, that, is—with such classes—equally "the thing to do;" but there are many in both countries who come to enjoy scenes which nowhere else can be witnessed. Each visit only enhances their desire to see it again. Many come every year and either wander over the same ground, never seeming to weary, with a "fascination and spell," lingering and finding things "rich and rare" on spots which they were sure they had exhausted.

A lifetime could be spent in exploring the Alpine fastnesses, and there are some lives which have been thus well-nigh spent. Mr. English, as I told you, has been coming here for thirty years, made here his bridal tour on mule-back, but he is not weary. He says he would like to come here every summer, and, could he do no more, visit the same scenes each time, for he finds new beauties all the while in the shifting of the snow; in the work of the avalanche and landslide; in the perpetual change of the glaciers; in the shadows that come and go with unvarying effect until they assume personalities and become as "familiar friends." It is hard for one who has not been here to appreciate this enthusiasm; easy for one who has.

The ride from Geneva to Lausanne and thence to the head of Lake Neuchatel is interesting the whole distance; being through highly cultivated lands, orchards, vineyards, grass and grain, to Lausanne. The lake is in view on your right, and beyond it the Mont Blanc Range, showing their white peaks over a foreground of smaller mountains. Though cloudy the clouds were high, and this morning a remarkably fine view of them was displayed, the sun glancing now and then under the clouds and burnishing them like silver. On the left were the Jura, a very imposing range, that sweeps on the western and north-western bounds of Switzerland; not snow-clad, but massive and varied in outline, somewhat like our own Appalachian chain and of the same blue color. These mountains were in view on our left the whole day, alternately approaching and receding as we advanced.

When we struck Lake Neuchâtel we travelled on its north-western shore, having it immediately by our side; on our left, still the Jura, and on our right, far over the lake, the majestic Bernese Oberland, of which I have hitherto written so much and into which I penetrated. These glorious monarchs continued in view, rimming the south-eastern horizon, till we passed Lake Bienné, along whose entire western shore we also travelled. It is a small sheet of water and has nothing of particular interest. It would claim admiration by itself, but it has so many brilliant sisters that by contrast it is quite obscure.

The Jura Mountains, up to our arrival at Bienné, bounded our western sky, and gave us only the distant vision of their beauty. We now penetrated them and passed on our way to Bâle (this place), through the valley of the Birs, called Münsterthal, after the town Münster, located there. This Münsterthal is famous for its scenery, and is regarded as the finest in the Jura; and it is worthy of its fame and presents many striking objects as you pass through its gorges and in and out of its tunnels, slipping from the darkness or shadow of one or the other into a valley rich with cultivation and enlivened by waterfalls.

But as our estimates are comparative there was nothing to excite, after having been moved by so many Alpine scenes, and I could not persuade my mind to use the word grand or sublime; only beautiful or picturesque. I felt as I did when I came through the scenery along the Pennsylvania road after having seen Yosemite, the Sierra Nevada and the Rockies of Colorado. Had I come into Switzerland by the way of Münsterthal I probably would have expressed other feelings and used other language.

When I arrived I came to this hotel. By the time I had washed and dressed, it was the dinner hour—table d'hôte. After dinner I walked for awhile, but it was too late to see anything save the few streets I traversed. I was struck with the fact that I had gotten among a different race—the German phiz now predominates and the German tongue. It is curious how, in these European states, before you are aware of it, you have glided from one nationality into another. I should think on the borders they would speak a mongrel brogue, and I am informed they do, hard to be understood by either people, who speak their own language in its purity.

It is an old-time looking place as far as I have seen, but I will have to postpone my investigation till my return, as I propose to leave my

trunk here and start again with my satchel, making this another resting place when I get back.

The River Rhine flows through the town with a strong, full current. I have had so much to do with the Rhone of late, and have followed it through so many stages and so long, that I can hardly realize that I am now looking on another river, having its origin in the same eternal snows; this carrying their weepings toward the Pole instead of toward the Equator. The drainings of the Rhine are far greater than those of the Rhone; nearly all the Swiss lakes seek an outlet by the channel of the former, but it does not flow here with so limpid nor so fleet a current as the Rhone at Geneva.

HOTEL BAUR AU LAC, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND,
Wednesday, July 18, 1883.

This morning my start was not so early: the train left at 10.25; I was not hurried. The distance from Bâle to Zurich is fifty-six miles, and we made it in a little upwards of two hours. The country was picturesque—nothing more. The mountains were not massive along the route; those of the Black Forest on the north, and when the clouds lifted sufficiently, the splendid Bernese Oberland on the south.

I speak of the clouds; they overhung all day but no rain. Whilst the very distant views were generally obscured, the immediate were not affected. The temperature was cool and fit for walking, which I did on my arrival here. The cultivation continued much as yesterday, and the country in the valleys presented a populous, wholesome and thrifty look. Indeed many of the villages of Switzerland are something to be admired, and when you come upon one suddenly as you often do, you are charmed as with a picture, looking so peaceful and so quiet. Certainly this country, from all I can learn of its condition, is advancing rapidly under the advent of foreign travel, introducing new modes of living and money to sustain them.

You remember I was up here from Lucerne with my friend Dr. Lowman, but I only spent a few hours, he and I riding around the town, and then I bade him good-bye, returned and joined other friends, Mr. English and the ladies. This time intending to stop till to-morrow, I determined to walk over the town and revisit on foot some of the points we had seen by driving. My experience satisfies me I am right; a city cannot be seen properly on wheels.

Had I not walked over Zurich to-day, I would not have had so correct an idea of its site and surroundings. In this respect it is one of the prettiest cities in Switzerland. Situated at the foot of the lake of its own name, the Limmat river which drains it flows with a clear, and as usual in Switzerland, rapid current through the heart of the city. And that seems to be the case with nearly all the larger cities. Geneva, Lucerne, Bâle, Zurich, Bern and Fribourg, you remember, are some of them on promontories which their rivers form, and yet they are built on both sides and the parts connected by bridges. These rivers are clear, rapid streams which add wonderfully to the beauty of cities on their banks.

I walked over the town and enjoyed it greatly. The temperature was delightful and I had time to visit every point of interest, the Colleges and Schools, Polytechnique and Cantonal, the Cathedral, the Town Hall, the Market-place, to walk over three bridges from which and the heights you have extended views of the site of the city and the mountains which rise into elevations, on whose foot-hills portions of the place are located, the houses of which are reached by steps and terraces that afford promenades that command also extensive prospects. Zurich is both an educational and manufacturing centre, and from these terraces you can observe them and their busy work.

When I was here the other day I hardly thought I would be again, but I am glad that my journey to other places has brought me back, otherwise I should have had an erroneous idea of Zurich, of its situation and importance. When the Doctor and I were here, we were not only compelled to see it in a carriage for want of time, but the day was very hot, and I can hardly realize that the pavements and streets then burning under the sun's rays, are the same that I traverse so pleasantly to-day on foot.

Near the town rises one of those isolated mountains which these people are so fond of utilizing as points of observation. You remember Rigi, near Lucerne, of which I gave you an account, and of the night I spent there, and of the sunset and sunrise I witnessed. There is a similar mountain in this vicinity, on which enterprise has built a large hotel and restaurant, reached by a railroad. It is called Uetliberg, very inferior to Rigi in height or prospect, yet not to be despised. Rigi, you will recall, is 5,906 feet, this only 2,864. The road here is of much more gradual ascent, and does not require cog-wheels and rail to overcome the grade and prevent accidents. The track, engine

and cars are of the ordinary construction, and the grade has been made so light by a circuitous route as to enable the ascent and descent to be accomplished without danger or difficulty.

Having seen Zurich right thoroughly, and having several hours at my disposal I determined to spend them there. The distance is five miles and is made in half an hour. I left at five and got back at half past eight o'clock. The cars, two of them, were full of men and women. Strange to say, I did not hear one word of English spoken, a thing that has not occurred to me before in Switzerland. As I have remarked more than once I think, the majority of people I have met have been English-speaking, British or Americans. I cannot account for the anomaly this evening, for I believe every man, women and child, some forty or fifty, were German or French. The afternoon was not good for observation, and yet not altogether bad. The clouds still covered the sky, and as we rose, the horizon was broad enough to enable us to see the rain descending here and there in patches, whilst immediately about us, and over a greater part of the landscape it was dry, and in some places lighted by straggling rays of the sun. The outlook was of course not so extended as from Rigi, nor anything like so varied, and even had I been favored with such an evening as I had then, the view would have been much inferior. But such a combination of circumstances as I had then and there, I scarce ever had before and can hardly expect again.

After awhile it ceased to rain, even in patches, and the clouds lifted themselves, covering the heavens, but withdrawing their mists from the earth, so that, whilst I did not have the gorgeous coloring, I had distant views of my surroundings, even to the white line of the Bernese Oberland, which bounded the south-western sky, and in the foreground of which Rigi and Pilatus, the pillars of Lucerne, were conspicuous. The Jura mountains stood out on the west, and the hills of the Black Forest on the north, whilst the Oberland range and its smaller spurs closed the south and south-east. Within these bounds, which looked like an amphitheatre, were Zurich and its lake, spread out under my feet, and I could trace, not only the location, but the houses and points of interest I had visited, and see how the city was embracing, as it were, not only its river, but had extended itself along its banks, and for miles had made them its suburbs. The scene elsewhere, beyond the city limits, near the mountains, and for distances away, was dotted with houses, villas, villages, and towns, and patches of grain, grass, and forests.

I did not weary. After I had lunched, I walked up and down the terrace of the restaurant, which occupies the highest point, and looked at the prospect. My thoughts were with you all. Whilst thus walking, the sun sent out a ray or two, and far off in the east, the top of one of the high mountains seemed to catch it and send it back, like a banner flashing in the sky; and then the night came.

In a few minutes more we were on our road down the mountain, and I was quite ready, after my day's work, for the land of dreams.

QUELLENHOF HOTEL, RAGATZ, SWITZERLAND,
Thursday, July 19, 1883.

I travelled here altogether by rail, distance seventy-five miles. Follow me on the map, and you will infer, from its variety of scene, it must have been enjoyable. The weather, from its promise last night, was none of the best, yet not of the worst. When I rose it was raining heavily, from low and watery clouds, and I inferred that my journey was marred for the day, at least. The train did not leave till quite late—10.15 a. m.—and by that time the clouds had almost wept themselves away, and whilst they continued in the sky, did not obscure the objects near at hand, and our ride was especially to be enjoyed for these immediate scenes.

The route lay by the southern shore of Lake Zurich, with its waters at our side. The lake is narrow, and we could see the northern shore as distinctly as that where we were travelling. My observation from the mountain yesterday evening was correct, for it then lay just under my feet;—that it is one continuous village entirely around, as if Zurich had spread its suburbs there, in high cultivation, indicating wealth and refinement.

When we had run the length of the lake, we passed on to a level piece of country which lies between Lake Zurich and Lake Walenstadt or Walensee. This was formerly a marsh and so unhealthy that its inhabitants fled; but an enterprising and scientific man devised a plan for draining by running a canal through it, and restored it to fertility and healthfulness, and now, save small areas here and there of marsh, it is a productive and healthy spot.

As we advanced southward we came again into the Alpine Range, and they began to loom up around us. When we reached the little Walensee, by whose southern shore we also travelled, the big moun-

tains were again above us, and we had before us the most perfect mountain lake I have seen in Switzerland. It is small, and on the opposite side the high mountains rose right up from the shore, having houses and inhabitants only in recesses which occurred now and then, or on tables or terraces far up over the waters. The same was the case with the country on which the road was built, and we were constantly running under the mountain's brow or through tunnels. I need not say what a lovely scene it was!

Soon we struck the Valley of the Rhine, which flows thence north-east into Lake Constance. We ascended further towards its source, and in a few miles came to a place called Ragatz. Here I stopped, that I might visit what is said to be one of the greatest curiosities in Switzerland, the Gorge and Hot Springs of Pfäfers.

Ragatz is a watering place, situated at the foot of, and in a recess of the mountains. The valley is a mile or so wide here, and the plain is on the western side, composed principally of hotels, some of them large and handsomely appointed, and half a mile from the station. The one where I am, is an elegant house, having spacious grounds and gardens, cultivated and adorned with much taste and at great expense. It is remarkable, I cannot help again observing, how enterprise has taken hold of the natural advantages of this favored country, and invites the world to come, and in comfort, even luxury, see them. I am scarcely conscious at this hotel that I am in a foreign land. The manager, who politely welcomes me at the door, addresses me in English, when he sees to what nationality I belong; the porter when he conducts me to my room and the waiter in the dining saloon respond to my wishes in English, and I feel as comfortable as I could, were I in a land where my own tongue only is spoken.

After lunch I hired a carriage and drove up the Gorge of Pfäfers two and a half or three miles. It penetrates the mountain only wide enough for the stream, the Tamina, which makes its way through it, and the road cut from the side of one of the high elevations, by which it is bordered. It is quite equal, if not superior to the Gorge du Trient, which I told you of, in the Valley of the Rhone, a few days ago. But the chief curiosity is at the end of the carriage-way, which comes to a stop by the contraction of the Gorge, at which there is located a large hotel and baths. You walk through the hotel, which is fitted up in every way for bathing purposes, and come again into the Gorge, contracted into a narrow pass, composed of massive solid

rocks, lifting themselves on either side seven or eight hundred feet, on one side of which, a plankway, safely guarded, has been fastened. Below you as you go, roars the mad current, whilst above, the arches of rock bending towards each other, sometimes actually meet and wellnigh shut out the light of day.

When you have gone thus, some few hundred yards, you come to a place slightly widened, filled with vapor that I took at first to be spray from the falling water, but I soon found was steam. A guide here met me and opening a doorway into the rock, lighted lamps, and led me into the bowels of the mountain, through a tunnel cut from the solid stone and bid me look down into a well of steaming water, of which I drank, and found it pure and warm, but tasteless. The place was so filled with steam that it warmed me as with a vapor bath. When I came out I examined the outlet of the hot waters. It was flowing below me in great volume, smoking as it issued, and thus filling the gorge with apparent spray. This was simply the waste, after the hotels at Pfäfers and the Baths at Ragatz had been supplied, which is done by pipes. I was greatly interested in the curious place, and I know nothing that I have seen quite equal to it in its way.

I then returned to Ragatz and walked around among the hotels, through the extensive grounds and gardens which are attached to them, looking at the people, of whom large numbers were here, listening to the music, which is for the entertainment of the guests. I should think this a pleasant place to stop at a good while, it is so comfortable and so genteel.

I will close this letter now and mail it here. I am going further into the mountains; as you like to hear often I will speed it off before I start. Give my love to all. I hope when I get back to Bâle I will find a pile of letters, as I did at Geneva, telling me all are well.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 25.]

ADLER OR POST HOTEL, THUSIS, SWITZERLAND,
Friday, July 20, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I closed and mailed at Ragatz to-day a letter (No. 24) addressed to your uncle Taylor, for your mother.

This morning, after a comfortable breakfast, as everything else was at the hotel at Ragatz, by 9.15 a. m. I was on train for Chur or Coire, the present terminus of the railroad in the direction I am travelling. It was pleasant to be attended to as I was: the porter, the manager, and waiter all escorted me to the 'bus which was to carry me to the station, to bid me adieu and wish me a pleasant tour, and when I reached the station another porter belonging to the same hotel taking my luggage, getting my ticket and seeing me safely on the train. He spoke English well, and whilst we were waiting for the train to arrive gave me many valuable hints as to my tour through the country, I am now prospecting.

Chur, or Coire, as you use a German or a French word, is fourteen miles from Ragatz. Upon my arrival I went at once to a hotel in the town to make further inquiries as to my journey. Here, too, I found the porter, the proprietor and the chief clerk all speaking English; and as polite as they could be. I obtained information from them which determined me to move on, that I might utilize my time to the greatest advantage.

From Chur I have to use diligences, in our language stage coaches. These coaches are different from anything we have in our country, The driver has a high seat, and with him sits the guard or conductor, a government officer, who is uniformed, and looks after the safety of the passengers and mail, for the lines are owned and managed by the Government of Switzerland, and are called the Post. Just behind and partially under the driver's seat is the coupé, holding two passengers, in front and on the sides closed with glass, which you can open or not at your pleasure—an excellent seat for observation, especially if one is delicate and cannot stand the exposure of the banquette, which is a better seat for seeing, but is more exposed in bad weather, being open save at the top.

Behind the coupé is the body of the coach, and poor for observation, being closed like our coaches and hacks. On the top of this, as well as in the boot in front and in a box behind, the baggage is stored, and behind this and above the other passengers, on a level with the driver, is the banquette, of which I have spoken, like a buggy, with top and apron, holding two persons. This is the finest position of all for observation, especially if one can stand the exposure and does not get giddy in going around or along the precipices which the road passes and sometimes overhangs. They make an extra charge for the coupé and the banquette.

I tried to engage one of the banquette seats, but both were taken. I was fortunate in procuring one in the coupé. This was only to a place called Thusis, from which I am writing this letter, distant sixteen miles, and where I had determined to spend the night. But fearing that I might not be able to get such a seat to-morrow, and be compelled to ride in the close body of the coach through the scenery over the Splügen Pass, I at once paid for and took my seat in the banquette entirely through, thus increasing my expenses by double pay from Chur to Thusis. But this I did not regard as extravagant, for I always do anything, at whatever cost, which in travelling facilitates the objects of travel. It is then that expenditure often is the greatest economy. As in this case, what folly to shut one's self up for a few francs and lose the design of the journey and be tantalized all the time with its loss.

We took our seats, and my companion in the coupé proved to be a Frenchman, and neither speaking the language of the other we could only communicate in manners, and the politeness of each was something to be admired. I studied my map and guide-book, and he thinking, and rightly, that I would like to know the objects of interest, being himself perfectly familiar with the road and country, would name and point to them as we passed. He was a gentleman, and did everything he could to break down the barriers of language by a gentlemanly and delicate politeness I never saw surpassed. And as for me! you would have thought that I had on my late visit to Paris been subjected to a coat of the finest French varnish. You hope it won't rub off before I get home, don't you?

From Chur the route continued up the Valley of the Rhine for six miles and then turned up the Valley of the Hinter Rhine, one of its tributaries, penetrating deeper into the mountains—the scenery remark-

ably interesting the whole distance. The valleys of the two rivers in the level portions are productive. These levels, interrupted by buttes or hills or little mountains, sometimes of irregular contour, sometimes pyramidal in symmetry, are often crowned with churches, chateaux or ruined castles.

And I must remark, if I have not done so before, how their structures enhance the romance and beauty of the scene. I told you of some of them in the Rhone Valley, about Sion and elsewhere. Here they are far more numerous. The window of my hotel at Ragatz looked upon the ruins of an old mediæval castle, perched on a projection of the mountain. On the opposite side of the hotel there is another. Just above it, on a higher projection, is another castellated building, put there of late years for observation, and, in comparison, looking tawdry with its paint. I doubt not, unless disturbed, the former, a cycle or two hence, will be standing, whilst the latter shall have fallen into rubbish. They built in those days to endure.

These old castles, or their naked walls, as you traverse these valleys, meet your eye at every turn—now standing on one of these buttes embowered in trees, or on the summit of a bleak and barren rock; now perched on a projection of the mountain overlooking the valley; now high up on some beetling crag like an eagle's nest. There were in those ancient days men who resembled the eagle in their natures as well as in their homes. These venerable ruins, had they tongues, could tell many a story of fierce conflict and cruelty of savage and relentless infliction. They have been shoved back into history by a new civilization, but it may well be questioned whether these memorials will not survive long after those of its conquerors shall have gone, "leaving not a rack behind." But as they played their part in their day and enabled their masters to rule so long, they serve to show what a poetic as well as vigorous race they were who can thus, so many generations after, fill these, their mountain homes, with strange fascination.

I reached this place (Thusis) near one o'clock, and determined to spend the afternoon in a drive over the Schyn Pass to Tiefenkasten—a portion of the Albula Pass—and return here and spend the night. The distance is nine miles, making the ride fifteen, but over one of Switzerland's wonderful roads. This little town of Thusis is surrounded by high mountains. The Valley of the Rhine here is as wide as below, but seems to be at once shut in above. Two other

streams join it at this point, coming down from the snows—the Nolla, a small stream, unless swollen by flood, and the Albula, which makes the celebrated Pass of that name. The Rhine itself is contracted into a narrow channel, through which leads the Splügen Pass that I propose to traverse to-morrow.

I hired a one-horse open carriage and started at two o'clock. I need not say I was richly repaid. My driver was a young, pleasant fellow who, though he could speak no English, could name the points of interest and my guide-book would explain. We drove to Tiefenkasten and returned before dark. Whilst there he fed his horse in front of one of the hotels. I remained in the carriage, and a bright-looking girl came out and addressed me in English, thinking I would be a guest. I told her I was going back to Thusis, but might visit her from another direction before I left the country. I had a good deal of talk with her, obtaining information about the country. She told me she learned to speak English in London.

I have remarked more than once, I think, how many young men and women go there for the purpose of learning the language, that they may be more useful in their own homes—the English and Americans filling the land, as they do every summer. She said she spoke five languages—French, German, Italian, English and Romanic, which last is the spoken tongue of three-fifths of the people of this vicinity. Little Switzerland is truly a polyglot.

On the road, coming and going, I met numbers of tourists in diligences, in coaches, in carriages and on foot; and, as I was meeting one of the carriages, a young man rose and hailed me by name. I stopped. He got out of his own and came to mine, and addressed me. I did not at first recognize him; but he introduced himself as Mr. Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, whom I had met on the Gallia coming over. He and I had some talk on the vessel, you remember. He seems to have taken somewhat of a fancy to me. We had a chat in the road, and he said he hoped we would meet again that he might introduce me to his family, which hope I reciprocated.

What shall I say of the Pass and its surroundings? Simply indescribable! I have declared I would not attempt to describe these scenes; but my pen runs on itself. Do not take them for descriptions. Your own fancy will have to tell you how things look. When for miles I rode through a mountain-way, rising as I went,

the little river, which here has its channel, penetrating deeper and deeper into the rift till it only appears here and there, shining as it flows, and so far below that the sound of its ripple is clean lost. We climb up the mountain-side over the smooth, well-graded road, crossing the torrents which come down from above us as affluents to the river, on bridges and under arches and galleries and through tunnels that are marvels of construction.

These arches and galleries are built of stone, strong enough to sustain the avalanche and slides which are ever at work, and the bridges are something to stop, examine and admire. Two I must tell you of, one spanning a mountain stream which flows from the right into the Albula, through a gorge of a thousand feet, at least, in depth. The bridge is supported by a single massive arch, the abutments being the rough walls of Nature's living rock, and looking from above or below, I have seen nothing in the way of bridges more impressive. The other spans the Albula itself, and from it you have a view of its channel up and down, and its dark and winding passage. Whilst these views are given you of the river and its course, the mountains tower above, ornamented here and there with houses and villages with their steepled churches, that seem to be from where you are, absolutely inaccessible.

But here I am, my pen running into description. I wish an elf or fairy would come out from its crystal home beneath the glacier, and mount it, and galloping over these pages leave some faint image of the glories of its Alpine haunts. Had I the genius I would invent a tongue, whose every word should express some phase of aesthetic thought or feeling. I could then gather up these splendid scenes and throw them into the center of your heart and stir your blood to fever heat, even in the quiet of your chamber.

Now I will go to bed, "perchance to dream." For after having passed, you remember, the wild Furca by the side of the Rhone Glacier, I dreamed a friend, whose name I could not when awake recall, consulted me as to the building of a handsome house, and how and where he should have his fountains. I told him there need be no trouble, he had the Rhine on one side and the Rhone on the other, the supply was inexhaustible, and would never fail in the driest summer, for was it not furnished by the unfailing glacier, laid up ages gone, in the Eternal Hills?

CHIAVENNA, ITALY, *Saturday, July 21, 1883.*

This morning, in Thusis, it was raining heavily, and the clouds were thick and threatening. I anticipated a bad day, and thought, as several times before, that at last fortune had turned, and I was to travel through scenery worth seeing and not see it. But as the day progressed I had no right to complain.

I got my breakfast and was ready for the diligence when it should arrive from Chur, on its way over the Splügen Pass to this city. By half-past eight I was under way: my banquette seat having been retained for me according to promise. The distance from Thusis to this place is forty-two miles, and we arrived at half-past six o'clock p. m., stopping to dine, feed and change horses, which we did twice.

The road is really wonderful. I have described to you in a former letter the Simplon. This is constructed like it, but better. The galleries, which I explained to you, were for the purpose of saving the road from land-slides, avalanches and floods, are more numerous and of a more substantial character. Along miles of this, where it runs by precipices, strong walls have been built, and in some cases the mountains have been terraced with heavy stone, either to prevent wash or furnish a solid or unyielding roadbed, and this is the case every foot of the distance. Where formerly it was dangerous to travel in any mode, you now speed in your carriage, with your mind undisturbed by danger, fit to enjoy the scene.

Upon leaving Thusis we continued to ascend the Rhine to Splügen, a small village, distant sixteen and a half miles, where we dined. Almost immediately after we started, we plunged into what is called the *Via Mala*. I recall now three places of this name, which I have visited, the phrase slightly modified, viz.: the Mauvais Pas, you remember, of the Mer de Glace, where my nerves were so tried, the *Pas Mal* of the Schyn, which I visited yesterday, and this through which I passed to-day, *Via Mala*. Those names were given them when their passage was dangerous. For instance this *Via Mala* was very narrow, only wide enough for footmen or mules, and with no guards, could not be travelled by persons of tender nerves without imminent danger. Now, thanks to modern engineering, enterprise and money, the road is perfectly safe and delightful to travel, and

worth seeing too, for its environments. I told you of the Gondo Gorge on the Simplon, this is somewhat like it, but I think its superior in rugged grandeur. The mountains lift themselves two thousand feet perpendicularly from the stream, which as we ascend seems to shrink from us into the depths. First, we have it tossing by our side, then we see it speeding in its narrow bed of rock, far down, then we can scarce catch its gleam as it flows, then we lose sight of it altogether and can hardly hear the gurgle of its waters, it is so many feet below us. The road is supported at places by some of those bridges of which I spoke yesterday, whose abutments are of the living rock.

After we have traversed the gorge, whilst the landscape opens somewhat, it is still wild in the extreme. Those churches and castles are in view again. The ruins of one of the castles has a story or tradition, that a chief lived there four hundred years ago. He went down from his lofty home into the humble cottage of one of his retainers, and to show his authority, spat into the broth that was cooking on the fire. The peasant, whose name, like Tell's, is preserved (John Calder) seized him by his hair and, thrusting his head into the broth, scalded him to death. Whether this story has any more substance in it than Tell's, this is certain; that for centuries the broken tower of the ruined castle has been standing upon the sharp summit of this mountain, and from its appearance now, will be standing when all vestige of modern houses within its range shall have fallen to pieces, and the story is just as good as true.

As I have said, we dined at Splügen, and after dinner, instead of continuing in the valley of the Hinter Rhine, we turned southward and made for the summit of the Splügen Pass, six miles off. The journey still continued wild, growing wilder as we ascended, until, as at St. Bernard, we attained the region of perpetual snow, and found those same houses of relief for the unfortunate wayfarer, which we saw on both the Simplon and St. Bernard. And, as at St. Bernard, when we approach the summit, the scene becomes very desolate. Only grass and flowers at this season, no tree grows there, and the rocks and snow make it an ugly sight. But it is not so cold and desolate as St. Bernard, for, in elevation, it is much lower. This being 6,946 feet.

Soon after leaving the summit, the road, by many curves and zigzags surmounting its height, we passed into Italy. But the scene did not change as over Simplon. The mountains, in their rugged

magnificence, continued, and we descended by a route just as striking as the one by which we had ascended. In many places land slides had occurred, or tops of the mountain had fallen off and covered the region at its foot with immense boulders and masses of rock, among which the people, oblivious of the fate of their ancestors, had again built their homes under the very shadow of the mountain whence the ruin came. Romantic looking, but gloomy places to live in I should think, for they were enlivened only by the grass, which seemed to grow luxuriantly, and by the waterfalls which came down in sheets of foam or silver threads from the snows which whitened the heights above.

Winding and doubling on our track, both ascending and descending, not less than a dozen times, on either side, all of which we could look up and down upon, in full sight, the houses and villages, like toys in the narrow valleys or gorges—I could not weary, as I sat in my high seat and, with comfort, viewed the scene. The descent was rapid. With a good team, good coach, and good driver, we whirled down and around the curves, with Jehu speed, to this place, which, though surrounded by mountains, is only eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Though never emerging from the mountains, the scene changed, vegetation in luxuriance appeared, taking hold, naturally or by cultivation, of every foot of available ground in the narrow valleys and among the rocks. Chestnut trees, even in groves, were about us, and vineyards looked out and laughed on every hand. We were stopped at the Italian Custom House, but the official simply opened my satchel and closed it up again—very politely.

The Italian line is a mile this side of the summit of the Splügen Pass, and they say the snow falls here to the depth of ten or twelve feet on a level. In 1800, whole divisions of the French army were buried under avalanches in their march through this, then fearful region. So soon as we passed the Italian boundary, I could see it in the phiz of the people. And what I have seen of the race, in my short runs into their country, does not prepossess me. They are a small, sorry-looking, and rascally set. Such is their appearance in their mountain homes, such their appearance in the narrow streets of this city, through whose whole length we drove in reaching the hotel. But they seem poor, ill-fed and clothed, and I will not, therefore, judge Italy by what I have, up to this time, seen. I will reserve my

opinion and the expression of it till I have seen Italy well, as I hope one day to do. From their appearance and conduct now, they look, many of them, like a race of worthless beggars.

When I arrived here, which appeared to be a good hotel, I took a room, had supper and then walked about the place. It contains between three and four thousand people, much crowded, portions of it into narrow streets, as though it had been built in ancient times. Across the street from the hotel stands the ruin of an old chateau, kept by some repairs from falling further to decay, and back of and above it are gardens, mostly in vines, which cover the side of the mountain, high up on which they have put a summer-house, reached by terraced steps, and from which you command a charming prospect of the city and the valley in which it stands.

I went up and enjoyed the evening scene. I could see the gorge in the north by which I had entered, sending out its stream, and the Maira River, which comes in from the east with full, fast current from the direction of the famous Valley of the Engadine, where I am now bound, and the mountains towering around the town and its valley like the walls of an amphitheatre, with every variety of outline and shade; below me the ruins of the chateau and the hotel, and an elegant Campanile or Bell Tower, which stands in a Plaza surrounded by galleries containing vaults for the burial of the dead. Through some of the grated doors you can see the bones stored away with artistic design and taste, as I saw at the Catacombs in Paris; near by is the Church of St. Lorenzo. I lingered some time and enjoyed the beautiful view, for though Italia's plains are not in sight, Italia's sky and vegetation are, and I could readily imagine how just over yonder splendid mountains lies the land of the Roman.

I must not close without telling you of the weather. The rain came down fast and thick when we left Thusis, with no sign of change that I could see, and continued with us through a great portion of the *Via Mala*. But the scene there is immediate, no distant view, so that I was not inconvenienced. Indeed, the gloomy weather might have added to the sombreness of the scene. I was well protected in my seat from rain, having a top and apron and glass which closed the front, so that not even dampness could reach me. But as we advanced the rain ceased, the clouds lifted themselves from the gorge and rolled away, and when we approached its farther outlet, where the mountains open themselves like a fan, I looked up and the sky was of the deepest,

purest blue, and the sun made glad the white tops of the distant mountains. And so through the whole day we had such weather as a traveller here would long for.

HOTEL BERNINA, ENGADINE,
VILLAGE OF SAMADEN, SWITZERLAND,
Sunday, July 22, 1883.

Again when I awoke the day promised badly ; it was raining, with prospect of continuing. I was sorry for this, for I was to visit the Engadine Valley and wanted good weather to enjoy it. But I had taken my seat upon my arrival in Chiavenna that I might not be superseded. I tried to get a banquette seat, but both were taken. I then took a coupé, the character of which I have explained. After breakfasting we were *en route* by half-past seven o'clock.

I had the coupé to myself, which made it very pleasant, as I could open or close the windows at will. I could look out of either or both sides without incommoding any one, and think, as I travelled. Whilst I was with my English friends and my American friend from Cleveland I got along first rate, and now that I am by myself I have excellent company, though meeting with them when I did was in a mere selfish point of view a good thing for me. Switzerland was to the time I met the Doctor an almost *terra incognita* to me, but he and I felt our way and I learned much, and when I fell in with Mr. English, he knowing so thoroughly the country, gave me knowledge which it would have taken me long otherwise to pick up. When we parted I felt quite at home in the land.

This little country is not easy to travel in without considerable knowledge ; it is so crowded with things of interest. I know none in this respect like it.

But I am running off from the subject of my day's work. The road led up the valley of the Maira River, and we struck into it almost immediately after leaving the hotel in Chiavenna. At six miles we again crossed the line from Italy into Switzerland. We had no custom-house work as when coming into Italy, nor have I been bothered with anything of the sort since I have been in Switzerland, and passed to and fro over its borders. Maybe she is so anxious to have strangers come and see her curiosities and leave their money, too, that she desires to offer no impediment to their advent. Certainly immense sums are spent by them within her limits, as inducement.

The luxuriant vegetation which I noted at Chiavenna continued for some miles as we rose, particularly the grape and chestnut. Of the latter, were groves, even forests, large, thrifty and heavily laden with fruit. I have never seen anywhere such a growth, though I observed that they thrived in many places in Switzerland. A striking phenomenon presented itself in the sudden cessation of it, and that of other growths pertaining to a temperate region. About eight miles from Chiavenna, at a place called Promontogno, the chestnut and the vine disappeared and the larch and pine and similar growths took their place. Here stands upon a spur of the mountain reaching into the valley, the towers, massive and well-preserved, of the ruined old castle of Castelmur. From its loop-holes its lord could see on one side down the valley luxuriant vegetation, and on the other up the valley, a scene which the frigid zone might well claim as its own ; scrubby growths of pine which belong to such a climate.

A few miles before we reached Castelmur, my attention was called to a luxuriant grove of chestnuts growing amid immense rocks and boulders, which years ago had slid down from the mountain which overshadowed the spot, and buried a whole town and its inhabitants. Now, these chestnuts and the people who live in scattered cottages among them, are drawing life from the ruins of the buried village and its inhabitants.

We continued to ascend this valley for sixteen miles, till we reached Maloja the summit, having attained an elevation of nearly six thousand feet. The weather was fair enough for observation the greater part of the distance, though not settled ; as we approached the summit, for several miles it rained and then a fog came down, thicker than which London in her best efforts never brewed. The distant mountains and then the immediate objects disappeared, and we were clothed in a vapor impenetrable to the vision. Of course, this closed all observation, but the Alpine Genius wanted to show the variety of his scenes. If he could thus in midsummer shut out his splendors, what could he not do in winter, when aided by its frosts and snows ? But this condition of things did not continue long.

The diligence stopped on the top where there is a hotel, and delaying awhile, I descended to look around, and whilst doing so the thick fog lifted itself into clouds, or rolled down the mountain sides and the sun came and lighted up the pass through which we had just come almost in darkness. It is wonderful how rapidly the climatic changes take

place amid these vast mountains. A storm arises and spends its fury and is gone before you have time to consider how and whence it came, and the sun will put legions of clouds to flight almost in a twinkling, which you would think from their looks were strong enough to defy the fiercest of his rays. I find they can promise or predict nothing of the weather, and the most observant and sagest will say, they "cannot tell." Anyhow the magician who manages things seems to be my friend, and has hitherto fixed matters to suit my best desires. The weather continued fair to the end of my day's journey, half-past four o'clock, and no sooner had I reached my hotel than the rain came down in earnest, and in a little while changed itself into snow and thus continued for hours.

From Maloja we enter the Engadine proper, which is the Valley of the River Inn. From Maloja to this place it is called Upper Engadine, and the journey through it is remarkably beautiful, a distance of sixteen miles. The elevation is great, ranging six thousand feet above the sea, so that the descent from Maloja is slight if averaging any. The road as usual, is admirable almost the entire distance, skirting four mountain lakes of clear fresh water. Their names in order are Silser See, Silvaplana See, Campfer and St. Moritz. The first is four miles long, the others smaller and connected with each other by this same River Inn, of which they really are a part; the length of the connection is short, each lake being in the sight of the other. Good hotels abound and, strange to say, as also I have told you, in other parts of Switzerland they are building more, and some of them large and massive stone structures. One under construction, I observed at the head of Silser See, looking down the lake, with the lofty mountains on either side. It is a wonder how they can be profitable; the season is so short.

These hotels are scattered everywhere through the valley, wherever a particularly striking view presents itself. But at St. Moritz, the last of the lakes, they are congregated in numbers. There are two settlements here: one, the first you reach, called the Baths of St. Moritz, and the other, called the Village of St. Moritz. The Baths are somewhat north, though near the lake. The Village is on high ground right by and over it. Both have extensive and well-appointed hotels, and are within an easy, pleasant walk of each other. As I passed through them, the diligence stopping for awhile at both places, I could pretty well see them, and, from the appearance of the crowds, I am not amiss

when I say, that Interlaken and St. Moritz may be properly called the Saratogas of Switzerland; the former in the low and the latter in the high country. Fashion evidently abounds in both places, and here, too, at the hotel which heads this day's letter. It seems to be quite full, and the guests are good people, well-bred ladies and gentlemen, though few, for almost the first time, English-speaking. Some were around me at the table. But upon looking at the register, I found most of them hailed from Germany, France, Italy, Russia, and Austria.

Samaden is a village of six or seven hundred people: but really without the hotels, the town would be nothing. In this high region, grass seems to be nearly the only growth, and the valley may be called a vast meadow, not level, but rolling sometimes into considerable hills, hay being their chief product. It is narrow, but very picturesque, and as you ride through it, on one side, the lakes lay at your feet, and the snow-clad mountains, with their glaciers, look at you from beyond them.

Now the valley is alive with visitors and tourists, riding in every mode, and walking. But when the winter comes! The thermometer falling to thirty or forty below zero! Nor do I conceive it can be, even in the summer-time, a good Sanitarium for the delicate, whilst the bracing air is charming for the strong. I should think the elevation and the breezes from the ice and snow, ever in view, would be too chilly, especially as the thermometer varies twenty or thirty degrees, as I have felt it, in a few hours; but the Engadine is the fashion now, and fashion must be served, though it break both heart and health.

And now good-bye again. I will mail this here—Samaden—with best love for all. In haste for mail.

Affectionately,

F.

I will remind Taylor to have the blue thistle mowed; don't let the crop of seed fall.

[No. 26.]

HOTEL ALBULA, TIEFENKASTEN, SWITZERLAND,
Monday, July 23, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

You will I hope get safely the letter (No. 25) which I mailed to you this morning in Samaden, written to Mary.

From the heading of this you will recognize the name of a place of which I told you something in a former letter, having come here you remember from Thusis, that I might visit the Schyn, a portion of the Albula Pass, and with the beauty of which I was so much impressed.

I came over from Samaden that I might cross the Julier Pass and will return to Samaden to-morrow, by way of the Albula, or the portion of it that I have not yet seen. The Julier River joins the Albula River at this point and flows under the latter name to Thusis, making on the Albula trunk the Schyn Pass. The Julier and the Upper Albula from this point make the Passes of those names into the Engadine.

I did not start early this morning from Samaden, the diligenece not leaving till half-past ten o'clock. I secured yesterday a seat in the banquette.

I arose, hardly expecting good weather after the display of the elements yesterday afternoon in rain and snow. When I looked out the effect was manifest—the fields, the roofs of the houses and the mountains were white with the fresh-fallen snow—a wintry scene. I breakfasted and walked about the town and vicinity for several hours before leaving, and ascended the heights of the suburbs and viewed the site of the town and the lay of the valley above and below.

They have made a walk on the crest of the hill above the town and put summer-houses at intervals for rest and observation. In strolling here I had a view of the valley and the mountains, looking especially beautiful under the snow which covered them with a white mantle, whilst the temperature was simply cool and pleasant. The scene was enlivened by the laborers, men and women, in their picturesque costumes, who had come with their forks to toss and turn to the sun the freshly mown hay after the recent storm.

I lingered and wandered thus till the hour of departure, and when I came down to take my seat a young man accosted me and I recognized

him as one I had met when travelling with Dr. Lowman, a German by birth, who had spent several years in Chicago and had recently returned to his home near Baden-Baden to live. We had some talk, and when we parted he gave me an invitation to visit him.

I took my seat in the banquette and found I had a companion who this time spoke English. He informed me that he had been allowed a vacation from his duties as a minister in the Church of England and been assigned to a charge at Pontresina, a place not far from Samaden, where he had been for six weeks. The members of the Established Church have by voluntary contributions, I had already ascertained, built churches in various places in Switzerland, and by voluntary contributions likewise raised means which are put in charge of the Missionary Society of that Church and ministers supported to preach and hold service for the benefit more especially of English tourists and travellers during the season. I observed one of their churches at Zermatt, one at Samaden, and one at St. Moritz.

They send most frequently preachers who have cures in England as a recreation for them in summer. This gentleman had spent his allotted time and was going home. He was well-behaved and gentlemanly, tried to be agreeable, and was an average man of his class; did not know much and knew that slightly. Our talk led us into deeper water than he was used to, and he finding no foothold I gently led him back to shore. It is a pity for Protestantism that such men everywhere and of all denominations should be set up as leaders in perilous times like these, when Science is making upon Christianity the most dangerous attack it has ever been called upon to sustain. Yet this gentleman would be taken as a fair average.

Our route over the Julier Pass lay for some miles along the course I travelled yesterday in reaching Samaden by the shores of Lakes St. Moritz, Campfer and a portion of Silvaplana. We then turned to the north and began to ascend, which we did to the summit of the Pass, 7,500 feet—the road of course good, and the view of the Engadine, its lakes, villages and hotels beautiful, especially to-day, with a covering of snow, brightened by the sun.

After mounting this for some miles we came to a region which presented a dreary, desolate appearance, where there was not a sprig of vegetation save the grass from which the snow had gone. No trees, nor even shrubs, only the snow, and the rocks which had fallen in landslides lately or long since, and strewn themselves in immense boulders

over the narrow valley. Near the summit we saw two stone columns, one on either side of the road, five feet in height, which Augustus Cæsar put there nearly 2,000 years ago to mark that his Legions had marched by with their conquering Eagles. They were rousers, those old Romans! Wherever they went they planted some memorial of a vigorous and domineering people, and neither weather nor elevation stopped them.

When we began to descend on the northern side the scene changed and the pines appeared; in a little while, lay tracts of cleared land in the valley and on the slopes of the mountains, thickly covered with grass over which were scattered chatelets and villages. In one view we counted seven or eight of the latter, each having its steepled or belfried church perched on an elevated point, and as it were guarding the humble residences beneath its shadow. These churches are very imposing, their steeples, some of them, being quite handsome and ornate. Still more imposing were two ancient castles standing on their pyramidal buttes in view, in ruin nominally, but looking as if their walls, though shattered, could sustain many more shocks of the "Breeze," if not the "Battle."

Thus we come to this place located in a hollow with mountains around it, high and massive, whilst the valleys radiate from it with their respective rivers; in the Sehyn Pass, which you know I travelled the other day and through which the trunk of the Albula flows into the Hinter Rhine, and the upper Albula which flows through the Albula Pass, and by which I hope to return to Samaden to-morrow. I believe I mentioned this before; I have not time to look.

I now stopped and bade my English friend good-bye, he going on at once to London, his vacation having ended and his services to which he had been assigned. So soon as I alighted, I was addressed again and recognized Mr. Warren, of Brooklyn, whom you will remember as another steamship Gallia acquaintance, and whom I afterwards met in London. I mentioned him in former letters. He introduced me to several German ladies and gentlemen, now residents of New York. They are travelling together on their way to the Engadine. Mr. Warren has been lounging in London and Paris. I astonished him when I told him what I had accomplished since we parted.

When I was here the other day, I mentioned a girl who was very polite in giving me information, and I promised her I would be the guest at her hotel if I came back. It is this, where I am now writing

and is on the other side of the street and a little distance from the one where the coach stopped. So I took my parcel in hand and went over. She saw and came to meet me, and was greatly gratified that I fulfilled my promise. She gave me a very good supper and good room, and I retired early.

HOTEL BERNINA, SAMADEN, SWITZERLAND,
Monday, July 24, 1883.

Here I am again in Samaden, having returned by the Albula Pass, and having had too, delightful weather and a charming trip. I secured a seat yesterday you remember, in the banquette and had no trouble, for I went early to the office, the diligence being made up and starting from Samaden. But I could not do so in Tiefenkasten, for the regular line from Chur to Samaden does not pass through Tiefenkasten, and I had to meet it a few miles off by diligence, which runs especially from the latter place to make the connection. I knew that in the flow of travel towards the Engadine, I could not possibly secure the seat I wished at the junction, they would all have been taken through from Chur, and I determined to telegraph from Tiefenkasten and take the banquette through from Chur to Samaden, just as I did, you recollect from Chur to Chiavenna over the Splügen Pass. I got the agent to do so. The reply was, "those seats are all taken." I then determined to hire a private carriage with falling top, such as I have ridden in so often, for whilst it cost me more than twice as much as the diligence, it was far better to pay the difference than to be shut up in a close coach and thus lose the object of my journey. I trusted to my hitherto good luck for the weather, and it did not fail me. It was bright all day.

I made an early start, breakfasting at half past six, for it is a distance of thirty-five miles, most of the way ascending, as the longer ascent is on the north, and it keeps a horse right busy during the greater part of a day. Whilst at breakfast my Brooklyn friend, Mr. Warren, came over to see and bid me good-bye; he and his party proposing to go over the Julier Pass to St. Moritz baths. I infer from what he said, not in a boastful tone (for that is not his style), that he is a man of wealth; as he and his wife have come abroad to spend two or three years in travel through and residence in Europe. He seems to have taken a sort of fancy to me, and expressed regret that we are not travelling together. But he and his wife are both delicate and they

could not keep up with my rapid movements. He lived sixteen years in Petersburg, Va., and knows that we Virginians are not so bad as his northern friends ignorantly think, or maliciously or knowingly misrepresent. He sat with me some time and talked, and hoped in parting we would meet again in our rambles.

Before seven o'clock I was *en route* in my comfortable carriage. The ride was by the side of the Albula River, in a narrow but interesting valley, beautiful in the variety of its scenery, and for several miles adorned by most luxuriant growths of evergreens, not only in groves in the valley proper, but extending up the sides of the lofty mountains in belts, till they are cut short by the elevation, or by the rocks which in solid mass, rise above them into sterile or shaggy peaks, white sometimes with ice and snow, sometimes naked and barren in the clouds.

The surface of the valley is here exceedingly varied, now spreading itself into small meadows, rich in grass, and now rolling into hills crowned with clumps of trees, or cultivated to the top. This was attractive whilst we were ascending, looking upward and around us, but far more so when from time to time, I could catch the landscape in turns of the winding road, downward over that we had traversed. So lovely was it and congruous in the arrangements of its parts, that it seemed as if planned by artist skill. It would be far more proper and philosophic to say, that it seemed as though the Great Architect had placed it there to show how Nature is the School, in which all lessons in Art must be learned. It was especially fine at one point, where the ruins of an old castle, from its perch upon the brow of a lofty spur of one of the mountains, dominated the scene. Surely those ancient chaps were of a poetie turn, and had a keen aesthetic eye, even if they were a cussed, war-loving, rapacious set.

The valley contracted as we rose, till at one point it became a gorge, through which the river flowed in its narrow bed of rock, so deep that the current, save at a single place, was lost to sight. I got out of my carriage, and as I walked up the climbing road and looked over the parapet, built for safety by its side, I could only from its dark channel, hear the sound faintly of its rapid waters.

I walked eight or ten miles going up and coming down. The air was cool and bracing, the strain upon the horse was great in pulling up for hours so long a grade, and I could get far ahead, and was a considerable way down the mountain, on the other side, before he could

overtake me. We stopped to dine when we reached nearly the top. A number were at the lunch-house, travelling like myself, but all were Germans or French. No English-speaking this time. At the table I could only make my wishes known to the girl who was waiting, by pointing to my neighbor's plate—whether I wanted what he had chosen or not. But the Dutchman loves his belly and generally fills it with the best he can, though willing if he can't, with worse. I was safe here, however, and got by pantomime and the Dutchman's taste and appetite, a sufficient dinner for a tourist who wanted something to eat, nothing more.

After dinner I walked on and told my driver, when he was ready, to follow with the carriage. In three or four miles I reached the summit, where is located an humble hospice or house of relief. I observed as I went, how the elevation was gradually changing the face of things; the luxuriant evergreens gradually disappearing, and all other growths, before we attained the summit. The scene was desolate. The mountains, on either side, were above us thousands of feet, though the summit of the Pass is seven thousand six hundred. And from their sides, in centuries, masses of rocks had fallen and strewed the valley with boulders and immense stones, in such vast piles and heaps, that no living vegetation could find a lodgment there. The mountains both here and at the Julier Pass, let down and make an opening, which as you ascend looks like a huge cusp, supported on either side by elevations like gigantic pillars.

For some miles across the top on either side, there was no sign of life, not even a shrub, save the stunted, knobby grass you have seen in marshes, and those beautiful, tender flowers, which seem so to love to make their short and quiet life a paradox. I send you some gathered by the snow near the hospice. They will lose their gleesome smile before they reach you, because they have been torn unwillingly from their bleak home.

My driver overtook me on my walk down, and I got in and, coming rapidly around the frequent curves and reaches, soon looked upon the Engadine—a beautiful scene—the river flowing with swift current through its meadows. We struck it at a place called Ponte, four miles below Samaden, and drove thence, here, arriving at the hotel at six o'clock, p. m. As the evening closed, it grew cooler, and on the road visitors were walking and exercising, wrapped in their winter cloaks and coats. When the sun shines and the sky is clear, or clouds

are simply drifting across its deep blue by way of ornament, and the snow of the mountains and the glaciers merely send their breath to cool and invigorate the air, the Engadine is the place to come, for either sick or well. But when the sun is off, and the sky is cloudy or precipitates rain and snow, even in summer-time, and the winds come from the glaciers, not to cool, but to chill, then the well and strong want to wait till these unfavourables decamp, and the sick and feeble feel like fleeing forthwith to a milder clime.

My observation and experience is that the Engadine, six thousand feet above the sea, is exceedingly lovely to look upon, when the weather is good, and delightful, too, to live in. But when the weather is bad, that those many things, which make it so attractive, become impediments in the path of either health or pleasure. This applies to all such scenes and places here and elsewhere. I have seen Switzerland in weather rarely enjoyed for so long and continuous a spell, and its beauty does really seem to be a proof that such a thing is a "joy forever."

But I can imagine no more desolate and dreary country in the world, should the sun deny its light and the clouds come and settle upon the mountains, and the fog, as I had it for an hour or two the other day, smoke through the valleys and gorges. If long continued, we would want to escape, as quickly as possible, from such depressing sights. There is, says the wise man, "a time and season for all things." There is a time and season for Switzerland to be seen:—in that time and season I have seen it.

SAME HOTEL, SAMADEN, SWITZERLAND,
Tuesday, July 25, 1883.

Another day of fine weather and pleasant incidents. I visited the Bernina Pass and Hospice, twelve and a half miles from this place; going and coming twenty-five. I had not determined last night to go, letting it depend upon the weather, which then was unpromising. But when I had my breakfast, appearances for a good day were favorable, and I ordered the carriage, one horse, and of such fashion as I have hitherto used and explained to you. The road, as usual here, was admirable. The little horse was lame, but the boy who drove told me, in the best way he could, in a language I could not understand, that he was always so and it would not hurt him; and sure

enough it did not. A more plucky little animal I never saw; he carried me there and back without the slightest trouble, and at a spanking gait.

The road passes through Pontresina, another town of hotels, some of which are very imposing. It is located in full view of a magnificent glacier—the Roseg—and is an easy point from which to radiate on excursions to this and other objects of interest. Hence its popularity; for it has that reputation, and I should think it deserved, from the number of its hotels and the crowds of people I saw as I drove through. The ride, as to the Pass, was much the same, in general character, with a portion of some I have hitherto visited and described in former letters. There are no gorges, but the Bernina River, which rises near the Hospice, makes its way through a narrow valley, bordered or formed by striking mountains clothed at first with evergreens, which gradually disappear, as we ascend, until at the Hospice, and for some miles around, not a tree or shrub is visible, and blank sterility and desolation prevail.

Here, while I think of it, I must tell you, all the Hospices I have named, save Simplon, are very different from St. Bernard. That and the Simplon are occupied by monks and supported by the Roman Catholic Church. The others are owned by the government, as well as the Houses of Refuge, and are occupied, in many instances, I believe, by lessees, and used as hotels and restaurants. I suppose the obligation being upon them to receive and care for the storm-driven wayfarer when he seeks them and needs assistance. This Bernina Hospice is kept as a hotel, and when I arrived, a number of carriages were at the door, which had brought people for the same object that had carried me.

The Hospice is a large and substantial stone building, much in structure like the others I have visited situated in the wilderness; but I have seen none whose surroundings, in a simply scenic point of view, which surpasses, if equals it. Whilst my driver was feeding and resting himself and horse, I wandered around. I went to the summit of a small mountain near the centre of the amphitheatre, which is formed by the higher mountains, and had a magnificent view. The house was hid by the brow of the hill when I stood in certain positions, and then nothing was visible but those wonderful sky-scraping peaks of every conceivable form, capped with snow or rugged with naked rocks, one or two miniature Matterhorns sending up, cone-like, a single rock, and

right above me, wedged in between two monstrous mountains, the vast Cambrena Glacier, which looks down from its beetling crags with glad or gloomy face, as the lights and shadows play.

Beneath me on the summit of the pass I counted four beautiful lakes of different forms and colors. One is near the Hospice, immediately by its side; the other three are separated from it by a slight ridge, and all are in a line, diminishing in size in the order of their site. The first you reach in ascending from the Engadine (for all are in full view from the road) is the smallest, and hence called Lago Minore, the next larger is called Lago Nero, and the third, the largest, Lago Bianco. The last two are so named because the waters of the Nero are black as that of the Dismal Swamp, and that of Bianco almost as white as whey. The contrast gives them a curious appearance, for they are near each other; only a few yards apart.

The waters of Nero flow into Minore, and together make one of the sources of Bernina River, that is a tributary of the Inn, which you know drains the Valley of the Engadine and sends its waters to the Black Sea. Strange to say, the third and largest lake, Bianco, sends its waters to the Adriatic, occupying the apex of the water-shed, which is so near a level that when the lake is flush it overflows the piece of land between it and the Nero and sends a portion of its contents to both seas. It is said the striking contrast in color is caused by the Nero being spring and simply surface water. Bianco receives the weepings of the glaciers, which give it that whitish hue.

On the ride these magnificent glaciers were from time to time in full view and near. I have mentioned Roseg especially, to be seen from Pontresina, though as I write my windows open on it, that and its adjacent mountains a vast mass of snow and ice, without a spot of any darker substance upon its surface. I also mentioned the Cambrena Glacier, near the Hospice, and the feeder of Lake Bianco.

There is a third between these two and as fine as either, and which I turned off a mile or two to visit, called Morteratsch. They have made a carriage road towards it as far as possible and then a short foot-path at the end. In sight of the glacier is a Restaurant. They have tunneled the monster, and now you can walk through galleries of ice laid there beyond the memory of men, and hard and clear as crystal. It drips near the door in warm weather, but far within I did not notice any dropping as I walked. It stretches above you like a thing of life along the mountain side, moving imperceptibly but slowly and surely

down, writing its history upon the rocks to be read by geologic men, who have taxed their brain as other scientific men have worried theirs to read the hieroglyphics upon Egyptian stones. Numbers were here too, like myself, to see what they could.

I returned by five o'clock, having spent a pleasant and profitable day, so busy I had not time to eat my dinner at the Hospice or get a lunch at the Glacier Restaurant. There is a charm about these things of which I have written that makes me never weary. When I am by myself with them there is a silence and a solitude which are profound, and yet I never feel alone, for at every step there is something "new and strange" that fills the mind so full of images there is no room for loneliness.

I will now close this letter and send it off from this place, Samaden. To-morrow I start upon my return to Bâle, where I shall fix up, rest and prepare for another tour. But above all, I shall look for many letters from you all and every one. I anticipate the repetition of the delight I had in reading those collected in Geneva during my former trip; there I looked out of my window, as I read, upon Lemman Lake; this time I shall look out upon the Rhine and feel the better, as its waters, which I now know so well, will be speeding in the direction of my thoughts.

And now, good-bye, with tenderest love for all.

F.

[No. 27.]

HOTEL POST, LANDECK—TYROL, AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

Thursday, July 26, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I mailed (No. 26) in Samaden the morning before I left. This has been a beautiful day in weather, full of pleasure and incident.

I left Samaden before five o'clock, a. m., on the diligence, securing my favorite seat in the banquette. I was there alone—the other passengers being in the coupé and inside. I was glad of it, for unless the companion had been agreeable, I should rather have been as I was in riding through so interesting a country. Whilst at breakfast I asked the servant what of the weather? He replied,

pointing to the mountains, that the signs were unfavorable. A high peak, covered with snow, was golden with the first rays of the coming sun, being so high as to catch them, whilst clouds drifted athwart a nearer and much lower peak. The result proved that he was a false prophet, for it turned out one of the loveliest days of the season. All signs fail in this land of currents that come and go, making weather such as no skill—not even that of the barometer—can foretell far ahead. Mont Pilatus is also regarded as a weather-gage; but his signs, too, failed more than once when I was at or near Lucerne, within sight of his majesty.

The day of travel was long in distance and in time. I was riding on the diligence for seventeen hours, leaving Samaden, as I have said, at five o'clock, a. m., and arriving here at ten, p. m., though some time was lost in eating dinner, and changing coach which was done twice.

My journey was down the Engadine—the valley of the Inn, for whilst the Engadine, as the term implies, is the valley of the River Inn, that name is not applied to the entire valley. But my ride to-day was altogether down that valley, embracing in it the whole Engadine below Samaden, having, you remember, traversed before the entire portion above. Though so early, the hands, male and female, were abroad in the fields curing the hay—the women with red turbans, red stockings, short petticoats and variously-colored jackets, as busy and doing as efficient work as the men. Here I must tell you how industrious the women of this country seem. They work in the field with the men both in Switzerland and the Tyrol, sometimes doing what we regard as a man's work. Generally the men, in securing the hay and grain, use the scythe, and the women rake and rick; but I have seen them working on the road with shovel, and, in some instances, mowing their own hay. I rarely ever saw them idle. If they were about the house they were washing, knitting or doing some other work, taking their commodities to market and bringing back their exchanges, which they do in baskets carried like a knapsack. They would be walking often with heavy burdens and knitting as they walked. I have made this digression, because such things concerning a people of a foreign country and their habits are interesting to know.

This Engadine, which has become so known of late, is sixty miles of the upper valley of the Inn, and is rarely more than a mile wide,

averaging in elevation nearly six thousand feet above the sea. The Engadine is also divided into an upper and lower. I have hitherto given you some idea of the upper as far as Samaden, with its lakes and other beauties. The upper extends seven miles below Samaden, and continues much the same in character and production as that above. The lower Engadine is generally not so wide, sometimes closing into narrow passes or even gorges, and sometimes widening into meadows similar to the upper.

I noticed the inhabitants tried to produce grain in the lower, but I saw no great success attending the effort. The potatoes looked well; but it seemed to me that grass was the normal production, and a more beautiful meadow my eyes never rested on than the whole of this remarkable valley. Everywhere rich and green when in grass, now level as a floor, and then rolling gently, or mounting into hillocks and hills extending up to the flanks of the high mountain. Through the middle flows the river, generally with improved and protected banks, as it hurries with its light-green, limpid waters from the glaciers and snows. When the lands are not in grass or cultivation, the evergreens, of which I have several times spoken, are luxuriant and beautiful, and, what must not be overlooked, the old castles, towers and chateaux which abound, you can readily imagine, add much to the beauty and interest of the scene.

At a place called Süs, twenty miles from Samaden, we stopped for an hour. I had observed as I approached, a ruin crowning one of those peculiar hills, springing up from the valley like a pyramid, and I determined when we stopped, to try and climb to the top and see if the old things are as strong as they appear in the distance. I experienced that it was no easy undertaking. It took me nearly the whole hour to go up and come down.

I found the ruin of considerable extent. It is called Fortezza, and is thought to have been built by the Romans. It is of unhewn stone, and the mortar still strong. The walls now standing are plumb and look as though they could endure for many more generations. You have no idea what interesting places these are and how picturesque. Sometimes they look absolutely inaccessible, and appear a part of the elevation itself. This structure seems to grow sheer out of the solid rock which is the apex of the mountain, and is visible up and down the valley, and looks like a sentinel on guard.

The villages and towns we drove through are not of any consider-

able import, save that many of them have quite respectable hotels, which are frequented by those, who from want of inclination for show or want of means, do not wish to go to the more fashionable and crowded centres, and yet wish to enjoy the mountain air. Several of them were of interest to me, because they had been burned down and recently rebuilt. You see at once the contrast between them and the old towns and villages, both in cleanliness and ventilation. Instead of having loop holes, as it were, for air and light, they have modern windows and do not have the filth of the stables about their doors; as Tuck Grim would say, filling eyes and nose with "hartshorn."

I am quite sure the miserable appearance of some of the people of this country has not proceeded and does not now proceed from anything in the climate. Nor do I believe that cretinism and goitre come from drinking snow-water; but from living in houses into which pure air does not penetrate, or if it does, is saturated with the filthy odors of the vicinity, before reaching the lungs. These things are changing everywhere. Money and new architectural ideas with it are coming in, and the fine hotels put up by enterprise over the land are teaching them how their own homes may be made as healthful to themselves as the former are to strangers who come to visit them. A good many fires over Switzerland would be as great a blessing as they were to London more than two centuries ago and to Chicago within our own time.

At a place called Schuls we changed coaches, or, rather, I was compelled to procure another ticket on to a place called Nauders, using the same coach. I hurried to the office and secured the same seat. This time, however, I had a companion—a German. I asked him when he got up if he could speak English? He replied "*A leetle*," and it was, sure enough, only a "*leetle*." He did not at all, by his talk, interfere with my meditations, and was subsequently, as you will see, of much service to me. He said he had a brother, a banker, in New York, who had been living there for twenty years and married an American.

Before reaching Schuls, I forgot to remark, we passed a celebrated watering-place, called the Baths of Tarasp. The hotel, situated on the road and on the banks of the Inn, is a large and handsome one, and the people I saw looked fashionable, like those at St. Moritz; but the English-speaking have disappeared. Nearly all are Germans; some French and Italians. The scenery became wilder as we

advanced, and, fifty miles from Samaden, we crossed to the right bank of the river (we had travelled hitherto on its left) over a bridge which divides Switzerland from the Tyrol, and, for the first time, I was within the dominions of the Austrian Empire.

Of course, the inevitable custom-house was there; but the officers gave me no trouble, they demanded no passport and did not even open my satchel—simply asking if I had any tobacco, or, in general words, other prohibited articles. There were some men and women inside whom they seemed to suspect, and opened their luggage, consisting of several small trunks, and found some things on which they collected duties. They returned them when the duties were paid and did not further disturb the owners, whom I did not see, they being inside the diligence.

We then left the banks of the River Inn, which here flows through a profound gorge, and ascended the great mountain which helps to form it. This is called the Finstermüntz Pass, and the road presents, with many returns upon itself, as you ascend the lofty mountains, scenes of remarkable grandeur. Behind is the Valley of the Engadine far away, looking, as it recedes into the distance, through the masses which form it, narrower and narrower, like a spiral gorge. Surmounting the summit, we made our way rapidly down to Nauders, charmingly situated in a small valley.

Here, again, we got new tickets, this time changing coaches. The vehicles we now rode in were of a different structure—simply carriages like our hacks, holding four, with folding tops. My German friend and I were separated in the seating of the passengers. I was put with three Germans—one a priest, the other two beer-swilling Dutchmen. None of them could speak English, so that I had in effect my ride to myself—free as though I were alone.

The distance to Landeck, our objective point, was twenty-seven miles along the River Inn, which we now returned to by the eastern part of the Finstermüntz Pass, through three tunnels and two avalanche galleries, over a road of magnificent construction and through scenery so much of which, in kind, I have told you of, though each differs from the other; all of them can be pictured when you have a general knowledge of their character by the term Alpine. The pass was certainly very grand, and the Austrians have utilized its bulwarks by making them a defence, placing strong fortifications in one of its narrow passages.

The whole journey, twenty-seven miles, from Nauders to Landeck, is by the banks of the Inn, tossing and hurrying always, sometimes maddening into cataracts, and grown from the rivulet when we first make its acquaintance, at the foot of the Maloja Pass at the head of the Upper Engadine, into a strong, rushing river. Night came before we reached here, and it was nearly ten o'clock when we drove up to the hotel.

And, now, such a scene! The town is in among the mountains, and by reason of its site is a rendezvous from several roads, as well as a point of distribution. The spectacle was bewildering. The noise and tumult of foreign tongues; the yelling of the wagoners and coachmen; the crowds of men and women, too, looking for each other or their baggage; the street in front of the hotel filled with conveyances of all sorts, come in from every point of the compass, seeking lodging and rest during the night for their owners or passengers.

Among the voices I could not catch a single English word. I got out and went into the hotel. The scene here was more bewildering still. It was a big hostelry, with a hall through and rooms on either side. Reception room, dining room, smoking room, kitchen, all seemed to be filled with a babbling crowd. The fumes of the kitchen and tobacco penetrated everywhere, with the sound of tongues, but not a word of English. My German friend and I were parted, as I have said, in the carriage at Nauders, and I had not seen him since. My luggage had been put in the boot of the coach he rode in and it had been driven off in the dark, I knew not whither!

There seemed to be a number of servant girls running around, answering the questions and inquiries of importunate travellers. I appealed to them in English and French; they only answered with a bewildered look, "Nein!" I then saw a jolly, good-looking fat lady, of middle age, with an intelligent, amiable expression, whom I took, and rightly, for the hostess. I went to her and she replied to my inquiries in French and English, "Nein—Dutch." All at once she caught my meaning, her face lightened up and clapping both hands, exclaimed in tones of inquiry, "Chambre?" And I with equal enthusiasm replied, "Yaw!"—Now for my luggage.

All this took place in a crowded hall. A young man, smoking and drinking his wine in one of the rooms, hearing what was going on, jumped up and left his companions and coming out offered his services in French. As well as I could I made my wishes known to

him in the same tongue. He went at once with me to the stable and finding my luggage had been sent to the hotel, returned, and speedily we had it in the room assigned me; it is a very comfortable one, everything is clean and tidy as a pin. The room opened upon a portico or balcony, the furniture was good and the bed clothing white and spotless, a charming change from the dirt and clamor of the lower floor.

Now that I have my chamber all so snug, I must see as to my movements in the morning, for if left alone and with not a soul to speak English or maybe French to, how in the world would I make my wants known and ever get away? I went down and on the porch met my German friend, who spoke English a "*leetle*." That *leetle* now availed much. I explained my wishes, to know at what hour in the morning the diligence left for Bludenz. He made the inquiry for me of a man standing by, who replied, giving the information, but at the same time said that he was going to take two ladies to Bludenz in the morning and would take me too, giving me an outside seat, such as I wished. The diligence did not start till near the middle of the day and reached Bludenz sometime after dark, but he would start at seven o'clock and make the whole distance by daylight. This was another instance of my good luck as a traveller. I engaged the seat, and thanked my German friend and bade him good-night, hoping to see him again before I left.

Maybe you think I was much worried at the scenes through which I passed, and the troubles I seemed to have; but it is not so. I have had experiences of travel enough now to know that such things must happen, and that there is some way out in the end however labyrinthine the difficulty seems. I had been so entertained by the fascinating scenes through which I had passed during the day, that though the travel was long I felt no sense of weariness, and the muddle to me was equal to a farce. The crowd was like that which one would see at a village inn, upon the arrival of a Circus—the hurly-burly and confusion. Yet knowing well no harm could come, I enjoyed it as much as I would have done in my young days, had they been in the ring with all their tinsel on. And thus was my first evening spent in the famous Tyrol!

HOTEL POST, BLUDENZ, AUSTRIA,
Thursday, July 27, 1883.

According to engagements, I was up, and after a sound night's rest was ready to go. The excitement of yesterday and last night did not keep me awake, nor arouse any dreams, pleasant or unpleasant. I had my breakfast by signs, for the girl that waited on me could not speak French or English; as the old lady said last night of the whole household, "only Dutch,"—but I made out to get it and by seven o'clock was on hand, as was also my man and his carriage. Two German ladies, whose names even I never heard, occupied the inside, I occupying a seat with the driver. His carriage and horses were good. He was a careful man with them, and though he had a long drive over a high mountain of forty-seven miles, he made it in the time agreed upon—twelve hours,—reaching Bludenz at seven in the evening.

The road was like the others I have described, and scenes as usual full of interest. Our journey was now up the Valley of the Sanna, a tributary of the Inn, for some distance to where it is formed by the Trisanna and Rosanna, both coming down from the mountains, valleys and gorges. Where they meet there is one of those strange old castles perched upon a knob, jutting into the river, looking inaccessible. Our course lay up the Valley of the Rosanna, almost due west inclining slightly to the north.

We stopped at a place called St. Anton for a couple of hours, for our horses to feed and rest, and ourselves too; a dirty, filthy little village. I got my dinner by pantomime, not a soul speaking French or English.

We had risen from Landeck 1,600 feet, Landeck being 2,600 and St. Anton 4,200 feet above the sea. We now began to rise more rapidly by a steeper ascent, till we attained the summit of the Arlberg or Adlerberg Pass, which is 5,800 feet, and is the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine. There is a hospice on, or near the summit of this pass, also a large stone building with several dependencies. Like the others, it is located in a wilderness, and when we drove by, the wind was blowing keenly and the scudding clouds flinging spray into our faces, but favoring me as usual by not falling in disagreeable rain. The valley, till the Pass was wellnigh

reached, was interesting—not so grand as some of those I have visited, but affording me constant pleasure in viewing the ever-shifting landscapes with their lights and shadows, as we climbed up, admiring the evergreens which clothed the mountain sides with a richness nowhere surpassed.

These ceased before we reached the summit, as if afraid to venture there even with their hardy nature. The spot was sterile and desolate, producing neither tree nor shrub. From the summit we descended rapidly into the valley, getting each mile into milder and milder regions which was shown by the vegetation of every kind. Bludenz is only 1,900 feet above the sea, and when we arrived we were in quite an extended valley with walnuts, apples, pears and grain, rich meadows and gardens blooming and flourishing everywhere.

They are building a railroad from this place to Landeck. It was a source of constant interest on the route to watch the work. It is simply immense; I learn that one of its tunnels will be seven or eight miles in length, with numerous smaller ones. But independent of the tunnels the exterior of the work is marvelous, bridging the mountain torrents which would otherwise traverse the track, cutting a roadbed along the almost perpendicular rock or earth, which has to be supported by terraces built of massive stone for miles, and by galleries to protect it from avalanches and landslides. It is astonishing that men undertake such vast schemes and accomplish them too. Thousands of hands are employed on the road at different points, and seem to be pushing it with vigor. Yet when I viewed it from below, it appeared to me that it was located, in some places, where nothing could save it from destruction should an avalanche or slide come down. The mountain rose steep above it for thousands of feet. A slide of deep snow or earth would be fatal.

There were notices placarded that when a trumpet sounded, the traveller on the turnpike must "halt!" Blasting up on the mountain side, stone would come from the elevation with the velocity and momentum of a cannon ball. I could not read German and our driver could not read, or was careless enough not to. I heard the trumpet sound from up so high the trumpeter was dwarfed into a pigmy. And the mountain across the narrow valley echoed so beautifully, that I was enjoying the notes as I did those of the Alpine horn, thinking of no danger. All at once I heard the rattle

of stones above us; I looked, and they were coming down the mountain across our path. Most of them happily were small and were caught in the crevices of the great rocks. But some came on, and one big fellow as large as my body, ricocheted across the road, just in front of us, with the speed of a shell, as I have seen the latter do so often, a little while ago. A few feet towards us, and the horses would have been killed; and a few more still, and my story would have ended.

I do not think I have mentioned, and it ought as a matter to be noted and one which you would like to know, the Engadine is Protestant. So soon as you cross the border and come into the Tyrol, you pass into a Catholic region, which becomes manifest by the paintings of the Virgin, Infant and saints upon the churches and private houses, and by the shrines which are erected on the roadside, in most instances with ugly images of our Saviour crucified: sometimes of some saint, with the image in his hand, looking upon it with doleful countenance. These things meet you everywhere, you can hardly turn without seeing them. In villages and country, at the inns and before the private doors, and at the public fountains, of which there are numbers—the water flowing perpetually from one or more spouts into large stone basins, generally where the women assemble to do their washing.

I never saw any devotions at these shrines, nor any evidence that they were respected or revered, save that they were not destroyed or defaced. Indeed many of them were so gross and badly executed, that their very appearance was as ugly as a defacement. Whilst I was riding in the carriage with the priest, I several times wished instead of being a man shut up in a foreign language, it had been my learned and accomplished friend, the Bishop of Richmond, especially when near Landeck, we saw high upon the mountain a shrine so large and so situated as to be visible for miles, representing in life-size our Saviour and the thieves on either side. Leading to it from the base of the mountain six or eight smaller shrines with images of the same poor design and execution. This, my guide book told me, was a "Pilgrimage," but I saw not a single pilgrim.

Nor did I see in all my travels through Roman Catholic regions, a single act of devotion to or at one of these shrines, great or small. Of course the Church says, these poor things are not to be worshipped; they are simply suggestive of duty. But as that Church is

and always has been full of wordly wisdom—being in its day and generation wiser than the children of light—and has followed the apostolic injunction, of “being all things to all men, that it may save some,” I should have, ignoring any reflection on his Church and its services, liked to ask my friend as a philosopher and a man of sense and observation, if the day for these things has not gone by, and whether instead of reaching the human mind and heart with his Faith through them, they are not now impediments to the advancement of his high and holy Creed?

The thoughts of the world have changed since Mediæval times, and what would have been regarded then, or even in much more recent days, as needed for the promotion of the Church and its affairs, would now be considered simple trumpery. I should have liked to have had his views, right here upon the spot. And to have asked him if such looking things, in this Material age when ideas are creeping and have crept into the minds of the most ignorant from the domain of Science, which have affected them profoundly, though they know nothing of its Genius, ought not to teach us that religion can only survive when it is spiritualized? Maybe I am wrong; if so, he would have set me right.

When I reached the hotel at Bludenz I found I was still beyond the range of much English-speaking travel, and no one there could speak that tongue; but the head-waiter spoke French, so we got on very well. I had quite a comfortable supper, my room was all I could wish, and retired with the prospect of a pleasant night.

INSEL HOTEL, CONSTANCE, *Saturday, July 28, 1883.*

As might have been expected, my night was one of sleep and rest after so much of travel. By half-past eight I was up, had breakfasted and was on my way to the train—for here is a terminus which brings Bludenz in connection with the world. My riding on horse-back, on mule-back, on man-back, on foot, in diligences, in coaches, in carriages, is for the present ended. This road takes me to Bregenz, on Lake Constance, a distance of twenty-six miles. We go down the valley of the River Ill, which is a tributary of the Rhine, which latter you know flows into the Lake Constance and makes it as it goes a part of itself. The valley around Bludenz is very pretty, and so continues till it approaches the Rhine. The

mountains which bound it gradually come nearer and nearer, till at length the river is forced to make its channel through them, they have so barred the way, by a deep gorge called the Feldkirch, and then quite suddenly comes out into the broad and beautiful valley of its own name.

These Ranges have a way of creating surprises, and when you least expect it a lovely landscape will thrust itself upon you which no limner can imitate in the richness and variety of its contours and colors. And some such continued along the Rhine Valley to Bregenz, which is situated at the extreme upper end of the lake. Here I had determined, should the day be suitable, to change from rail to boat and go to Constance by water.

When I left Bludenz the weather was unfavorable, and when I rose and looked out, the day promised badly; but as it progressed the clouds spent themselves in showers, and when the train arrived at Bregenz the sun was shining brightly. I had hardly taken my seat at Bludenz in the car when a gentleman got in and bade me good morning very politely. He had a knapsack in his hand, and was returning evidently from an Alpine pedestrian tour. These pedestrian tourists' name is legion—they meet you everywhere you travel. Ladies and gentlemen, teachers with their schools, boys in the enthusiasm of their young strength to try and “do” the Alps; some for pleasure, some for health, some professionally to sketch and paint—I met several of these last—some to gather data for books. This in passing.

When this gentleman entered and addressed me in German, I replied in English, which he did not understand. I then replied in my poor French, which he answered in much better, and we had what talk my command of the language enabled us, which was meager. He learned where I was going and how I wished to change from rail to boat. When we arrived at Bregenz he got out and helped me with my satchel, said he would walk to the pier whence the boat left and show the way, and offered in every manner to help me. I accepted his services and he accompanied me. When we parted (which I did with thanks for his great courtesy) I took one of my cards and wrote my name and address and gave it to him, and asked him for his. When he read my name and title he touched his hat politely and said he did not know he had had it in his power to assist in so slight away a gentleman of rank, and then gave me his card. All was done in a shorter time than I have taken to write it—on his

part with far more grace than I have been able to express. Certainly I do happen to receive a great deal of courtesy, attention and service; more than I have any right to expect, and it comes at times too, most apropos. I have never gotten into a difficulty or needed help in travel that it did not come some way or how and most pleasantly, without being sought or importuned.

The boat I found would not leave for several hours, and I went to a hotel near the pier. Seeing an attendant who could not speak English, he went at once and brought one who could. This was, after my late experience, a delight. He asked me if I would have dinner, Table d'Hote? Now this I have usually avoided, because it takes so long.

I don't think I have explained to you yet, in any of my letters, what a European Table d'Hote is. In our country, you know, at hotels, after the American style, all sit at the same table and take what they want from a bill of fare, and the dinner like any other meal, is counted as a part of the *per diem* board, whether you eat much or little. In Great Britain and Europe generally, at first class hotels, you are charged so much for your room, in accordance with its quality, so much for your candles (for they have no gas); so much for services. They have no breakfast or supper at a public table. These meals you take where, how, and of what quality, at your pleasure, in the *salon* or restaurant of the hotel, and pay for what you get, as at a restaurant with us.

But at the No. 1 hotels they have a Table d'Hote dinner varying, in the hour, at different places. Sometimes five, sometimes six, sometimes seven o'clock, to suit, in a great measure, the hours of business in the cities or in the country; at watering places, perhaps the hours of travel. Those dinners have fixed prices at each, amounting from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter of our money, but generally about one dollar. You can or not take this meal at your pleasure. When you do, it is paid for at the table, or charged in your bill on final settlement. When you take your dinner in restaurant style, it is also, sometimes, paid for at the time; sometimes charged. I have pursued both plans, in the former case having nothing but my room, lights, and service to pay for; though out of London and Paris I have always let them charge my meals and paid, finally, the whole sum, because this the hotels seemed to prefer.

Now, as to the style of this Table d'Hote: it is a regular fashion-

able dinner of courses—generally five or six courses and dessert, and, as you can imagine, takes some time to dispose of. You have to accept what the courses give you, and you can get only in courses. It thus takes a good while, from an hour to an hour and a half, consequently I have generally avoided them, because I was so busy in my sight-seeing, I could not be on hand at the hour, and also did not wish to take so much time from my work. I have entered into this detail because I know it will interest you.

These are things which we all like to know, and which some travellers think unbecoming or too trivial to mention. They are really most important, because they let us into the modes of life of the people we see in strange countries.

When my friend, the inn-keeper, for it was he who came to greet me, in broken English, asked if I would take Table d'Hôte; I replied, almost for the first time, gladly, that I would. He said it was then ready. His hotel having it earlier to suit the tide of travel to that place. I had several hours before the boat left. I wanted to rest, having nothing to do, and had no objection to be fed slowly whilst resting. I never ate a dinner with more satisfaction; it was good, well served, and plenty of it, and I enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate*, at the same time mingling with the old Roman's idea, the lighter sentiment of his successor—the lazy Italian—the *dolce far niente*. I had some talk with the inn-keeper after dinner; he told me he had a brother who had done well for himself in America, having gone to a hotel as waiter, and afterwards married his employer's daughter, got the hotel, and is now thriving.

I strolled through the town for some time, and then took the boat and was soon sailing or steaming over Lake Constance for the city of that name.

This, you know, is the largest of the Switzerland lakes, but not the most beautiful, though, if it had not so many competitors, it would be regarded as very lovely. The water is of a light-green color, limpid and pure. The evening was clear, though towards night-fall it grew quite chilly on the water; the boat making a breeze in addition to the one we had in our teeth.

We sailed, touching only on the northern shore, stopping at eight or ten places. The shores, as they rise from the water, are cultivated in vines, as is almost the whole region from the time we struck the Rhine Valley between Bludenz and Bregenz. I noticed in that

valley a good deal of Indian corn, but did not think it a success. The stand was not more than four or five feet, and it had attained its growth, because it was in full tassel. The wheat, barley, potatoes and grass looked well. We stopped at some places of considerable import in size, but they have nothing in them to entice a traveller to remain: Lindau, Frederickshafen, Immenstaad, Meersburg.

We reached here towards dark and I came directly to this hotel, and my friend's table d'hôte having satisfied my appetite for the day, I soon went to bed. Good place for me to go to, as our dear mother used to always tell me.

SCHWEIZERHOF HOTEL, NEUHAUSEN,
FALLS OF THE RHINE, SWITZERLAND,
Sunday, July 29, 1883.

The Insel Hotel, where I stopped in Constance, is an interesting old place. I was readily induced to look around and through it this morning after breakfast, which I took quite early that I might see Constance and get off for the place which heads this letter by the eleven a. m. train, stopping at Schaffhausen.

It was formerly a Monastery, and, without disturbing many ancient and beautiful things, they have converted it into a modern fashionable hotel. Think of it, ye cowed monks, who exercised sway within these walls! Yet it ought not, upon reflection, to disturb your bones so very much. A large part of the regimen of our hotels is the manner in which they cater to the appetite of their guests; and here now the Restaurant is the old Refectory, and I venture to assert, that whilst our modern dishes may suit our tastes, that no traveller gets there a more toothsome meal than was served up to those same self-denying mortals.

The Monastery, though now an inn, has been preserved in its interesting and handsome portions. As I have stated, the refectory is the restaurant; the beautiful chapel, with its groins and arches handsomely frescoed, is the dining saloon. I have seen no saloon anywhere to compare with it in massive, yet simple, strength and beauty. As I have had occasion before to remark, these monks had their heads not only full of scholastic lore, but they knew how to design plans of architecture, which survive to the admiration of our day. Witness the cathedrals, some of which I tried to give you a faint

idea of when in England, and this little chapel of an old monastery, hardly intended for any eyes save those who inhabited the apparently gloomy pile. The cloisters, too, are preserved, where the inmates walked to and fro and counted their beads, and, in meditation wrapped, designed the conquest of the world.

The pile is situated on an island ; it fronts toward the lake, and around it flows a moat of the same pure water. It has an ornamental garden, too, and things are so delightful that to be an inmate is to pay no penance now.

I walked over the city, having several hours to spare, visiting the ancient Cathedral, wherein John Huss and Jerome of Prague, were condemned to be burned for heresy ; and when I had seen that, I went to see the houses where they lived and whence they were taken to be tried. Then I walked out of the town a mile or so and saw the great boulder with their names inscribed thereon, standing upon the ground where they offered up their lives in fire. Such places ought to be marked, because they have told immensely upon the world's destiny—more than many think. Then I walked the streets and looked at the quaint and venerable houses, from whose doors and windows that generation, old and young, heard of and witnessed those events, some wondering, some denouncing with bated breath, some thinking God thereby was served.

I love to wander through the narrow, crooked streets of these venerable towns ; the houses look so curious, so wise and knowing, as though, if they chose to speak, they could unravel many a tangled thread of history, whose twists and knots were woven within their walls hid from human eyes. It is better they should not speak ; I am quite sure their tales would not generally go in any way to swell the glory of the Race.

Thus was consumed the hours I had to spare before the leaving of the boat for Schaffhausen. At eleven o'clock I was *en route* on a little steamboat down the River Rhine. I preferred this, the weather being good, to the rail, because the journey is very picturesque. The river flows in a narrow, swift channel from Lake Constance into Unter See, another of those lakes which so abound in Switzerland, and then on in its own channel to Schaffhausen, a mile or so below, where are the Falls, and of course, the end of navigation of the Upper Rhine. The day again was beautiful. I sat upon the deck enjoying the surroundings, beguiled by the music of a band which

was going to some festival, and entertained us with their strains as we approached the town, which brought the people to the shore, who thronged the wharves in their holiday attire.

The scenery was fine, the fields green with the vine upon the hills, or grain and other growth upon the plains. The venerable-looking towns, with nunneries or monasteries here and there, converted to secular uses, chateaux and churches looking so ancient with their towers and steeples, whilst on some high and peaked hill the ruins of a castle stood. Then the water and its flow! so pure, bright and sparkling in the sun, hurrying with rapid gait to tell its kindred in the Low Countries of the wonders of its highland home, how it came from out of palaces of ice, whose lords hold in leash the elements and ride upon the storm.

When I arrived at Schaffhausen, I went to a hotel, and having had dinner, hired a carriage, drove about the town and thence to this place.

There was nothing in Schaffhausen to detain me over night, and I could spend it pleasantly and profitably here in visiting the Falls of the Rhine.

The ride from Schaffhausen to this place, two or three miles is very interesting, and the hotel where I am stopping, all one could desire, surrounded by handsome and spacious grounds on an elevated site, my room looking upon the river and in full view of the Falls. I can, from my window, see the rapids above as they dash over the rocks, beaten across their entire breadth into white foam, and then for a mile or two below as the stream still rapidly travels on. These are not the highest, but the largest Falls on this continent; the Niagara of Europe—and there is as much difference in magnitude between them and Niagara, as between their respective continents. These, including their rapids, are about one hundred feet in elevation, with a much narrower river and much less volume of water. You can estimate the difference; yet they are exceedingly beautiful, and I enjoyed greatly my ramble amid their surroundings.

I walked through the gardens of the hotel and up the banks of the river, through the little town of Neuhausen and then across the railroad bridge which spans the river above the rapids, and then through the grounds of an old castle, or rather chateau, now used for a hotel, perched over the brink of the falls, looking as picturesque as those chateaux can, and then on the banks and viewed the waters at every point of their descent. Like many of the falls that I have seen,

it grew upon me. I think all waterfalls are attended at first with a sense of disappointment. They improve on acquaintance. Motion is accompanied with constant change both of play and of lights and shadows. It has been thus with all I have ever seen and is so with this; the trouble is that having seen Niagara, others are dwarfed by comparison with its immensity. I then descended to the river and crossed to the side of my hotel in a rowboat, thus having seen them every way and how.

When I returned, the proprietor informed me there would be an illumination of the falls at half past nine o'clock that evening. I told him I was glad to hear it, and he might put my proper contribution in my bill. He added, I need not leave my room, as its window was in full view of the spectacle and he would notify me at the hour.

I was really at a loss to know what an illumination meant, and how water was to be made to play a part in pyrotechnics. The result was far beyond my expectation, rockets were sent up from both sides meeting over the falls, along the sides of the river banks and on an island which divides the falls, combustibles of various colors were put, which being lighted converted the waters and its foam into streams and clouds of living fire—a really most brilliant exhibition. I told my host I was quite willing to pay for such a show.

HOTEL TROIS ROIS, BÂLE—BASLE OR BASIL, SWITZERLAND,
Monday, July 30, 1883.

By seven o'clock I had breakfasted and was under way by rail from Schaffhausen to Bâle (this place), a distance of fifty-nine miles. The ride was beautiful, as usual here, the road almost due west, the river trending towards the south for some miles, disappeared from view, but it did not take with it the beauty of the scene.

We passed through a valley, every rood of which is cultivated in rectangular lots or patches, such as I described to you in France. Wheat, rye, grass, potatoes, but very much the larger area was in wheat (save along the slopes) and was in its harvest time. The gleaners were in the field, men and women, the former with scythes, some of them having a small light board instead of the fingers of our cradles. Some of the women had sickles and were cutting by the handful, but generally they were raking and binding into sheaves. The crop was golden in the quality of its straw and seemed to be a heavy one. The slopes of the hills generally were cultivated in grapes.

The river again met us, half way to Bâle. I caught at first only the shimmer of its bright waters through the leaves. Soon we were by its side and it was a charm to watch it; the beautiful thing, hastening through beautiful things, to tell to beautiful things, its beautiful story!

Upon my arrival here I came at once to this hotel, where you remember I left my trunk two weeks ago. I ordered a room and had my trunk brought. And forthwith went to my bankers for letters from you all, the most interesting thing that could engage my attention. I received the package of letters and papers and at once came back, sat down and devoured them, every word. I will name them: one from Charles, of 9th; one from Margaret, of 11th; two from Mary, 2d and 8th; two from Taylor, 5th and 13th. I should have liked very much to have seen Annie and Sallie. You must tell them, if they have not gone, how sorry I am not to have been at home. Annie is a good little woman. Give them my love.

I will now bring this long letter to a close, and with it end my experiences in Switzerland. I have no doubt you are glad of it, you have had enough and are weary of my enthusiasm. But strange to say, I am not weary myself. There is no country on the earth like it. Other countries it is true, have Nature's wonders to show. America has many, but they are scattered over a continent. There is no land where they are concentrated as here. Not many travellers have seen Switzerland as I have. Blessed with health and strength, fine weather and other advantages, I have traversed nearly its entire surface, and yet to me, with all my diligence, it is unexhausted, inexhaustible. I wish I had been able to transmit to you one tithe of the glorious things I have seen and the emotions they aroused; that, no pen, however gifted, can do. Set in the heart of this continent, it is not a jewel, but a casket filled with precious stones, every one of which has its own peculiar luster, and all together blaze with the splendor of a crown.

To Charles: I am glad you do not weary with my talk. It must be your love for me that enables you to wade through what I write. How can it be otherwise? I write because my home people want to know my every step, but all the time I feel what a sorry picture I am drawing of things, to paint which requires a pen of light. You, Mittie and Essie must not worry with them, if you tire. I wish I could be with you when you go to visit Taylor, and we would sit on

the porches, back and front, and talk of things old and new. With love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

P. S.—By the way, I forgot to send the flowers, which I gathered by the snow, near the Albula Hospice. I do so now. When at the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, there was a book in which the visitors recorded their names, sometimes with remarks. Some were very fulsome or foolish, of course. I left these words in memory of my visit and treatment, conveying the simple truth. "All the world has heard of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, but no one who has not been here, can form any adequate idea of the life-sacrificing devotion and gentle hospitality of those who occupy and conduct it." I put it here now as one of the incidents of my stay there. May God bless and keep you all, each and every one! In a great hurry.

F.

BÂLE, *Monday, July 30, 1883.*

My Dear Taylor,—

Of course your letter, Margaret's and Mary's gave me infinite pleasure. I am sorry for your servant-troubles. I hoped things would go swimmingly till I returned. I am sorry for your sake too, that Missouri has gone. She suited you, if she chose. They have sold the paper mill. I am satisfied with your acts in the matter; let the U. S. bonds be transferred to me, and the money remain in bank till I return. Those bonds are as good an investment as I can now make.

As to the farm, you, the Doctor and Margaret do as you think best. I don't want R. there another year to worry and annoy me. Maybe the one Dud. Miller recommends will suit. How about his wife? I should like to have somebody I can advise with, and a nice woman as wife, that I can go to the house with some pleasure. I write in great haste for the mail. With best love.

Affectionately,

F.

I am sorry I did not see Annie and the girls. Tell Mary to write and give me all the news, I want to hear everything. Tell Dr.

Mason if I had him here among the mountains of Switzerland, he would think they were as fine as his beloved Jefferson Hills. I will compare them for him when I get home. Give him my warmest love. Ask him where J. G. is? I have not met him yet, though I have been looking for him as travelling companion. What kind of a one does he think he would make, as at present advised? I fear you are having a heap of trouble with the house. How about Geo. Bush? I wish I could be with you and Charles in August.

[No. 28.]

BÂLE, TROIS ROIS HOTEL,

Tuesday, July 31, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

Yesterday I reached here and finished a long letter (No. 27) to your mother, and mailed it to your uncle Taylor. I told you in that of my reception of yours and Charles', giving the dates of each, and how I sat in my room, after I had gone to my bankers' and received them, and enjoyed a luxury which only a traveller knows who has a home and friends to hear from. There is a luxury in resting, for travelling properly is not idleness; and I feel in writing these letters that I am, as it were, resting at home talking to you.

After dinner I walked over the old city, with its crooked, narrow, cobble-stone streets, and enjoyed it as I always do. I don't think I traversed a single street, save in the outskirts and newest portions, where two could walk abreast on the side pavement. It was a constant performance of politeness to step into the gutter, which happily is always dry and clean, that a coming pedestrian may have the path. When I met a lady of course I got into the gutter—you would say, a mark of courtesy quite extreme—but when I met the men of the city they almost always did the same for me. I have noticed everywhere in Switzerland the marked politeness of the people to strangers. The Government and people leave nothing undone to open their attractive country to them; they bring the pabulum on which both State and citizen live. The Swiss, in times gone by, have helped other nations to fight their battles; now other nations are pouring wealth into her

lap. These streets could be much improved by throwing a portion of the carriage-way into the pavement, though both are "fanged with the same murderous stones;" but it is hard for new ideas to penetrate the heads of burgomasters who sit in halls centuries old and have looking down upon them in their deliberations painted figures of their ancestors, who made and walked these streets generations gone, and thought them good enough.

The Rhine flows through the town with a bold, rapid current, and is spanned by three bridges. I crossed one of them and walked upon the embankment on the other side and had an excellent view of the older part of the city, with its ancient Cathedral situated on an elevated site, the walls of its enclosure rising from the river's current. On the bridge is a small chapel, and opposite to it is a triangular column, on which there is a barometer, a thermometer, and the miniature likeness in bronze of a quaint colossal crowned head, the Lällenkönig—which stood in the clock of the gate turret of the Rhine Bridge for many years, machinery rolling its eyes and protruding its tongue. When the ancient bridge and clock were taken down a few years ago, this quaint head was removed to the Museum of Antiquities belonging to the Cathedral, and there I saw it to-day, rolling its popped eyes and sticking out its long red tongue, just as it did centuries ago. Those old Teutons were a hardy set we know; they had too a vein of humor that their stolid faces do not indicate, as is shown by the curious things that have come down from them to our time. You remember Bern and its funny devices? Bears, its heraldic emblem, in every conceivable humorous attitude and performance. It is said the larger and older part of this city put the grimacing head and face on the bridge looking towards the younger and better part over the river in ridicule of its verdancy and sappiness.

This morning I called again at my bankers' and was glad to get two more letters—one from you dated —, and one from Taylor dated July 15. I took them with me to the Museum and read them there, surrounded by paintings and the like, oblivious for a time of things around me. In answer to Taylor: I think it would be better if Pendleton has not had his office fixed, to wait till I get home. The improvements he suggests require some judgment and attention; the plastering was so badly done that I am sure it will not hold paper. The defect was in the third and outer coat; it was done imperfectly

and scales, so that if paper is put on it the whole will fall. I have been troubled all the time to know what to do with the bad job, and now think it will have to come off, and both his and John Williams' offices replastered. The woodwork in both, before painting, ought to be righted up. I ought to be there to see it done. When I fix them I want to do it handsomely and well. So if Pendleton has done nothing, ask him to wait till my return, and I will do it right.

I am glad to hear Taylor is so nearly through with my farm-work. I asked him in one of my letters not to forget to mow the blue thistle whilst in bloom. I hope your father, mother and he can get me a tenant with whom I shall have some comfort on my return. Conklin seems to stand very much in his own light in refusing to take it, or hesitating rather. The character your mother and father give of his wife is a great inducement, for it would be an agreeable thing to have such a person conducting affairs there, instead of one I have had to avoid. But I have no doubt he will take it, and we might upon trial of each other, make different terms. I am easy to satisfy on that score, if they will only comply with the terms when made. How has John Stephenson done his work? He can do well, but needs a little looking after, if not watching, and Jackson the same way. How about the rent of the new building, and Taylor's friend? Tell Taylor if he wants money, to use what he gets from Ritter.

Now let me come back to Europe for awhile, though I think sometimes, I am giving Taylor so much trouble with my affairs in America, I had better go back to that continent. Between us, it is hard to thoroughly manage two continents, though I might fix off Europe if he can hold things in America. He is at present, from what he writes me, master of the situation there, and I am gathering up this gradually and with time might have it pretty well in hand.

The Museum contains a good many curious things, among them some Dutch paintings which interest you after you have become used to them. At first they are, many of them caricatures, but every now and then they startle you with their vividness and power of expression, peeping as it were from covert. Then too, you are taken by surprise by the manner in which they pin the funny to the serious. If death is introduced though with grim visage and tragic mien, ten to one he has about him some comic air. Their Death is generally in a Dance. I visited the Cathedral, a striking old structure and in admirable repair,

also the collection of antiquities gathered there. Here I saw a breech-loader three hundred years of age and more. What of Colt? A revolver and a rifle cannon as old. Is there anything new under the sun? Books printed with movable type, just after the invention, as I saw also in London you remember, and bound too, better than they print and bind now.

STRASSBURG, *Wednesday, August 1, 1883.*

I left Bâle this morning to make the descent of the Rhine. The train did not leave till eleven o'clock, so that I had a little time to wander; to visit my banker, see if any more letters had come, and arrange my finances. I found no letters or papers in addition to those I have already noted.

Your map will show you that my route to this city was down the Valley of the Rhine. The river is not travelled here, but trains run on either side, that, on the west to this city and further, that, on the east to Baden-Baden and beyond. I determined to come here first, more particularly to see the Cathedral and what belongs to it.

The Valley of the Rhine is wide at this portion of its flow, and is made by the chain of the Vosges mountains on the west, and the hills or mountains of the Black Forest on the east. As you travel on the rail, you see the whole breadth of the valley, reaching from mountain to mountain, but the river itself is not in view, it being at mid-distance between the chains and flowing in a level country, is concealed. The plain I should think, averages ten to fifteen miles in breadth. The mountains look as though they are nearly parallel to each other in their trend and resemble our Blue Ridge in their distant appearance in some portions of the state. They have not the hay-ricky look of those which bound our portion of the Valley of Virginia, but rather the variety of outline of those in Albemarle and Nelson. These mountains are, as it were, the exhalations of the Alps and may be called their foothills. The Vosges which were on my left and nearer to me to-day, are a continuation of the Jura range by and into which you remember, I travelled from Geneva to Bâle when on my journey to the Engadine.

Both the Vosges and the Black Forest are much resorted to by tourists, and, like the Adirondaeks, have been mapped out and written up, and many pedestrians frequent them to stretch their limbs and fill their lungs with mountain air—some, doubtless, simply

to say they have "done them." There is only one thing that makes me desire to visit them—they are covered with those fascinating old castles, standing and striking symbols of a past civilization. I would like to wander among them as I did among the Cathedrals of England, and try to lay hold upon the Genius which designed and built them. For many years the American Indian was a sort of myth to me—the most intangible of historic men. Nor did I hold him fully and his characteristics in mind till, whilst in Richmond, I read the travels, diaries and observations of the early colonial travellers, and afterwards saw them myself in their normal state, though modified by circumstances, on our Western plains. I think now I have them as clearly as I have any other people. So with the Cathedrals. I could not at first take in fully them and their architects and ancient occupants and secrets; but now I know how they were built, and how their walls are filled within and without with human lives.

I want now to know these castles, whose ruins mark so many heights on these rivers and their valleys. I should like to look in upon the domestic and social life of their fierce masters. I see their habitations were meant for war; but there are so many evidences of taste and poetic temperament manifested in the selection of the sites of these strong homes and their finish, that their inner life could not have been all strife and blood. There must have prevailed around their fireside and table "wassail and song," and a refinement mingled with them. Maybe, one of these days, I will visit specially these old places and gather up the materials. I hear many were destroyed during the last Franco-German war. I fear the vandal hand of our modern civilization will sweep them, ere long, away. We could see many of them from the train, ever dominating some height and often on the highest, making it a mystery how the occupants climbed there and carried their subsistence.

The Black Forest is in Baden, the Vosges are in Alsace-Lorraine. I travelled to-day through Alsace—you know now a province of the German Empire, conquered in the late war after having been in the possession of France for more than two centuries. It must have been hard for France to give it up, and for a long time the people were dissatisfied, and those who could speak German, would not. They scorned even the tongue of the conqueror; but we people of the South know how time wipes out these antipathies, and that, in a little while, generations will come who know not France.

The Valley from mountain to mountain is level and in high cultivation—every acre apparently in wheat, hops, oats, vines, potatoes, clover, grass, and, after a while, quantities of tobacco. The last looked vigorous and thrifty, but I am not a sufficient judge to say of what quality. The other crops varied—some good, some moderate; but the whole area of land seemed to be cultivated—laid off in squares and rectangles, as I have hitherto described, but no homes as in England and our country, with the snug enclosure and surroundings. The country people, or those who cultivate the soil, as in France, live in towns and villages crowded together, which have no external special characteristics. From these they go out to till their lands in the vicinity.

I reached here at four o'clock, came at once to this hotel, obtained a room and then walked through the city for awhile. I went to the Cathedral, but my time was so short it was only a casual visit. I shall return to-morrow morning: I will now express no opinion of it. I dined at table d'hôte to-day at six. Having time and having eaten nothing since breakfast, I was ready for a good meal, and, not being hurried, was prepared for a long sitting. After dinner I strolled out again. My attention in these walks was drawn more particularly to the number of soldiers;—soldiers everywhere. I really think that one-half the men I saw were soldiers—soldiers on duty and off duty; soldiers in full dress and in undress; soldiers with arms and without; soldiers alone and in squads; soldiers marching and at rest; officers, commissioned and non-commissioned; soldiers—soldiers everywhere and how. I felt that I was in an Empire sustained by arms. The vast force of a million must be quartered somewhere, and I doubt not I shall find them in many towns and cities in Germany—more, probably, here by reason of its late conquest. When one thinks of the immense number of youths it requires to fill the ranks of such a military host and of the enormous expense to sustain, arm and equip them, which must come from the people in taxes, it reminds one of Saturn devouring his own offspring.

BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY, *Thursday, August 2, 1883.*

Who has not heard and read of Baden-Baden, the famous German watering-place?—once the world's gambling saloon, where men and

women gathered to risk their fortunes on the cast of a die, and where novelists, ambitious of portraying psychologic complications, laid the inception or denouement of their plots.

This morning I continued my investigation of Strassburg. I walked over much of the city; visiting its market places, public squares, churches, etc. They have two squares ornamented with bronze statues, and each named after the individual so honored. One to Marshal Kleber, and one to Gutenberg, who made his first experiments in printing with movable type in this city. They are both of bronze. That of Gutenberg very good. The face exactly like my engraving over the mantle in the sitting room.

I then visited St. Thomas' Church (Protestant) which is six hundred years old, and contains a magnificent marble group in honor of Marshal Saxe, erected by Louis XV., in 1750. It is certainly uncommonly well done—representing him stepping, with a dignified, composed mien, down towards his coffin, the lid of which death is lifting, whilst on his right lay the emblems of the nations whose armies he conquered: the Genius of France in grief, attempting to stay his steps. The figures are life-size, drawn and sculptured in life-like attitude and spirit. Here, too, I saw two curious old remains. Those of the Duke of Nassau and his wife in their coffins, dressed in the clothing in which they were entombed. The flesh on his face is preserved; she is a skeleton: her face and head, only the bones, and her crossed hands; the flesh gone. It is wonderful how his is preserved from waste—you can tell what manner of looking man he was—dressed in the costume of the period, two hundred and fifty years ago. Though the flesh of the wife is gone, the costume is intact, as she was buried. Indeed, so well preserved is the clothing, that I have my doubts as to its age.

I then walked to the Cathedral to get another look at it and its contents. It is, you know, regarded as one of the greatest in the world, and its clock as the greatest horological piece of mechanism now in existence or that, probably, was ever devised. I first ascended to the outer platform or square of the Cathedral, to get a view of the city and surrounding country. I had formed before, I found, a pretty accurate idea of both, by travelling over and walking through them. The city is built upon a plane which extends in all directions for many miles, east and west, as I have before remarked, to the mountains of the Black Forest on the former, and the Vosges

on the latter. It has, from time immemorial, been regarded as a military key by every nation which has owned or claimed it, and been strongly fortified, according to the ideas which ruled at the period when its various defences were built. The fortifications of the French were heavy and closely hedged the city. These, I understand, the Germans are dismantling and destroying, building them upon a more extended scale and further from the city. As we came in and went out, in the ears, we passed many of them, new and old.

The Cathedral then, in the distance, presented its most majestic and imposing view, rising above the buildings of the city, and conspicuous in its immensity for miles. This view of its exterior, I think, is the finest. When you stand immediately in its presence, there is too much tracery and slender work in its architecture, which is lost in the more distant view. Built, as it is, of red sand stone, the delicate spires and open work give it a friable and perishable look, and it loses that strong, massive appearance which is so much more enduring, and excites, in the mind of the beholder, so much more confidence. It is purely Gothic.

I think, when visiting the cathedrals in England, that I remarked, I was much more impressed by the Norman, simple and strong, than by any so-called improvements on it, in the early English, Perpendicular, and Decorative styles, and that, in restoring those Cathedrals, or in continuing their structure from generation to generation with new styles as they came into vogue, by far the most impressive portions were the old Norman. This Cathedral, so grand in general proportions, loses much, I think, of its impressiveness by this tracery and light open work, which belongs to the later Gothic style. Portions of the exterior are finished most elaborately, with niches and statuary, and in relief—thus particularly the façade—indeed all the portals with carved expenditure of artistic skill and labor. There are hundreds, I may say thousands of statues, statuettes, reliefs, some of them uncommonly fine. Among them many where the funny or the humorous, either in figure or expression, predominate, showing, as I have before observed, that there were streams of hilarity in what seem apparently sombre lives.

For instance, on the façade there is a group of the Virgin and the Child enthroned. Leading to the throne there are probably ten or twelve steps on either side. On every step there is the carved figure of a lion; the one on the step above in communication with the one on

the step below, the latter of whom wants to go up a step higher towards the object of their adoration. The expression of these beasts is something inimitable. The one on the lower step is sometimes demanding, sometimes importuning permission to ascend. The expression of the one above who holds the position is likewise varied. Sometimes he is holding his ear close down to the face of his follower below, as if listening to his request and reasons; sometimes he is holding his head averted, as if saying "That wont do;" sometimes he is frowning, with his visage direct in the face of the suppliant, as if saying "How dare you come up here, you impudent fellow?" sometimes he is looking up towards the enthroned group, as if conveying the request and awaiting the response; and sometimes as if engaged in earnest argument, to show why permission ought not to be granted or if ultimately granted for awhile delayed. Most of the niches are filled with statues and the pedestals too; but a few are still vacant. I do not know whether they have ever been filled or whether they were shaken or knocked off in the bombardment during the late war. The Cathedral was struck several times, and one shell or ball broke the upper part of the steeple and knocked it quite away; it has since been repaired, and there is no mark of war now visible upon it.

The inside of the structure is much more imposing I think. It has not the defect which strikes me attaches to the outside. It is simpler and presents a more solid and durable look. The space enclosed makes a solemn and grand impression. The pulpit is of carved stone, ornamented with many figures; the windows of stained glass and handsome. But the wonder is the Clock, with its complicated mechanism, having a complete planitarium and perpetual calendar, and the ability to regulate itself and adapt its motions to the revolutions of the seasons for an almost unlimited number of years.

But what attracts the stranger, and one who knows nothing of these complicated and scientific things, are the motions of objects on its face or about its outer structure. It is large and takes up the east side of the south transept. It is in three lofty compartments; the middle, containing the works, the faces and the images; and two others, one on either side, of the same elevation. The smaller one of the side structures contains steps to ascend to the different parts; the other is crowned with a cock. The middle and most important has on it the ordinary face of a clock, below which are two child angels; one with an hour glass, which it inverts at the stroke of every hour; the other holds in

its right hand a mallet and in its left a bell, on which it strikes the quarters of the hour. Above, one stage higher, there is a skeleton representing Time; he holds also a bell, and at each quarter of an hour a figure steps forward and strikes upon it the number of strokes representing the proper time, then moves by the image of Time and his place is taken by another, representing a different period of human life, who also strikes his appointed quarter, and moves on in like manner. Thus pass in these quarters Boyhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age, each performing its part in the hour which represents his stage in Life, and at the full time, when Old Age has struck four times to indicate the fourth quarter Time himself, who holds the bell in his left hand with a mallet in his right, strikes the completed hour.

In addition to all this, which is the performance of every hour, at noon—twelve o'clock—the twelve Apostles come out and walk before our Saviour, who sits enthroned on a still higher site, bowing to him as they pass, and whilst they thus move in procession the cock at different stages of their progress claps his wings and crows three times, with an accurate imitation of Nature that is startling, and fills the great Cathedral with its sound. I have been minute in describing this remarkable piece of mechanism, because it is esteemed the most so in the world, and because I have seen descriptions of it not accurate. Another error is, that this clock is very old. This is not true. It was made in 1838–42 by a clockmaker of Strassburg. It displaced a clock which was constructed in 1789, which replaced one constructed in 1571, which last replaced the original clock constructed in the thirteenth century. Nor is it alone in its curious mechanism. You remember I mentioned one in the cathedral at Wells, England, made by a monk and one at Bern, where there was a procession of bears, but neither of those compare with this in complexity of workmanship and the number of its performances. I was in the cathedral for more than an hour—before eleven till after twelve and therefore saw all its doings, some of them several times. Whilst there, I met with General Hawley, Senator from Connecticut, whom I knew as President of the Philadelphia Centennial, and a friend, to whom he introduced me.

At half past one I was on my way to this city by rail. In getting here, I crossed the river Rhine at right angles, and came to a place called Appenweier, where I changed cars and travelled due north, still in the Rhine valley but on the east side of the river, and having the

mountains of the Black Forest on my right, as on the western side I had the Vosges on my left. I passed in crossing, immense fortifications which the Germans have built or are building to hold intact their conquest. The character of country and production continued the same, save as we approached Baden-Baden we drew in nearer to the mountains on the right at a place called Oos, a ride of twenty miles from Strassburg, we changed track again and after a run of two miles up the Valley of the Oos, reached this noted watering-place. The cars were full and a long train. I arrived here some time before dark and spent the afternoon and evening in walking over the place and its environs.

It is a city supported, like Saratoga, by its hotels and their occupants. It has great advantages of situation, being in the valley of this little stream and among the spurs of the Black Forest mountains. Art and money have been lavish in their expenditure to beautify and adorn it. These mountains too, contain several old castles and look, I have no doubt, contemptuously upon the doings of this lighter and more luxurious generation who while away their time so lazily in their elegant abodes. The stream has been embanked and ornamented for several miles, and by it are walks, avenues and groups of trees, and villas where wealth dwells.

They have a theatre and a large and handsome Trinkhalle, where visitors resort to drink the warm medicinal waters. In the same line in the valley and surrounded by pleasure grounds is what is called the Conversationshaus, the old gambling saloon, fitted up in the olden time it is said, so gorgeously that it rivalled the creations of Aladdin's Lamp. These times have gone, and they look now like "Tara's Halls deserted." The elegant saloons where many spent their fortunes and fateful hours, are closed to that sort of work and for several years Baden-Baden has ceased to be, by legal prohibition, a place for the people of the world to try their fortunes in.

They have now a reading-room in one of these saloons; all else looks lonely. The handsome grounds are enclosed with an iron fence and tickets of admission are issued, and they have their booths, bazaars, stores and restaurants, and every morning and evening a band plays and Fashion turns out to air itself. I went there between nine and ten o'clock p. m., and spent a while in walking among the hundreds assembled, not one soul of whom I knew or ever saw before, but I

enjoyed it none the less for that. I then came to my hotel and went to bed.

I will close this now and mail it here, that you may hear the sooner. With tenderest love for all. In haste for mail.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 29.]

HOTEL GERMANIA, CARLSRUHE, GERMANY,
Friday, August 3, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed a letter for Mary this morning in Baden-Baden to your address.

I did not leave there till one p. m. Thus, I had several hours to spare, which I utilized in finishing the sights of the place. I walked to the Trinkhalle between seven and eight o'clock, which is the hour when the crowds "most do congregate" at that place, to go through the form of drinking the water, whether they want or need it or not, and to pass that much of their time in routine; but not many were there.

I drank the warm, almost hot, stuff wellnigh alone. It is so warm that on your hand of a cool morning it feels hot, though you can drink it easily. I have observed this to be a peculiarity of the warm or hot wells that I have seen. I remember I was at the Hot Springs of Arkansas on a frosty morning and put the back of my hand under the spout and it burnt me smartly, though I could drink the same water without the slightest scalding effect upon the lips, tongue or throat. How do you explain this? Doubtless by the different normal temperature of the hand and mouth.

I then returned and breakfasted. After that, visited those things and portions of the place I had not yet seen, the bath-house, the churches and streets; the two latter have nothing worth recording. The first is a curiosity for convenience, elegance and completeness. It is a costly and handsome edifice, and contains everything necessary to enable one to test the virtues of the waters. I, not needing, did not

go down into it, nor ask its help. I took a glass or two internally, but without any perceptible effect then or thereafter.

When I had thus exhausted Baden-Baden, I went back to the hotel and made some inquiries as to its relative prosperity now, with what it was when public gaming was permitted and the *Conversationshaus* was a scene of excitement, quiet it may be, but deep, to which the world could nowhere present a counterpart. The persons with whom I spoke were, without exception, of the opinion that its abolition had affected seriously the material prosperity of the place. Not nearly so many frequented it as then. Not that all came formerly to gamble, few in comparison did, but came to see a *Vanity Fair*, which had no existence elsewhere, one of the curiosities of Europe, where men and women too, so-called ladies and gentlemen, sat at a table, under the blaze of light, and risked great sums on the turn of a card, oblivious, in their excitement, all the time, that hundreds of eyes were watching the play and its effects. One of the persons said they had to resort to gambling in another form—by lottery—which was, at that very time, advertised in every hotel and at every corner. But Baden-Baden has now no specialty, and has to contend for trade with scores of other mere watering-places. I am not surprised that it has suffered in thus being reduced to simple competition.

At the appointed hour I left and reached this place in due time—twenty-two miles. I came at once to this hotel, which is an admirable one. Carlsruhe is the capital of Baden, which is the fourth, in size, of the states, now composing the German Empire, twenty-six in number. I walked over the city, which contains 50,000 people, and was struck with its beauty. It is, however, simply a capital, and presents, as to business, such an appearance as Washington did before the war—like it, laid out upon a majestic plan. The Palace of the Grand Duke is an imposing affair. It occupies the centre of extensive, highly improved grounds, circular in form. In front, and towards the city, are the flowers, parterres, and trees, landscaped in artistic style, and kept in perfect order; in the rear is the park, occupying the other half of this circle. Around these grounds, in front, are houses of handsome architecture, all of which are similar, in that there is an arcade their entire front, facing the palace grounds. The streets of the city radiate from this centre like the spokes of a wheel.

I walked over it, and, from the many imposing and elegant residences I saw, and the scant show of business, infer they are occupied by those who also have come to the capital, as they are now flowing to ours, for society and its various associations and benefits, and not for work. Like Washington, too, they are filling the city with monuments, but they are to men of local or purely German celebrity, and it will not interest you to know their names. Besides these and the city itself, there is nothing which I need take time to record, though the city is well worth seeing, being new and different from the ancient places of which I have been writing so much.

The country from Baden-Baden is similar to that of the valley, hitherto described to you. We ran along the Black Forest, still on the east, the Vosges hid to-day by low clouds, so that the level plain extends on the west to the horizon. The productions continue much the same.

EUROPÄISCHER HOF HOTEL, HEIDELBURG,
Saturday, August 4, 1883.

I came here this morning by rail from Carlsruhe, a distance of thirty-five miles. The country continues of the same general character. We still travelled north by the trend of the Black Forest. The Vosges on the west were yet hid from view over the wide Valley of the Rhine, which also continues level as a floor, as far as you can see, though I have no doubt, were it clear, the mountains of France would be seen to bound the western horizon. When we started the clouds were heavy, and whilst they were sending down a considerable shower, they promised more. But as we travelled, it cleared and I had another beautiful day for my work.

To-day the same complete area of cultivation, which I have often remarked, continued—tobacco in large quantities, and hops so abundant that I was reminded of Kent. You remember, I noted in my journey there, this as their staple crop. Some Indian corn too, but a slender show for any considerable yield, as far as appearances go. The hillsides are covered with grapes, which I don't think I have told you, are cultivated to stakes.

Heidelberg has played an important part in German history, and for centuries has been a noted educational centre. Its University is one of the most famous in the world. It presents a different appearance from the English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, which

I briefly told you of on my visit to them. They are old and bear the marks of age, whilst both are in cities, Oxford especially. Yet they have about them grounds improved and cultivated, delightful to behold. Not so with the Heidelberg University.

The buildings are in the heart of the crowded streets of the city without vegetation, only the hard pavement, with no order of literary or other refinement in their adornment. The buildings look as if they had been used and handed down for generations. Your own fancy must fill them with the "life blood of the Master Spirits." They are built in the same vicinity, on the streets, with no attempt at segregation from the other houses. And some from their size and proportions, you could not distinguish as the component parts of a great School.

The city itself looks ancient enough, except where modern enterprise has erected hotels, as it is now a place of general resort, or individuals of wealth and culture have built themselves homes, that they may enjoy the society, air or scenery—for Heidelberg has them all. The town contains twenty-five thousand people and is situated on the banks of the Neckar, crowded into a narrow strip of land, between it and the Odenwald Mountains, a continuation of the Black Forest. The city cannot grow save down the river; the mountain forbids its spreading laterally; and it cannot grow up the river, because the mountain there too, comes in and bars it.

On the brow of this mountain stands the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg—the largest ruins in Germany, and within itself and with its surroundings, one of the most interesting and beautiful in the world. It hangs, as it were, over the town, but there are other mountains in the rear which dominate it; in this it differs from most of these singular structures, which are generally perched on top. I walked up to investigate these ruins, reaching them by the path, roadway and steps. They are very extensive and once magnificent; finished in many parts in the most ornate manner, with reliefs, statues and carvings, many of which are broken and defaced. Some survive intact.

I met there a man and wife, who told me they were from Dublin. And if they had not, I should have known from their "lingo" they hailed from Erin. We made each other's acquaintance and took an intelligent, respectable woman for a guide, who spoke English, and she went over the ruins with us. It belongs to the government,

which has a few persons there to care for it, and every now and then does some work to keep it from falling into decay, beyond repair. We saw the celebrated tub, which holds fifty thousand gallons and which the Grand Duke's retainers had to fill for His Highness to empty; and kitchens where the fireplaces were capacious enough to roast on their spits, whole oxen at a time; and banqueting-halls in which high revelry were held; court rooms where plans were laid for defence and conquest; a museum where are preserved the arms and weapons with which the lords of these royal homes went forth to battle, and portraits of them and their families, old and young, for generations.

Had these walls tongues, what a story they could tell—more eloquent than those mute effigies or that from the lips of our guide, though she told her “tell” dramatically enough. To show how they built in those days: the French, two hundred years ago, tried to blow the castle up with powder. The walls, in many places, are sixteen and eighteen feet thick. One vast piece of it was torn away and thrown down. It hangs together, an immense block of stone and mortar, in one solid mass like a boulder. It has lain for generations where it fell, and, from appearances, will for generations longer, unaffected by weather and time. We do not build thus now.

After going through the ruins and its Museum, I parted from my Irish friends, who invited me to visit them on my trip to Ireland. Their names are McCann. They returned to the city to go off. I went to a higher mountain, called Molkencur, reached by a good road and path. There is a Restaurant and a splendid view of the Castle ruins below, of Heidelberg, of the Neckar as it winds like a thread by the city and then through the level valley with many curves from its home between the mountains to find another in the Rhine. It was so pleasant here that I sat upon the terrace and enjoyed a luncheon whilst overlooking the charming landscape. I have had so many of these lunches in the open air that I will not be satisfied to eat within doors at all, I reckon, when I return.

I then came leisurely down, and, after resting in my room awhile, strolled again over portions of the town I had not visited. The river is spanned by two bridges. I crossed them both, and I thought that probably the finest view I had was looking up and down the stream and towards the mountain, with its striking out-

line and its glorious ruins. Heidelberg is richly deserving of the reputation it has for beauty and picturesqueness of surroundings. One might linger here for several days, ever from point to point, finding new scenes opening for him with every change of position.

SPIRES, WORMS AND FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN,
ENGLISH HOTEL,

Sunday, August 5, 1883.

This has been a busy day, but full of charm. The weather has been quite warm, but not oppressive, so as to prevent or in any way impede locomotion, and the demands upon me as a traveller have kept me moving.

When I left Heidelberg this morning at five o'clock a heavy fog prevailed, and the clouds seemed to hang so low that I thought rain impended; but soon the sun scattered the fog and all day gave us the light of his countenance.

To-day's travel was a slight diversion from the direct line; but I made it that I might see the ancient and historic towns of Speyer, or Spires, and Worms, of both which I had read so much from boyhood, and than which no two spots in Germany have played a more important part, not only in the history of Germany itself, but on the destiny of the human race. They have both suffered fearfully by the devastations of war and were burned down by the French two centuries or more ago. Of late, they are not much in the line of travel, and are "passed by on the other side" by tourists in search of the more recent and exciting, where modern comforts greet them.

What do most of them know of these historic associations and how can they repeople their quiet streets with men who, while they lived, agitated the world's ideas as with the sound of a trumpet? Speyer, or Spires (by which latter name I will call it as the one most familiar to English-speaking people), is seventeen miles from Heidelberg, southwest slightly, and on the opposite or western side of the Rhine, so that my ride to-day was across the eastern valley of that river.

As I approached the stream I noticed that the road-track was embanked—that much ditching had been done in the fields. Yet large areas were uncultivated, and in thickets and swamps. This

increased as we drew near the river, which we crossed on a bridge of boats—the boats lashed together and the track laid upon them. When I arrived at the station, at six o'clock or a little after, there was no omnibus or porter from any of the hotels, and no one who spoke English. I always select my hotel before I arrive in a city, and always take the best. That is not only pleasant, but in every way economical.

Having repeated the name of the hotel I had chosen to the porter of the station, he at once comprehended the situation, called up a boy, and told him to take my satchel and what to do with it, which he did, and moved off at a brisk gait. I followed and he soon brought me to my chosen hotel—the Wittelsbacher Hof. Everybody—porter, head waiter, servants and all—were, as I found at Landeck, "*Dutch*." Not one of them spoke a word of English. They told me, as well as pantomime could, that the proprietor spoke some little English, but he was sick abed.

I went to my room, washed and rested awhile, then went down and ordered my breakfast, also by pantomime. The head-waiter was a fat, good-looking, jolly German, and did what he could to comprehend and serve me. He made me understand there was an Englishman from London boarding in the house, but he was not up. Here was my thread out of this labyrinth, for I had begun to think, now I had got here, how was I to get away? Who was to tell me when the trains moved and where the station was? I ate my breakfast quietly, feeling quite sure I would not in the end have much trouble.

When the gentleman came down I found him a young man, and in appearance much like Willie Peachy. I introduced myself to him and told him of my trouble. He most politely replied that he would help me with pleasure. He at once called for a railroad schedule and gave me the information I wished. I sat with him whilst breakfasting, and we had much pleasant talk. He informed me he was a civil engineer, engaged on the water-works of the city, recently undertaken by an English company and now nearly completed. He was from the vicinity of London and had been in Spires eighteen months.

He was quite communicative, and told me of his life among the Germans, which I am sorry I have not time to put down here. He went off and procured a few late English papers to take with me, and informed me of the recent and startling events in the world, none of which I see or hear of except through the *Richmond Dispatch*

and Winchester *Times*, which I read every week or so when they reach me from you, unless some newly picked-up acquaintance tells me the news, as my Irish friend McCann did, among the ruins of Heidelberg, of the death of the Informer Carey. Both he and his wife, being good and loyal Irishmen, seemed greatly gratified at his assassination.

My young friend gave me his name—Griffith—and said it being Sunday he was off duty, and would walk with me to the Cathedral and show me some things I might overlook. I thanked him, but very soon found I knew much more about Spires than he did. Whilst I was most grateful for his courtesy and attention and profuse in my thanks, liking to be alone I was gratified when he left me to my own reflections in the Cathedral yard, he being compelled to fulfil an engagement.

There are some old churches and gate-towers interesting and imposing, but the chief thing of interest and lion of the city is the Dom or Cathedral and its surroundings. Spires was once the St. Denis of Germany. Here for nearly five centuries the Emperors were buried; here, too, were held the Imperial Diets. It was a free city of the Empire, flourishing and important in its day, but it has been destroyed from time to time; and the Cathedral, always celebrated, was ravaged by the French more than two centuries ago, when they leveled the city to the ground, and again in 1794, when the fierce Iconoclast was abroad with hammer and torch. But one of the most important of the Convocations ever held here or elsewhere was that when Charles V. was Emperor, to settle the troubles of the Church, in 1529. The minority, when outnumbered by the Romanists, insisted upon the recognition of their Faith, and were hence called Protestants, making themselves worthy by their heroism to be historically named with those at Antioch, "who were there first called Christians."

The buildings wherein these things were done have been destroyed, but the things and their memory and influence will survive. The Cathedral is large and imposing, now in beautiful repair, save one buttress, which I doubt not soon will be. It is not Gothic, as that at Strassburg. This, the one at Worms, and the one at Mayence, which I have not yet seen, are all Romanesque. This is certainly grand in its exterior and not less so in its interior, which is in thorough repair, the walls decorated with frescos and marble reliefs. Services were holding while I was there, but I had not time to remain

long. In the Close of the Cathedral there were an ancient sandstone vase, a tower supposed to be of Roman origin, called Heathens' Tower, and some busts. But by far the most interesting thing in the churchyard and gardens, which are quite large and ornamented with trees, is what is called the Mount of Olives. This is a mound of stone built of the materials of the ancient cloisters which were destroyed by the French. It was once covered with a dome, supported by classic columns. The dome and the figures were destroyed. The figures, of life-size, have recently been restored in white marble, representing an angel from above offering the cup to our Saviour, who is kneeling to receive it with outstretched hands. His followers are asleep, reclining near him, male and female, in most natural attitudes, that of Peter being perfect, whilst Judas alone is awake, holding his bag of gold. With devilish craft he looks towards his employers, at the same time pointing to his Lord. I do not know the artist who did this; but I lingered and enjoyed it.

I then walked through the quiet town, enlivened somewhat by a procession of men and women, boys and girls, marching through the streets with a band to spend their Sunday at a "Fest." But I peopled those streets in my fancy with a very different crowd, moving with quiet or restless steps as their thoughts and feelings inspired them, whilst Imperial Diets were determining or trying to determine what religious opinions should control their lives.

When I returned to the hotel a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years old introduced himself to me as the brother of Mr. Griffith, who had been so polite; and tendered his services. He said he had been here four months with his brother, and had learned to speak some German. He, too, brought the latest English papers for me. When I started in the 'bus for the station he accompanied me and bought my ticket, and in every way was exceedingly polite. The little fellow's heart was larger than his head, and in learning German the language had pushed some of his English out and he had them mixed; you could scarcely understand him at times, but he was full of kindness and desire to serve. When we parted I thanked him most cordially, as I really felt, and gave him an invitation to visit me.

Spires contains 15,000 people, and my young friend said was supported by large beer manufactories. It is not immediately on the river, but some distance back, and he said was at times fearfully

flooded. I should have inferred so from the flat and marshy look of the country which I had observed.

From Spires to Worms is twenty-five miles along the valley west of the river, but not upon its banks. On the west again appeared the mountains, a continuation of the Vosges chain. Towards the east extended the broad level valley to the Black Forest, now beginning to be called the Odenwald, a continuation of the same chain; the productions much the same.

In this short run of twenty-five miles we changed cars three times, and as you can readily infer at much trouble to me and anxiety, too, not speaking the tongue. They compel every traveller to care for himself in this country. The conductor takes your ticket and is exceedingly polite when information is asked, but he volunteers none. When anything is to be done by a traveller he must do it himself. So, unless he is upon the *qui vive*, he will be left often when he wants to go, and go when he wants to be left. To-day my conductor at one of the changes was especially polite. Though the crowd was large, being a Sunday excursion train, he came to the car where I was sitting and escorted me to the one I was to take, and so politely that I warmed his palm, which he allowed pleasantly; and I got through to Worms without trouble.

When I reached Worms I went to the Europäischer Hof, near the station. I was met by a polite head-waiter, who spoke enough of English to float a conversation upon things pertaining to a tavern and a traveller's wants, and soon had a nice dinner, which I enjoyed after my morning's work. Afterwards I had at my disposal several hours, which I utilized in seeing Worms. The town was somewhat enlivened by a show, which the proprietor, to attract, called a Miniature Circus, composed of ponies, boys and monkeys.

I went first to the Luther Platz, where the splendid monumental group to Luther stands: and how I enjoyed it! The figures are of bronze; Luther's, of course, the conspicuous one, of colossal proportions, stands alone upon a high pedestal. Around its base are grouped four historic figures, sitting, their attitudes and expressions indicating their characteristics, viz: Huss, Savonarola, Wycliff and Peter Waldus. Still further off from the central figure are four standing figures, in attitudes and with expressions also indicating their respective characteristics, viz: Philip, the Generous, of Hessen; Frederick, the Wise, of Saxony; Melanchthon and Reuchlin.

I have at last found a group which surpasses the Richmond Monument—surpasses it in its world-wide conception of idea, in the weight of the men and their influence, and in the figures themselves. There is no crowd here. The statues stand off and are individualized with wonderful power as they spoke in the “Parliament of the World.” There is no “tin horse,” it is true, however noble in every way its rider; but Luther stands with a Bible in one hand resting on the left arm to the elbow, the other placed heavily upon it, with upturned face, as he felt and looked when on his way to Worms, defiant of men and devils, though as numerous as the tiles upon the houses. Standing there he seems to have the strength and courage of a Numidian Lion. The group is gathered from other lands beside Germany, but they express the same grand idea—the warriors who fought in closet and field for the emancipation of intellectual and religious thought.

I went then to the Cathedral. It is much inferior to that at Spires and in bad repair. It needs much money and work. I doubt not it will obtain both in due time. I then walked through the old town and returned, on my way to the hotel, to take another look at the Group. I am not altogether a stranger to the figures there gathered. I know their lives and works as well as I do those collected on the Washington Monument at Richmond. The portion of Germany I am now visiting is not less familiar than those spots in England where, on every hand, historic figures rose to give me greeting.

I came back to the hotel to take train for Mayence, forty-one, thence to this city, twenty-one miles; from Worms to Mayence down the Valley of the Rhine; from Mayence to Frankfort up the Valley of the Main. The Vosges Mountains send their spurs down towards the Rhine. We travelled with them on our left and the river on our right. They were covered over their entire surface with luxuriant vines. I am now in the vine region especially. I reached here before dark and strolled a while; but I will postpone anything of Frankfort to my next letter.

Whilst coming from Worms to this city I and the conductor had some little trouble to understand my ticket. I had bought one through from Spires. At Worms I was told to have it stamped, instead of doing which the ticket agent at Worms gave me an additional ticket, which my conductor did not comprehend. I could

not explain. A young lady volunteered to interpret for me and soon settled the trouble. When she got out at an intermediate station, I, not to be outdone in politeness, helped her and handed her baggage, and we parted pleasantly. I mention this simply as one of the incidents of travel. I will mail this here (Frankfort).

Now good-by, with many blessings and love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 30.]

SAME HOTEL, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN,
Monday, August 6, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I mailed a letter to Taylor yesterday (No. 29).

To-day I devoted to seeing this large, wealthy and showy, though quiet city. It numbers 137,000 and has the pretensions of a city of greater population. The houses, business and dwelling, indicate accumulated wealth; the streets, shops and stores much business activity. Indeed, in a commercial and financial point, it is one of the most important cities in Germany. The River Main, on which it is located, is not large, but to some extent navigable.

I selected this hotel because the plan showed me it was central and not far from many objects of interest. It is located on the Ross-markt, the most brilliant and important square, which adjoins the Theatre Platz and the Schiller Platz, and in and near them, are located the Exchange and three striking works of art: the monument to Gutenberg, consisting of a group—Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffler—a statue of Goethe and one of Schiller; all of bronze. They are every one good; Goethe's uncommonly fine. I lingered around them a considerable time and then visited some of the old streets, churches and public buildings, which in their appearance carry one back many generations; then went to the Cathedral, which they are repairing on the inside, painting and frescoing, not before it was needed. There is nothing in this structure that requires a long description. Had I not seen and written you of so many, I might stop to describe this, for whilst it far surpasses an ordinary

church, it does not rank with the most noted of the Cathedrals in England or on the continent.

I then walked on the quay, crossing the bridges that I might have better views of the river front, which is quite handsome, and then visited the Town Library, situated at or near the end of the upper one. Striking for the interior of the city, I passed through *Judenmarkt* and *Judengasse*—the market-place and street of the Jews; well worth seeing. They have been for years here, a hated and despised people. These quarters, where they have congregated and still do congregate, used to be closed with lock and key every evening and every Sunday, and all Jews forbidden to leave their quarters under heavy penalties. These harsh laws, wisely and humanely have been abolished. Whilst they ruled, the first *Rothschild* was born and lived in *Judengasse*.

I visited the house in which he first saw the light and where he began his business career. Few have risen from such beginnings to such fortune and power; especially under the heavy hand of tyranny and oppression. A miserable place to be born and live in. A row of the dilapidated buildings is still standing, one of which he has thus distinguished by his wonderful name. The houses are much alike—five or six stories high, of frame; many of them leaning against each other for support or propped up with timbers, from the street, surrounded by squalor and filth, which seems to be exuding from the equally filthy interior. The inmates, grown and children, are as filthy as the houses in which they live. Not far off, on a continuation of the same street, they have built a handsome Market-house, so that the square called *Judenmarkt* is now not much used. At the end of this row of miserable-looking structures, a new Synagogue has been erected. From time to time these wretched houses are torn down and replaced by better, and soon doubtless the place will know itself no more. The *Rothschilds* however, have not utterly fled. Their chief house of business stands on the continuation of the same street, between the new Market-house and the Synagogue. This section of the city is filled with Jews—a mean and dastardly looking set, and still, I hear, despised, and still, too, notwithstanding their shameful oppression, growing rich. Out of this slum the genius of *Rothschild* sprang into power and wealth, helping kingdoms and empires; and the family, from dirty, ugly

Jews, have, by good food, both mental and physical, become, I understand, a refined and handsome race.

I then went to the Art Building, which the city has erected beyond the river, and a most creditable affair it is. The building is elegant and the works collected, numerous and valuable; said to be the best merely municipal collection in Germany. I have not time to name the statues, paintings, or casts, much less describe them, or attempt to give any scientific criticism. What I know of Art, comes from simple impressions. I must look into it more than I have done; and then, when I see a work, whilst my instinctive enjoyment may not be greater, I can, with more accuracy, give a reason for my pleasure.

I then came to the hotel, had dinner, and rested. In the afternoon I visited the house where Goethe was born and lived for thirty years of his life. It is now owned by the city, and the rooms exhibited: the room where he was born, his sleeping room, his study, his school-room, his child copy-book, his manuscripts, his writing-desk, likenesses of him at different periods of his life, for you know he was an Adonis in physical beauty, the books he wrote, preserved in the room where he wrote them, some of his toys and childish playthings. Goethe is the German Shakespeare—the myriad-minded—a genius able to comprehend the world's knowledge, and, by subtle Alchemy, transform it into new shapes and life. Him and Schiller the Germans love to honor, for they have so greatly honored Germany.

A street, in the form of a circle, has been constructed, which extends from river bank to river bank, around and through the city, a kind of boulevard, which has been highly improved and ornamented. It is a favorite drive and walk; the Rotten Row of Frankfort. I strolled its entire length, visiting the new Opera House, situated on it, an extremely elegant structure, and the Zoölogical Gardens near one portion of its rim, which I will not stop to tell you of. The animals are numerous and in capital order. Crowds had gathered, or were gathering, to listen to the music and while away an hour. Along the boulevard called Anlagen, there are numerous busts and a monument to the Hessians, and the Ariadneum, a circular Building, containing Ariadne on the panther by Dannecker, a most exquisite group which I have only time to note.

I returned by a street called Zeil—the chief business thoroughfare of the city. There are many handsome houses there, and more a-building. The whole aspect thrifty and prosperous.

I must not forget to tell you of a little travelling incident which occurred to-day at table. I was dining by myself. At another and distant part of the room, a good-looking young lady rose and came to my table and, speaking German, addressed a remark to me which I did not understand, and told her so. She then repeated it in good English, offering to cut my meat for me, thinking I might have difficulty in doing it for myself. I thanked her and told her I had learned to use my left hand with facility. It was done very modestly and gracefully. When she returned to her seat, we continued our conversation. She told me she was a Russian, and gave me a good deal of information about her country. No other person was in the room at the time. She was a cultivated woman and spoke four or five languages. You know the Russians are remarkable for linguistic attainments. When I left, I thanked her for her kind consideration, to which she politely replied. Who knows but I may pick up, in my travels, a Russian cub, a British lioness, or when I get to Scotland or Ireland, a Highland kid, or a Kilkenny cat?

NASSAUER HOF, WIESBADEN: ENGLISH HOTEL, MAYENCE,
Tuesday, August 7, 1883.

By nine o'clock a. m. I had breakfasted and was off for Wiesbaden, distant twenty six miles.

The morning was rainy and promised unfavorably, but, as has been usual, cleared and gave me a good day in Wiesbaden, to see and pedestrianize the city. It contains fifty thousand inhabitants. It, you know, is a celebrated watering-place, second only, in Germany, to Baden-Baden. Now that I have seen them both, I think it a more attractive place than Baden. The town is divided by a street running north and south, as it were, into two distinct parts or sections. This street is broad and straight, on one side ornamented with a double row of trees. The side on which the trees are is the western boundary of a highly ornamented and beautiful park and pleasure grounds, in one part of which there is a handsome building, Kursaal, where there are restaurants, ball rooms, concert rooms, reading rooms, and saloons. Leading to it on either side of a Plaza, ornamented with flowers and fountains, is a double row of bazaars under a Colonnade with Corinthian columns. About this Kursaal are chairs and tables in the open air, where you can sit, take

a lunch, and sip your wine. The grounds lie around these buildings, and extend a considerable distance beyond; the city with its streets not encroaching:—only as you get farther into them handsome and costly villas adorn them on either side.

On the other or west side of the above-named street, running north and south, are the houses, business and dwelling, of the city. I first walked through the Park, and the farther I walked, the more I was struck with its attractions. I then traversed the city and found it well built and presenting, in its streets and houses, a much more modern appearance than you usually find in a German city. I visited the Churches, the Museum, the Market place, but I saw nothing to particularly delay me. The Trinkhalle or fountain, and its environments, are on the west or city side, and handsomely fitted up with promenades. The hotel I stopped at is a fashionable one, and, had I nothing to do, could rest. I know of no place in Europe, that I have seen, more grateful and attractive in its looks, to a weary man, than Wiesbaden.

But the idea of my stopping to rest anywhere long! I resolve to do it; I stop. In twenty-four hours my nervous system has reacted and I must move, for I feel then as fresh as though I had never known fatigue. I came to Weisbaden this morning expecting to stay over night, but when I had exhausted the city, why stay? So I determined to come on here and not lose any time in hanging there.

On my way to the train I stopped and called on Mrs. Banning, sister of General Armstrong, of the Hampton School, and of my friend of the Sandwich Islands. General A., of Hampton, sent me a letter of introduction to her. She married a gentleman of this city, and I thought it would not do to neglect to deliver it, that I might write to her brothers, I had seen her in this foreign land. Unfortunately I missed her and her husband also, both had gone to Frankfort. But I left a note for them expressing my regrets, and telling them that it was the only letter of introduction I had delivered in Europe, that they might know how much I regretted their absence. I then drove to the depot, and by four o'clock was on my road to this city—Mayence.

The train stopped on the other side of the river, passengers reaching here by a small ferry steamboat. I came at once to this hotel, took a room and went out on my tour of inspection, and by night-fall had exhausted Mayence. It has a Cathedral old enough, containing

monuments more than a thousand years of age, not Gothie—Romanesque, wanting repairs within, well preserved without. It is much crowded by the houses of the city when near it; when afar off, having a birds-eye view of it, and the city crouching around, is massive and imposing in the extreme.

A young lady, daughter of the verger I think, whom he went and brought when I told him I wanted one who could speak English, handsome and intelligent, and spoke the language quite well, got the keys, took me through the chapels, cloisters and crypt, worth looking at for their age and memorials. I saw more monuments to kings, bishops and high dignitaries than I've seen anywhere I believe, save at Westminster. Many of them elaborate and wrought centuries in the past.

I then walked over the city visiting the statue of Gutenberg, the fortifications with which the city is heavily defended, among them a citadel in which there are the ruins of a Roman tower, the Eigelstein, supposed to have been built in honor of Drusus who was killed here by a fall from his horse, near two thousand years ago. These fortifications are immense, and the Germans are making them heavier.

Again as in Strassburg, soldiers everywhere. The barracks are not confined to the fortifications, they are in several places over the city. The largest and most imposing houses are barracks; wherever you turn military dress meets your eye. The troops are well-ordered and disciplined I have no doubt; as this Empire has a vast army, it is also perfectly in hand. I visited the various streets and a terrace in the rear of the town, from which I had an extensive view. When I returned to my hotel I had pretty well exhausted the city.

I thought I would have to spend to-morrow here, but now, as at present advised, will begin my descent of the Rhine in a steamer to-morrow morning. I have traversed quite thoroughly its valley by rail and on foot thus far, because nothing could be seen from the boat as I have described it to you. The country is flat and extends on a dead level from mountain to mountain for many miles—to be better seen on rail than on river.

From this city commences that portion of the Rhine where the traveller begins the Pilgrimage, which is pronounced the most beautiful on earth. We will see.

HOTEL GIANT, COBLENTZ, GERMANY,
Wednesday, August 8, 1883.

This morning having a few hours to spare before the boat left for down the river, I breakfasted and walked some more about the town. I visited the house where Gutenberg was born, now fixed up somewhat. The house where he did his first printing; starting an invention of whose import he then could have had but a feeble idea. This house they have ornamented a good deal. It is now clean and new-looking, and is used as a Restaurant;—the house also where his partner Faust began, which looks as though it had seen all the years they claim for it.

When the hour for departure came, 9.30 a. m., it found me on board, ready to go. The day was everything I could wish—could not have been better for such a journey. You ask, What of the Rhine? The distance from Mayence to this city—Coblentz—is fifty-eight miles, and fifty-eight such miles! I have told you of the river from the time it leaves the glaciers and snows of the high Alps, for I have come with it down where it hurries through the mountains with racing speed and invited, ages gone, generations by its charms to build their homes upon the heights above its flow; where it spreads itself out into lakes which have no rival for attractiveness—where it sluggishly glides through broad and fertile valleys, which, in cycles, its own waters have enriched as well as made. And now we come to that portion of its current which seems to gather up its loveliness and wealth and concentrate them, mingling with them human lives, until it seems to be an epitome of what is most excellent, both in Nature and Art.

For one hundred miles the river banks are literally crowded with scenes beautiful in themselves, but rendered more beautiful by the manner in which they have been decked by Romance and History. This character belongs to it from Mayence to Bonn. I have seen to-day the greater portion of it. I understand it continues to the latter city, which is a hundred miles from Mayence.

To describe this scene minutely in a letter is simply impossible. The points of interest are so numerous, to paint it even in a volume, had one the genius, is beyond the reach of language, for when you have given a full and accurate description of each interesting locality,

together with the incidents with which fact and fancy, history and poetry, have clothed it, there remains that exquisite flavor with which their conjunction clothes them—so fascinating to the mind and eye, that no pen or pencil can convey.

You hear it often said that such and such a river compares with the Rhine—the Hudson, for instance. This is folly. That river and others have their beauties; but though they had the natural advantages of this river and more, they have not those things which time and population and the tide of history alone can give. You might as well attempt to compare a man, rude and uncultured, with himself when cultivated and adorned with the graces which learning and familiarity with the world's best bestow.

From the point where the mountains which have bounded the east and west of the broad Rhine Valley approach and confine the river, more or less, with their heights and spurs, to a point where they again sink, you have the scenery, which has become like the Alps, the *ne plus ultra* of all comparison. Through this narrow way has ebbed and flowed the waves of the choicest civilization the earth could boast for hundreds—yea, thousands—of years. Here the Roman, on his way to grapple with the Teuton, charmed with the riches of which Nature was so prodigal, laid down the lines of his Empire, and, with that keen insight into what was good, came to stay till his civilization had lived its life. And the strongest and most excellent of the civilizations which followed had here their finest development. It is not wonderful, then, that in their residence or passage, memorials should be left which have made this stream so fascinating and so famous.

The trouble to a hasty traveller is, that it is too full. The time taken, as the boat hurries on, in identifying and studying each prominent object, is too short. Its simple appearance is much: and History and Romance, which exude, as it were, from its walls—in ruins, it may be, but more full and eloquent for that, are more;—for the forces that ruined it are matters both of History and Romance. One ought to go up and down the river several times, first getting the sight and names of the objects and their history, then, when familiar with these, gathering them up as he goes again, appreciating how the glorious River, with its banks, sparkles like a string of diamonds.

I sat on deck the while, with my map and guide-book, though I had made myself somewhat familiar with its points before. I was

oblivious to my fellow-passengers and of time as the Panorama moved. Those old castles, mostly in ruins, some few restored, were almost ever in sight, crowning some picturesque height, whilst around them everywhere were innumerable vineyards. The mountain-sides, though often sterile enough naturally, were terraced with stone walls, like those I told you of on Lake Geneva, at vast labor and expense, as if every square foot was worth its weight in gold—and so it is.

To give you some idea how Nature has blessed this historic land, the celebrated Johannisberg estate contains forty acres of vineyard, which yields \$40,000 per annum to its owner. This sounds fabulous. These castles are of every conceivable form and occupying every conceivable kind of site on both sides of the river, but always, even in their ruins, standing out against the sky, and making the landscape recognize them as part of its own life. There never seems to be any incongruity. I care not what sort of works modern men have put upon the banks, these ancient works of their predecessors stand on high above them, and give a graceful, poetic, but powerful, finish to the whole.

I wish I had time to name some of them and a few incidents of their history, but I have not. Sometimes, oblivious of my surroundings and lost in admiration, I have thought to myself, How does this compare with the Rhine? and then recollect I am on that river and am in the midst of the "*ultima thule*" of comparison. I have before me the best of earth. No injustice has been done to those who have made it so. The anticipations even of the stolid must be realized, and the Rhine remain—incomparable!

I stopped at this place. There are two others I should have liked to have stopped at—Bingen and St. Goar. I would have had pleasure in wandering over those places, on either side of the river. Indeed, I know no country where it would be more delightful to walk for several months visiting these Castles, and trying to re-people them with men and women who once lived there. Maybe, when I have seen more of the world, I will do it.

I walked over Coblenz, but saving its fortifications, a few old churches, and the palace, there is not much in itself to explore; but its site and surroundings are well worth seeing. On the opposite shore stands upon a grand mountain the celebrated castle of Ehrenbreitstein, looking vast and impregnable, located upon a spur, three sides

of which could hardly be scaled. I walked across the bridge of boats, which here spans the river, obtained a ticket and ascending with much climbing visited the fortress. Plenty of soldiers there! and plenty of drilling of them, too. The view was worth the labor of getting up—of Coblenz, of the river up and down, of the sweep of the country in every direction. A sergeant was detailed to go with me, who was as polite and considerate as a soldier ought to be. After leaving the fortress I strolled upon the banks of the river on that side and returned to the city, some distance up, over the railroad bridge, which gave me an opportunity of getting other views of the city and of visiting other barracks, rendezvous for troops. Troops! troops! again, everywhere! I walked through the Palace grounds and thence returned to my hotel, so ending a busy day.

HOTEL ROYAL, BONN, GERMANY,
Thursday, August 9, 1883.

This morning the clouds when I rose were sending down copious rain, and the day most unpromising for further investigation of the Rhine.

I had determined to stop here, as Bonn is a city not to be despised, and yet not big enough to consume a day. I therefore resolved to take rail and run over to Ems, twelve miles, not only that I might see the fourth most important watering place in Germany—Baden-Baden and Weisbaden being first and second, and Homburg third. Hoping that the clouds might exhaust themselves when the time came for departure by the boat for this place, and my good fortune as to weather might return, I took train at eight and returned at twelve o'clock, thus spending two or three hours at Ems. It rained nearly the whole time, but that did not materially interfere with my visit.

It is not a place of extended views. Its surroundings could well be seen and I walked over these without serious impediment from the weather. It is much smaller than other places above named, some account of which I have given you in former letters, situated on a river called Lahn, which runs through the town in a narrow valley in which the place is located, with its warm mineral springs for drinking and bathing purposes. Large sums have been expended in hotels, gardens, parks and villas. I did not go to a hotel, simply walked about and returned to the depot in time for the train. Nothing of any import occurred worth putting down.

I had not much time to spare on my return to Coblenz, but very soon was on my way to the boat-landing, a short distance from the hotel. I had hardly put my foot on deck before I heard my name called, "Why, how do you do, Governor Holliday?" I turned, and it was Prof. Ide. I was very much surprised to see him, not knowing he was in Europe, and I really was also very glad. He was on his way to America and said he was anxious to get back, the weather had been so bad during his visit to Fatherland. I told him of my good fortune; that whilst raining thus it would clear up after a little while for my benefit, and so it did before we reached here. He went on to Cologne. I told him to tell you I was well and having a fine time. These meetings, so many of which occur to me, are curious and pleasant. The sail to-day continued exceedingly interesting, not so crowded with scenes as yesterday, but full enough, and some rivalling, I think one surpassing anything between Mayence and Coblenz—the view of the Seven Mountains and the Castle of Drachenfels, as you approach Bonn. When we got to the landing Ide helped me off the boat with my satchel and was very courteous and polite. Remember me to him—he may get to Winchester as soon as this letter.

I reached here at three and a half o'clock p. m., at once came to this hotel, procured a room, went out and exhausted the city, which did not take long, for it has not many objects to attract a stranger. An old Münster, hardly aspiring to the dignity or name of a Cathedral, and a University of large import, I think the largest in Germany. Certainly the buildings are spacious and handsome; totally different from those of Heidelberg. There is one continuous structure more than six hundred feet long, with spacious grounds in front. A statue of Beethoven, who was born here, in Münster Square; a handsome promenade ornamented with double rows of horse chestnuts; a terrace they call Alte Zoll, near the river, from which there is a lovely view of it and the adjacent country. Here also is a statue to Arndt, the poet, in bronze. In visiting these spots I have walked over the town pretty much, which in some portions is well built, but presents that quiet, sleepy appearance with which Universities and Colleges always seem to permeate the city or town where they are located.

I will now close and mail this letter. With best love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 31.]

HOTEL DU NORD, COLOGNE,

*Friday, August 10, 1883.**My Dear Mary,—*

I wrote to your mother and mailed it (No. 30) to your uncle Taylor, in Bonn.

I came down on the steamboat from that city this morning, a distance of twenty miles, leaving there at fifteen minutes past eight and reaching here in an hour and a half, including stoppages. The early day was bright, but the wind sprang up in our teeth and blew so unpleasantly I had to leave the upper and retreat to the lower deck and get behind the machinery, where I was more comfortable and enjoyed the scene.

Most tourists leave the river at Bonn and go down by rail, because they take the Rhine scenery to have ended there. I was not willing so to act, as I had followed the noble stream on its current and by its side from the time when it issued from the snows and glaciers, and I wanted to see how it behaved after it had run from the localities which by their union had made each other attractive.

I saw to my satisfaction probably the most beautiful altogether of its spectacles, where it leaves Bonn on one side and the Seven Mountains, with the wonderfully picturesque castle of Drachenfels crowning them, on the other. I enjoyed this from the boat coming to Bonn; I enjoyed it again this morning after breakfast sitting in the gardens of the hotel, which are terraced on the river banks; and again as I came from Bonn with a retrospective view from the deck of the vessel. Having given us this lovely scene the mountains melt away, and the river, as if wearied, flows with a gentler current, and the land as if tired of lifting itself up into so many varied forms settles down into a quiet level, broken slightly only in the distance, as the undulations of the ridges continue on the east a few miles further. But it is a mistake to say the Rhine has lost its beauty entirely by this change; it is of a different sort, but still pretty. No more crags or castles, but men's more unpretentious habitations and their works in agriculture and manufactories, many of which are now established and in operation upon the banks.

As we approached Cologne, it made itself conspicuous with its numerous turrets, steeples and towers, high over all of which rose the spires of its Cathedral. So soon as I landed I came to this hotel, secured a room, and went out to see more closely the building of which I had read and heard so much, and which had bade me welcome afar off upon the river with such a royal air. This hotel adjoins the square upon which it stands, and when I stepped into the street it filled my vision with its immense yet graceful proportions. I walked about it and I walked around it, no little job; I lingered over its massive simplicity, towering the highest of man's works, and halting ever to admire some detail lost in the general view, yet fit in perfection to take its place in any Art Gallery among the Masters' choicest efforts.

It is Gothic, built of a cream-colored stone, yet has not the defect I have commented upon as belonging to that style so frequently in the samples I have seen, of weakness—friability—by reason of its numerous openings. This defect, if it be one, is lost here, and not making that impression preserves the grace and lightness without detracting from the apparent strength of the building as a whole. When you enter the effect is grand, if I may not be allowed to use a higher word, which is rarely applicable save to Nature's works. There is no break in the impression. The splendid columns which divide the nave and the aisles alone obstruct or intrude upon the continuity of the length and breadth and height of the enormous edifice, and there comes down upon you from its high, springing arches a feeling not unworthy of the immortal purposes for which it was designed. This is the noblest church I have ever seen. There is no effort at display or effect; like everything truly great it is great in its simplicity; it need not proclaim its desire for admiration by affecting showy things; its very presence, quiet, unobtrusive, simple, is eloquent of its greatness. I have not been disappointed, the Cathedral surpasses my expectations. I have no doubt the claim is well founded that it stands pre-eminent among the Cathedrals of the world.

The choir has around it seven chapels. I have not time to name them and their purposes. One is called the chapel of the Three Kings or Wise Men, because here were preserved the bones of the Magi, who came from the East to present their gifts to the Infant Christ. The Empress Helena brought them from the Holy Land to

Constantinople. They were afterwards removed to Milan, and in 1164 were presented by the Emperor Barbarossa to the Archbishop of Cologne, and were then removed here and a splendid golden Reliquary made for them covered with jewels. It was taken off and hid for safety in 1794, when the French Iconoclasts were abroad, and somewhat injured in the removal. It was restored; is not now, however, kept in the chapel built for it in the choir, but in what is called the Treasury of the Cathedral, containing many other precious things. A very intelligent young priest went with us and explained in English. I wish we had been alone. He might have given me or I him one of those significant looks with which the Greek and Roman priests regarded each other when performing their ceremonies before the people, showing that now as well as then there is an Esoteric as well as an Exoteric Theology.

I then ascended the inner and outer galleries of the choir—the outer giving a fine view of the city, the inner of the Cathedral, increasing its apparent size. When looking down upon its nave and aisles and choir, the men and women walking were dwarfed into pigmies. Yet, still far above, the columns rose with arches springing light as tracery. This cathedral, surely, is a glory! I lingered in and about it, never wearying, looking at its wonders so old, yet ever so young, into whose structure the lives of generations have been wrought, and through whose portals the footsteps of generations have trod, and from whose arches the voices of generations have echoed, till utterances seem to issue from its every part as though it were a thing of Life, as it surely is a thing of Beauty, and, to the beholder, a perennial joy.

The day I spent in walking over the city. I crossed the fine iron railroad, wagon and foot-bridge—all in one—and, going some distance up the river, crossed back upon a bridge of boats. These boat bridges are quite common on this river, and seem to answer the purpose very well. Sections of them are easily by machinery floated out, so as to allow of the passage of steamers and other vessels, and as readily closed again. They are capable of bearing any weight it is necessary to transport over them. As I have hitherto remarked, I find this crossing of bridges an admirable way to see a city situated on a river, and I always do it if possible.

I had to-day a fine sight of Cologne, its many towers and steeples—over all the Cathedral, which is, as it were, at the head

of the new bridge, its prolongation by the street terminating under its shadow.

Cologne is quite a busy place, its newer portions with respectable streets and good buildings; the older portions look very ancient. Its streets are narrow and the pavements the narrowest I have seen anywhere. The chief business street of the city, Hochstrasse, is of this character—the pavements often not two feet wide, in some places not eighteen inches, so that, of course, two persons cannot walk abreast. It requires quite a steady gait for one to keep the track. When meeting, one or the other must step into the street. Then the large thoroughfares are very crooked, as, indeed, most of the streets of the city are. I have been in none where the difficulty of going about is so great and would be almost impossible to a stranger without a map, which I always carry with me, and am constantly sitting down or leaning on some window-sill to consult it.

You know Coleridge, on a visit here, said the most prominent thing that struck him was its filthiness, and that he counted "seventy-two well-defined and several stinks." I could not count exactly that number and make affidavit specifically to them. Some, I have no doubt, have "stunk" themselves out in the long time that has elapsed since the poet was here; some have been removed by the diligence of the burgomasters and some sprinkled with Eau de Cologne, of which they manufacture such quantities. It is still an uncleanly city. I wonder more care is not taken to better it in this respect, for its Cathedral brings crowds of strangers. This hotel is large, and looks full and of good people. It is a fine house—indeed, such seems the case almost everywhere in this country, and travellers meet you at every turn and most of them, as usual, speak English.

BREIDENBACHER HOF, DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY,
Saturday, August 11, 1883.

I intended to have left Cologne this morning on an early train; but I could not get through the sights of that city in the hours at my command yesterday, and determined to wait for the train at twelve o'clock, m. The hours of the morning enabled me to exhaust what there is to be seen and once more visit the Cathedral.

The churches, old and interesting, are numerous in Cologne. It ought to be called the European City of Churches, and they seem

to have preserved superstitions, once so powerful in giving Romanism sway, more than in any place I have seen. I told you of the grave face with which the young priest showed me the room of the Three Kings in the Cathedral Treasury. This morning I visited the Church of St. Ursula, who, tradition says, made a pilgrimage to Rome with eleven hundred virgins. On her way back she and all her associates were murdered in Cologne by the Huns. Their bones were piously gathered up and are now preserved in this church in every conceivable manner. Some are built into the walls, and so adjusted as to be visible on the inner surface of the church. The skulls are covered with handsomely-wrought embroidery, and look at you out of their empty sockets, in their embroidered caps, with grim and ghastly stare. Some are preserved in gold and jewels. For instance, St. Ursula and her betrothed, Conan, who was also murdered at the same time with his followers—knights who had gone in his company on the pilgrimage—his jaw-bone and a bone of her arm covered with jewels, and the Reliquary which contains hers precious with silver and rubies. There are many thousands of bones there, in all sorts of shapes and forms of preservation. The verger then showed us two thorns from the crown with which our Saviour was tortured and insulted!! one of the vessels in which he converted water into wine at Cana! the chains with which St. Peter was bound!! and numerous other impossible things; but many of these relics are so covered with silver, gold and precious stones, and the priest tells the story in so simple, child-like and bland a manner, that you are interested just as you are in reading the Arabian Nights.

I must tell you of an incident that occurred at the Church. When I went in, I found the verger engaged in talking to a lady who spoke English. I told him my object and asked the fee. He responded and she proposed we should go together. In our further conversation she informed me she was from Baltimore, Maryland. I told her who I was, she was delighted to meet me. Her name she gave me, Mrs. C. C. Brooks, her mother a Virginian of the Ritchie family. She is now travelling. We continued together during the whole of my visit to this church, and when we were leaving she said she was going to the Cathedral, and I escorted her there, though it was inconvenient for me to do so, as I had several more things to see and my time was short before the departure of the train. There we

parted, she expressing gratification at having met, and regret at parting. Probably Judge Parker knows who she is, though she did not seem to know him personally.

I visited, then, another one of the martyr churches, St. Gereon, who was martyred, together with four hundred and eighteen of the Theban Legion, by order of Diocletian. Their bones are also collected at this church, and built into the walls, like St. Ursula and her virgins. Then I visited St. Peter's, where I saw something much more authentic and not less interesting. The Martyrdom of St. Peter, the last and one of the greatest works of Rubens who was baptized in this church and painted this wonderful scene as an altar piece. I have not hitherto admired Rubens. There is a grossness, particularly in his females and children, and an extravagance of coloring which is far from pleasing. But here the figures are men in the performance or suffering of a violent and cruel deed, and the force necessary to be expressed, both in the crucifixion and the victim, suited his genius. Peter, you know, insisted upon being executed with his head downwards, deeming himself unworthy to suffer like his Lord. The painter has done his work with a master hand. I only regretted I could not linger longer and study the expressions of face and figure which the artist has made so realistic that it startles you like an actual scene.

I then visited other churches and places, which closed my examination of Cologne, but which I have not time to detail here. I will simply say I visited the walls that still make this a fortified place, and which extend in a semicircle around the city; the diameter or chord of the arc being the river. They and their gates are among the most perfectly preserved I have seen on the Continent or in England.

I returned to the hotel, after this busy morning, in time for the omnibus, twelve o'clock m., and reached here by rail, in an hour, twenty-five or six miles. We crossed the river, on the bridge of which I have told you, at Cologne, and came down on the east side. We soon lost sight of the river, and travelled through a level and highly cultivated country the whole way. Whilst coming on in the train, I engaged in conversation with a respectable looking old gentleman who, I found, could speak English. He told me his name was Schleiden, and that he was, for a number of years, before and during the war, Minister Resident in Washington of the "Five Hanstowns," and knew many of our prominent men—Hunter, Mason,

Rives, etc. We had a pleasant and interesting talk. We exchanged cards; he said my name was familiar to him. He is now on his way to the United States as agent for those interested in the Northern Pacific Road. He has not resided in the United States since 1864. I told him I feared he would find very few of his friends and acquaintances living now.

I came directly to the hotel, which I reached in time for table d'hôte, and I took it. After that I walked over the city, which contains ninety-five thousand people. This was, at one time, the centre of Art in Germany, but, in 1805, the Picture Gallery was removed to Munich and never returned; this, of course, was a serious blow. Yet Düsseldorf continued to be quite distinguished as an Art centre, and has furnished some painters of celebrity and has always preserved a school. The town is divided by a single street, as Wiesbaden. On one side, on the river, is the old and business part; on the other the residences, many of which are handsome and tasteful. The old section is like the German towns of which I have told you, streets narrow and crooked. Some churches, but none worth naming particularly. A bridge of boats here, too, spans the river, which I walked over to obtain the view.

The town is on the eastern bank, its western part therefore is the ancient portion of which I have spoken. The street which divides the old from the new is called Allée Strass, very broad, running north and south, with three rows of trees, as I have said dividing the city into two nearly equal sections. On it are some handsome houses, public and private. My window looks out on it whilst I am writing. A little lower down is the Theatre, quite a fine and imposing building, and opposite to it a Gallery of Art. Farther on where this street ends in an extensive ornamented park and garden is another large Academy of Art, which on one hand overlooks the Park and on the other the Rhine flowing near by. This Park extends upon the northern and sweeps around the eastern side of the city, through which streets have been constructed containing many handsome and refined looking mansions and villas. Now and then Platzs or Squares adorned with flowers and one or two bronze statues: one to Cornelius, the last celebrated painter whom Düsseldorf produced. With such surroundings the city is very attractive, and like so many towns in Germany a place of resort; but I should not think now much of a place for the cultivation of Art.

I visited the Academy and Gallery, both spacious and handsome buildings, but containing few works of merit, indeed few works of any sort. There are several private galleries also, owned by persons who sell engravings, paintings and statuary. These I also visited, but I cannot say with any great profit. For one who wants to lead a quiet life, Düsseldorf I should consider a charming place, but for one who comes to see, it can soon be exhausted. As usual the largest buildings are the casernes, or barracks and quarters for soldiers; they are by you ever, meeting you here as elsewhere in Germany.

HOTEL GRAND MONARQUE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,
(or Aachen, as the Germans call it),
Sunday, August 12, 1883.

Here I am in this antique city, one of the places I have been reading of so long, and that seemed so distant. The birth-place, the death-place, and the burial-place of Charlemagne—the capital north of the Alps of his Empire—no unworthy successor of that of Rome, as he rivalled any Roman in genius and ability to rule. The spot where for generations the German Emperors were crowned, and where Imperial Diets were held and Ecclesiastical Convocations, when their utterances were potent among the affairs of nations and of men; where in more recent times treaties of peace have been signed which the world hoped vainly would bring that which they proposed or promised.

An interesting place historically, yet retaining few memorials significant of the transaction of great events; most of the scenes that witnessed them have passed away with the individuals by whom they were performed. Time and war have been active here. The Cathedral which Charlemagne began is standing; that part which he built more than a thousand years ago is the best preserved of the entire edifice, more massively and substantially constructed. The Rathhaus, the Corn Exchange and a few old gate-ways are now nearly all that are left to tell of the wonders of this Imperial City. But they are worth seeing.

The hall in the Rathhaus is beautiful now with its arches and groins without a crack or sign of giving away, which have been standing more than five hundred years. The roof and towers were destroyed a few weeks ago by fire, but it did not reach through those noble arches.

The central portion of the Cathedral which the great Emperor built is solid, substantial and unbroken. Yet the business portion of the town and the dwellings, too, which we would call old, though younger far than the things I have named, look as though they had counted many years and seen many sights. Like a number of the Continental cities and towns I have told you of, and some in England, the streets are narrow and crooked, and it takes one with a good instinct for locality to walk through them and without trouble find his way.

The newer and more recent portions contain those evidences of material comfort and hygienic arrangements which certainly our civilization can claim as its own, however numerous may be its shortcomings in other respects. The streets of the newer portions are wide and well ventilated, and with houses which indicate that different ideas prevail from what pertained when their ancient fellows were built.

I went to the Cathedral and witnessed a portion of the services. The crowd was immense. I returned after service to look at the building more carefully, under the guidance of one of the attendants. They have here also, some of those precious things of which I told you at Cologne. For instance: the Robe of the Virgin, the Swadling Clothes of the Infant Christ, the bloody cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped, and the Linen Cloth with which the Saviour was girded on the Cross! These are kept in a costly and sumptuous shrine in the Treasury of the Cathedral, and are only exhibited every seven years, and then by the Archbishops!! for several days. This not happening to be the seventh year I did not see them. They have other less sacred relics which are shown every week-day for a consideration. Is it not strange, that pious, learned and sensible men will be guilty of this silly imposture?

After dinner I strolled over the city—going into the suburbs; going into the churches and looking at the people and things generally. And the children! the children which throng the streets! I saw where the food for gunpowder was getting ready; and the brain and muscle too, which was to fill the German flow with increasing tide toward the Setting Sun. They rivaled the number which our good, earnest, honest old friend, Judge Moncure, said he was willing to have, when his friends warned him of his poverty and the fate of the ancient dame who lived in a shoe. That premonition did not prevent the lovely couple from repeating in their lives the story of Jno. Anderson, My Jo.

They have a boulevard, which is composed of several, what they call Allées, and encircles a large part of the city; affording a handsome site for residences, all of which are modern; and a beautiful drive and promenade—this leads to large improved grounds, called Lousberg, on quite an elevation, which overlooks the town and surrounding country. I walked there, and from the site found I had “done” the city. I then walked back to the hotel, which occupies a position near the Cathedral and the center of the town.

I forgot to tell you how I came here this morning. I left Düsseldorf, at ten minutes after eight and reached here, fifty-three miles, by rail in one hour and a half—good road and fast travelling. I then deserted the river Rhine, crossing it at Düsseldorf; there was no more of it worth my while to see. It had shown me its enchantments, and thence flows through a flat country, and has no sight along its banks. I wish I could have conveyed to you some feeble image of those enchantments, I told you of in a clumsy way, I know. They were transferred from reality to my own mental vision and I can recall them distinctly as when they passed in splendid procession—the Alps, the Rhine!

I will close this letter now, and mail it here, Aix-la-Chapelle. I am hurrying to London. I want to hear from you all dreadfully. I ordered my letters to be detained there to await my arrival. From London I will visit Scotland and Ireland. With dearest love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 32.]

HOTEL BRITANNIQUE, SPA, BELGIUM,

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, LIÈGE,

Monday, August 13, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I sent a letter for Mary to your address, (No. 31) mailed at Aix-la-Chapelle to-day.

This morning I breakfasted and by seven a. m. was *en route* by rail from Aix-la-Chapelle to Spa. In a few miles I had passed from the bounds of the German Empire into the little kingdom of Belgium, very little in size, very little in power, but having a history that fills volumes

with heroic deeds. I want to see Belgium and Holland too, but not now. I am hastening to Scotland and Ireland, lest the bad weather come and my visit be marred. I am told that August and September are good months for those countries; after that it is too late. But being in Eastern Belgium it may not be convenient to return, and I therefore determined to see Spa and Liège, then hasten across to London.

I must mention again the weather. Great complaints are sent up here by the people, about the harshness of the season, so much rain and such cool, if not chilly weather. The rain has come at hours which did not incommode me, nor stop my movements for a day, I may say for an hour, and the temperature has been perfection for travelling, however vegetation may want hotter suns to fructify it; and I doubt not it does. The country wherever I have travelled has been, by reason of this sort of weather, in the freshness of bloom. To-day was charming, sun shining brightly and somewhat warm but not oppressive.

The distance from Aix-la-Chapelle to Spa is twenty-nine, the distance from Spa to Liège, twenty-one and a half miles, all the way through a beautiful and picturesque country, said to be the most so of any in Belgium. It is different from what I expected to see, not flat, but rolling sometimes violently into considerable hills. The road passes through deep cuts, heavy fills and many tunnels—a finely built and expensive affair. Spa is situated on a stream called Hoëgne which flows into the Vesdre, which in turn empties into the Meuse; on the last, Liège is located. The road follows the valleys of these two streams, crossing and recrossing the Vesdre several times, through a hilly channel making the scenery varied and attractive. A portion of the road I passed over twice, about seven miles, from a place called Pepinster where the stream of Spa—the Hoëgne flows into the Vesdre.

The aspect of the country as far as cultivation and modes of life are concerned assume a different phase. The people do not seem to live in villages as in France and the portions of Germany I have up to this time visited, but they have their own houses and curtilages and home surroundings as in England and with us, presenting a much more pleasing aspect to the eye. None of these dwellings with their environments were fine, but good and comfortable-looking. The lands were not in vast ranges divided only by the growth in cultivation, but separated by fences and hedges, many of them not well trimmed

it is true, the crops covering the landscape with a much more prolific vegetation, and reminding one somewhat of England. The products were much the same as I have remarked before, wheat and oats, now coming into harvest, potatoes, clover, grass and vegetables, but no vines.

Spa is the oldest European watering-place, and has been famous for, I may say, centuries. Royalty comes here, and in the last century it was the Baden-Baden of the continent. So common in use was its name, that Spa you know, is not only the proper name of this place, but has become a generic term. I had an idea somehow, without investigation or inquiry, that Spa was a German watering-place, but it belongs to Belgium. The water you are familiar with, impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas, and I thought I could detect sulphur. I drank it several times.

So soon as I arrived at this place I took a cab and went at once to the hotel designated at the head of this letter, which I found first-class. Getting the local information I wished from the Portier, who at these first-class hotels always speaks English, I started out and soon exhausted the sights of Spa. Like Baden-Baden and Ems, it is situated in a narrow valley, the hills rising on either side enclose it as in a sack. The houses built for several miles along it as villas, sometimes in streets lined with trees, and widening every now and then where the ground permits into ornamental Platzs and Parks. Like the German watering-places I have seen, it has an attractive look. The hotels are good, the surroundings are quiet and genteel. The public places and houses, such as squares, parks, bath houses, saloons, are handsome and well-ordered. The bath-house here is elegant, rivalling that of Baden-Baden. When I had strolled over the whole place, which took me several hours, it made the impression upon me that Bedford Springs did last summer, not in appearance, for it is far more highly improved than Bedford every way, but in the general suggestions it aroused of old things and old associations. There were amid the modern elegancies, things which here and there looked from their new surroundings and seemed to speak of the changes and revolutions which they had witnessed, and of how men and women had come and gone and left the memories of names, many of which are a part now of Europe's history.

I left Spa at half past three p. m. and came at once to Liège through the character of scenery I have described. After reaching

the hotel and getting a room, I walked out and pedestrianized the place. It contains one hundred and twenty thousand people, and, from its appearance, looks thrifty and progressive—a place of considerable manufacturing proportions—principally of arms. The river Meuse, a stream here of some size, divides it, and is spanned by several bridges; one I crossed, as is my wont. There are, amid modern improvements, which are numerous in the way of fine houses, business and dwelling, parks and the like, a few things which number their lives by centuries—the Cathedral and many churches which I visited in my rambles. Some of them, on the outside, look as if they had weathered many a storm, and where they have not been attended to, have a ragged face. But nearly all are undergoing repair, as they are in England, and the people of the European nations who have these treasures are, with worthy spirit, spending time and money in preserving them. For, independent of their religious purposes, Art has profound interest in their preservation. And some of those which look, at first sight, so neglected, on going in, you find in excellent condition from recent work.

This Cathedral is not one of those wonderful structures of which I have, every now and then, given you an account; but you cannot fail to be impressed when you see the number and size of these edifices, as I was in England, with the profound religious feeling which must have prevailed at the time they were designed, and how much self-denial, and sweat, and human life even, it required to build them.

They have a zoölogical garden, university, squares, and boulevards, and some statuary, but none I need stop, in these hasty letters, to describe. The city is beautifully located, the river running through and the hills rising around it, their green summits showing from the streets, sometimes crowned with villas. While Liège does not contain much that is historic or of marked interest, it has things which make it quite pleasant for a traveller to be detained a few hours.

I forgot to mention what it is worth while to know; that Aix-la-Chapelle is also a watering place and much resorted to. It was used by the old Romans, some of whose works have been found. The springs are warm, impregnated with sulphur, not strongly, but sufficient to deter those who do not like sulphur water, and to attract those who do. They have handsome baths and appointments.

Here it occurs, and it is well for me to state, that one of the most

striking things you see in the country and towns, in Germany and Belgium, is the use they make of their dogs; they are not solely for ornament or amusement. At every town you see them hitched up like horses, literally in Dog-Carts, hauling milk, vegetables, meat, and other articles, and doing it well; the big fellows cheerfully and easily; the weak ones often with a strong look of dissent or pain, sometimes like the poor horses, overloaded. But you would be surprised to see what heavy loads they can drag, and how useful they are, especially to the women, who cannot afford to keep a horse, or whose few commodities would not justify the expense.

HOTEL D'ALLEMAGNE, OSTEND, BELGIUM,
Tuesday, August 14, 1883.

You observe, from the heading of this letter, I am at the sea-side again, with my face towards London.

This morning in Liège, having an hour to spare, the train not leaving till eleven o'clock, I hired an open carriage and drove to the Citadel, which crowns one of the neighboring heights, and had a fine view of the city and its surroundings, the town situated in an amphitheatre of hills, with the river running through it.

Upon my return, I visited the old Palace, now used for courts of justice and public rooms, and one or two more of the churches which I had not seen, and walked through the market. Then took train for this place *via* Brussels. The distance to Brussels seventy-seven miles, from Brussels to Ostend sixty-two, making the distance one hundred and thirty-nine miles across the kingdom of Belgium, from east to west and nearly its entire width.

We stopped at Brussels long enough to have dinner and change cars—not long enough for me to see anything of the city, or even to leave the station. The cars were numerous and full, and a young German officer, whose acquaintance I made and who spoke English quite well, said they were always so—I suppose because Belgium is right in the pathway of travel to and from the heart of the Continent.

The scenery, soon after leaving Liège, began to assume the appearance which I had always ascribed to the Low Countries, of which history has so much to say—level or slightly rolling, and so continued to this place. The greater portion was cultivated much as I

have described France and Germany—without fences and in rectangular patches; but the houses of the country people are different. They do not so much cluster in villages, but have generally separate houses, with their little farm surroundings, of very simple construction, mostly of one story, high-peaked roof covered with red tiles, without any ornamentation.

As we came towards the seashore, the hedging was more frequent and the trees also. The hedges were not neatly trimmed, but allowed to grow high and thick, which surprised me, for I supposed they would want to save all the arable land they could. There are a good many trees, but no taste is manifested in their trimming or location. They are nearly always in rows or avenues. At a distance you wonder what this arrangement can mean. Often they plant them in avenues on their roads; but they are so cut back as to afford no shade, and often they are in a single row right across the country. I asked my German friend what it meant? He could not tell, never having observed till his attention was called to it. I thought probably it was to indicate the bounds of the land; but I rather think it is “for pretty.” No taste is shown in the adjustment and management of these trees and shrubbery, or in any manner about these ordinary country houses. The land seems to be well cultivated—every available acre. They are in the midst of harvest, and the crops of wheat and oats are large, of which a considerable area is in cultivation. The other crops are potatoes, clover, hay, hops, beets in large quantities—for sugar, I suppose, and to feed their stock.

I am sorry I did not know that my German friend was an officer till near our journey's end, or I would have gotten some information concerning the German army, and the hold it had or had not upon the affections of the people. We passed several places of some import, but made only a station stoppage—Ghent and Bruges among the number, distinguished, as most European cities are, by the lofty and imposing towers and belfries and steeples of their churches.

We arrived here at half-past five, and by six I was roomed in this hotel. My first inquiry was for my trunk, which I sent on from Bâle two weeks ago. Crossing foreign countries, I feared it might be detained for examination, and I be worried or even lose it. The proprietor informed me it was safe at the custom-house; but advised me to leave it there till morning, then I would not have

to submit to inspection, as it would simply pass through the country and invade no law, and, of course, be subject to no import duty.

Thus relieved, I dined and walked out to see something of Ostend, having more than an hour before dark. I went towards the seashore—my hotel being situated near the centre of the town, which contains twenty thousand inhabitants. The day had been very warm—one of the few really hot days I have felt on the Continent. The sun in the Alps, you remember I spoke of when there, was hot only where exposed to its direct rays, and for a few hours of the day. The seashore is heavily dyked or embanked, and, as I rose by a gradual ascent, a scene opened before me I did not anticipate. The front faces westward, and the sun was setting in the water gloriously. The breeze cooled the atmosphere and felt delicious after the heat of the long ride in close cars.

I was strolling leisurely, and, almost before I was aware, I was out upon the dyke or digue, as they call it—stretching a mile or more, thirty feet above the sea and more than a hundred wide, on one side lined by splendid edifices, on the other bounded by the ocean, reaching to the horizon and ablaze with the light of the setting sun, and thronged with men, women and children in their best attire. The air was now charmingly cool, and I walked on this grand promenade and looked at the houses, the sea, the sun and the thousands of people, not one of whom I knew or knew me, going into the Kursalle—an immense structure on the Digue, Concert-Room and Restaurant—witnessing altogether the best-looking and most brilliant gathering I had seen in Europe. I would have expected these things at Brighton; but Ostend has grown into these proportions recently, and this work has been done in a few years.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Wednesday, August 15, 1883.

Here I am in London again, after an absence of nearly two months and a half. My letters have told you how they were spent. How differently I feel from what I did when I first came to this hotel. Then London was known by reading, now it is known by sight, and I am quite at home. I will have to remain here several days. My trunk and umbrella are broken. No wonder, for they have both seen much service. The former has been tossed about with great

familiarity, and the latter has been in my hand wherever I have travelled. Then my clothes have to be righted; but, most important, I must go to the bankers the first thing in the morning and get your letters, sit down with London "shut out," read them and live with you for awhile.

This morning in Ostend I saw after my trunk, and with the assistance of the portier and the proprietor had it transferred to the steamer. I had an hour or two at my command, and strolled through the Fish-market, along the wharves and the principal streets, visiting the Cathedral, and again on the Digue, watched them bathing and buffeting the surf, which was coming in with a gale; then back to the hotel and took an omnibus to the steamer bound for Dover, distance sixty-two miles, and from Dover to London, seventy-six. We got under way at eleven o'clock. As we steamed out I had a fine view of the Digue and the whole front of Ostend, including the Lighthouse, which stands a short distance to the north, and adds much to the scene. In a short while the wind, already high and right in our teeth, grew more violent. Yesterday I told you was a hot day, whilst disagreeable for rail travelling would have been charming at sea. But the weather we had to-day was unpleasant and admirably adapted to show the characteristics of the North Sea and the Channel, which it did in a style to delight Neptune and Boreas when they sport in harmony; so that whilst I did not have the good time with which the weather has hitherto favored me, I had much experience. You know the Ocean and I hitherto have been good friends and have never had a fight; to-day we fought and he won.

I was sitting about midships talking to an English gentleman, who had been to India, and spent, I think he said, twenty years of his life there. Our talk was interesting to me, but was broken up by the spray coming over and driving us from our position, for though we were shielded by the boiler and its house, it came down upon us from above like rain. I made for the saloon, thinking it too rough on deck.

As I was entering the door to descend I observed a respectable looking man sitting upon a camp-stool, with his legs extended over another, and his back against the partition of the saloon and near the doorway through which the descent was made. He was reading, but I entered so near that we passed a few words and thence engaged in conversation. I thought I had seen his face before, and when he

told me he was going to America I was sure it was Henry Irving, the famous actor. I asked him if such was not the case, as I thought I had seen him at his theatre in London. He replied that I was not mistaken. I then introduced myself, and we became quite sociable and talked for several hours. I at first sat down in the doorway. Soon I felt the qualms of the monster coming over me. The wind had risen and was blowing its big guns, and as the steamer plunged into its face, not spray alone, but vast waves would rise above the ship and sometimes come down like a water-spout over its entire surface. Irving, though sitting outside the covering of the gangway below, had on his overcoat, and interested in our talk, stood or sat his ground.

I, feeling curious, could not believe I had at last been conquered ; but to give myself better protection to fight the enemy laid down on the landing of the steps inside and put my head on the sill of the door, so he and I were near enough to hear each other over the rushing of the winds and waves. I tried him on several things, but found he was most at home upon men and matters connected with or relating to his profession, and nothing pleases a man more than to talk of what he knows, especially if he finds a ready listener, and that listener is sagacious enough to let him lead or think so. We talked of his profession as an Art, and I think he has a high and true appreciation of it and of what it has done or may in the future do, I told him how I had been struck with the manner, both artistic and refined, in which he put his pieces on the stage, and the excellent corps with which he executed his work. He said he was glad I saw and appreciated that. It had been one of his life efforts in London and he was happy to say had succeeded. He hoped that it would be soon followed in America.

I told him I thought not and gave my reasons ; that we had no city large enough for such an enterprise. The expense must be very great, and no city in America could give a constant audience like London. New York alone could dare attempt it, and I did not think New York could be successful. I asked him how many months he could open and get a house in London. He replied, eleven. Of course, he said, the expenses are enormous, and he could not survive with his Lyceum without good audiences and large fees of admission. I told him of enterprises undertaken and failing for the want of that support which only a vast local and travelling popu-

lation, together with wealth, could give. Such he had in London: such we had not in America. He admitted the force of these statements.

We then talked of the true aim of the actor, whether it was the simple recitation of the words the dramatist had put in the mouth of the character and an effort to do that in the most rhetorical style, or whether it was the impersonation of the character itself, not only reciting the words in the best manner the voice and action could give, but ever keeping in view the character impersonated, and putting that accurately in all its lineaments before the audience.

Here his views were thoughtful and correct and indicated reflection beyond the ordinary range. He said he had made it the aim of his studies to get the ideal of the character, and then first and above all things to put that ideal into life upon the stage. We then talked of actors who had made themselves famous. Those who are dead and those who now live and competitors like himself for a name. Here I was more gratified with our conversation, and more pleased with him than at any portion of the talk. I did not think him upon the stage a man of great intellectual power or genius. My conversation did not change the opinion I there formed of him. But like Barrett, he has seen good society and deports himself like a gentleman, and he is kind and amiable, saying nothing harsh or envious, but always seeming anxious to put in a gentle word of approval or admiration. We spoke of McCullough, of Booth, of Jefferson, of Barrett, of Miss Mary Anderson. I asked him of Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*. His admiration was extravagant, as is that of every one who has seen that marvellous personation, and admired, alas! just what Irving lacks. I am sure he is not conscious of his stagy manner and accent. His conversation is easy and natural, no assumption which makes me think he is ambitious of seeming to aspire to lofty things. This is the more laudible and unusual because he has been greatly flattered. Only a few days ago, the first gentlemen of the kingdom, composed of the nobility and commonalty, gave him a handsome dinner of "send off" to America. The English love to hold him up as the greatest living Shakespearean actor. But in his talk with me, he was an unpretending quiet gentleman, perfectly easy and natural.

I told him I thought he would have a cordial reception in America, as his treatment of Booth had been so manly and kind. He seemed to be gratified at my prediction and to anticipate great pleasure in his

visit. This talk was very agreeable, some of it on quite an elevated plane, but during it the storm was raging without, and the utterances by me on high Dramatic Art were intermingled with outbursts of the little storm that had been stirred up within. Irving stood it better for awhile, but upon looking up after one of those outbursts, I saw him stagger towards me from the side of the vessel to which he had fled for relief, to apologize for his sudden and unexpected interruption of our conversation. But after awhile the wind getting colder and for fear (being in the draught without my overcoat) that I might suffer from its effects, I went into the lower saloon and saw no more of Irving. If we should ever meet again, we can have a hearty laugh over our discussion of Dramatic Art in the midst of the heavings of a *mal de mer*.

We were delayed by this storm more than an hour and a half in our passage, but so soon as we landed the express train was ready at the door. We took it and speeded on to London without making a single stoppage. I got here before dark and was soon fixed in my room. I felt no bad effects from the sea-sickness, nor did I feel any good. I was well before. I was not of the disposition of the man who was well, desiring to be better, took medicine and left his fate the comment of the world. When coming across the Atlantic, I wished to be sick and could not induce it; to-day I did not desire it and it came of itself. But it has no terrors for me, nothing more than an ordinary sick stomach. None of that death-like sinking of which you have heard, and a desire to end life. I only wanted to reach the shore and be rid of the sea-sickness, which upon landing was speedily done. I found the hotels as full as when I left here—the city has not yet scattered itself, and people are still coming and going to see its wonders.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Thursday, August 16, 1883.

Last night I slept so soundly that no visions of an angry sea haunted me; no visions of anything. As the old negro told his master—dyspeptic preacher—after his sermon, “he was sure he was better after getting all that nastiness off his stomach.” So it ought to be after the ugly performances which the ocean, wind, and wave cause. But I felt so comfortable, both asleep and awake, that I was not sorry I had it, nor sorry it was over.

I rose early and breakfasted, thinking I could attend to my affairs before bank hours, when I hoped to receive your letters. The lock of my trunk was broken by the bad usage it had received *in transitu*; a rib of my umbrella was snapped by a strong wind or gust which struck it on one of the bridges at Liège, and my shoes wanted righting up after their long journeyings, for whilst I spared them as much as I could in the Alps, I was merciless on them when I reached the cities. Tell Essie the umbrella she gave me has witnessed many scenes, and been warmed by many suns, for I have had it with me all the time on this and my former tour.

I had breakfast and was out to attend to these matters a good while before any of the business places were open; it was nearly nine o'clock before they were. Londoners are, as I have before remarked, very late; indeed I think the English generally are. They keep late hours, night and day. When I had given these things attention, I walked on up the Strand, Fleet, and Cheapside to the Bank of England, near which, you know, are Brown, Shipley & Co., our intermediary friends, who have been floating our letters to and fro so successfully. These streets presented the same interesting aspect they always do; crowds hurrying hither and thither, many looking, for a minute or two, into the shop windows, and then on; many having no time to stop—their object so urgent;—many lounging lazily because, as the Indian says, “they have all the time there is;” many silent, with bowed heads and hasting steps; many talking to themselves, thinking not of the crowds which jostled them—for there is no solitude so great as the seething thoroughfare of such a vast city. As I passed, I greeted old St. Paul’s grimy face.

I found the *Times* and *Despatch* and the following letters at my bankers’: Charles, July 26th Narragansett, August 3rd Alexandria; Taylor, July 22nd, and Margaret, July 19th, July 26th, and August 2nd. As my friend Mr. Bouverie’s office is near by, I determined to call and see him before I returned to my room. I did so, at 17 Moorgate Street, with which street and number Charles and I are so familiar. He had not yet come to his office and I determined to wait. I sat down there and enjoyed myself, largely more in reading your letters than in any talk I could have had with him. I was glad to hear that Essie and Charles were so much benefited by their trip to Narragansett and had so delightful a time. I think if I had been there to wander with Charles, he and I could

have had a good time perusing the Yankees ; he would have enjoyed it more than reading my long prosy letters from far off here.

I am delighted Charles is going up. Taylor and he can have a good time. I will think of you on the poreh enjoying yourselves, and when you are reading my letters know, wherever I may be, I am wishing you every happiness. I am glad Taylor's new cook is doing well, and hope she may continue so to do. Tell Dr. M. I will be glad to get the letter ; but when he is busy he won't have time, and when slack of work he will be so nursing his worry—that he has not more!—that I fear the letter will fail. I hope Mary will have a good time, whether she goes or stays to have eompany. Tell her to write me long and newsy letters. I love to hear everything that is going on, even down to the parties, and what the girls and boys do and say. I note what you remark of Denny—he cannot be idle. It will end in his selling all his property in Winchester and going West, where his daughter lives, and he and his son-in-law entering into business together, or going to some more aetive place than Winehester. He is devoted to his children. I believe a move will be made, and I shall be sorry for it. No man of his means has ever done so much for our town.

By the time I had finished reading your letter, Mr. Bouverie came in and gave me a cordial greeting. We had some talk. He urged me to go to his country seat with him, near Stonehenge. I declined for the present. I must now hurry on to Seotland, lest the season get too late. I told him that, after my return from Scotland and Ireland, I might run out and spend a night with him. He is very eordial and kind. My other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bennock, are out of town. I hope I will see them before finally leaving England. I then walked baek, stopping to admire St. Paul's, peeping in the windows of the shops, looking at the people like any other "elod-hopper" would when he comes in to see the sights "about town." I read the papers you sent, and, in the afternoon, lounged generally ; but will say no more of London. You have had enough of that in former letters. And now good-bye, with tenderest love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 33.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
*Friday, August 17, 1883.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I am resting to-day, yet quite busy. I told you of my things to be righted up; it required some time and walking to do it. I forgot to say that I mailed yesterday to Taylor (No. 32), from this hotel. I wrote Mrs. Nelson, and to my old friend Col. A. Dudley Mann, who treated me so hospitably and kindly in Paris, and with whom I spent the day; and to Mr. Smellie (of Belle Grove), thanking him for his letter, and also for writing to his brother, J. Haig Smellie, who lives in London, to pay me attention. On my arrival here I found a very polite letter from the latter (not knowing where I was, but trusting to catch me at this hotel), tendering me civilities and hospitality. I wrote all this to Smellie and thanked him, and to his brother, giving him reasons why I could not now, but hoping I might meet him before my return to the United States.

I am getting a suit of clothes made, which you will be, I have no doubt, glad to hear. The tailor says he will try his hand: if he succeeds I will get several suits, and leave Mr. M.'s in London. I think he ought to give me a release now, as I have not had from him a suit to fit for six or seven years, and ought to be allowed to try and get one from some one else. Whether my new London firm can do better is to be seen. He sets himself up for first-class, has a large store on the Strand, in the midst of London fashion, and seems to have a run of custom; makes admirable promises—no fit, no pay. May be tailor, for ought I know, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or to her Majesty the Queen, for, from all accounts, she wears the breeches every day at home. Anyhow, I am going to get a London suit, and I am practising English pronounciation in Cheapside and around Bow Bells, and when I return you won't know your brother, he will have improved so much in style.

I walked about the streets, some of them so familiar to me now that I seem to have known them all my life, and did what I had not sufficient time to do before, so much and many things are to be seen. I looked with others of the "crowd gazers" into the windows, and

listened to the remarks of the *blasé* or the rustic, and wandered among the old book-stores or stalls, with other book-worms, and wished often I had means of conveyance that I might send many of the treasures across the water.

There is a fascination in London that does not belong to many places. When I have seen most cities I feel that I have exhausted them, they have no more novelties to show me. The reserve forces of London are so great that the feeling of satiety does not soon take possession. Wherever you go new currents seem to come from vast reservoirs, and the tide flows, ever bearing something new and strange. But this would not last long with me. As a traveller, I am like the Athenians of St. Paul's day, ever desiring to see or hear "some new thing," and like the Wandering Jew, in that alone I hope, ever impelled "to move on."

As I strolled on Cheapside to-day I observed a crowd looking intently at a house on the opposite side of the street. When I got up I found they were watching the operations of a clock, whose works filled the whole front of Bennett's manufactory and salesrooms of chronometers. Bennett is a celebrated watch and clock maker here. In its ingenious contrivances it is like the Bern, Strassburg and Wells clocks. The house is three stories. The third story front is occupied by two figures, Time and Fortune, who strike with a mallet, which each holds in the right hand, the quarters and halves upon two bells hung between them. On the second story front, Gog and Magog stand on either side of a large bell and strike the hours. There are five or six faces on the front of the house, each indicating the time in some remote or prominent part of the world—for instance, New York, St. Petersburg, Paris—whilst a large watch is suspended perpendicularly, with faces looking up and down the street, which indicates the London time; of course the figures only strike that time. It is a fine piece of mechanism and seems to work well.

I was not so much interested in Fortune and Time—for everybody knows that the former is fickle, the latter certain—but I was interested in my old friends Gog and Magog. I am fond of them and they are good fellows. They have provided for me admirably ever since I have been in their city, and have made things turn out most agreeably. Indeed, their guardianship of this Metropolis for generations may be called a success, and the nation honors them for it. Now they have condescended, from their high estate in Guild Hall, to strike

the city clock that its people may walk straight and be on time. I would like to have some talk with them before I go, and inform them of things in our new country. When I tell them of the glorious Republic and of the efforts of its sovereigns—the People—to be great and wise and always “up to time,” won’t they shake their jolly sides? And when I tell them of the declarations of their would-be leaders to do things kind and good and profitable for them and their remotest posterity, and their modes of doing it, won’t they open their venerable and experienced eyes and wonder what can save things thus conducted from a direful fate?

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON,
Saturday, August 18, 1883.

To-day was spent much as yesterday—not idly—busy the while putting my things in order, looking over my maps and guide books, so that I may fix upon a route that will be comprehensive yet direct. I have no time to lose; that is slipping away, and I have yet much to see before the period I have fixed for my return. I think whilst travelling so diligently that when I get to certain places I will rest my nerves and will loll; but in a few hours after my arrival at the point fixed, my nerves are rested, if they were ever tired, and I am at work as hard as ever, projecting other tours.

I seem to have wonderful powers, both of endurance and recuperation, for my mind whilst travelling is just as active as my body. My years of study and reading seem never before to yield me richer fruit. Wherever I roam, almost, I seem not to be a stranger. There comes slipping out from every nook some one whom I have known, from history or story, to act as my cicerone and to remind me of our acquaintance and tender his services in showing me around. I have him by my side as a good and known companion, and I forget that I am among scenes I never saw before and among people as strange as if they belonged to another world. What a charm this gives to travel!—a vitality and living interest to scenes which otherwise would be lifeless, or after being witnessed would soon fade from the mental vision.

I got my suit of clothes and they seem to fit me well, but it was after several alterations, without which I could not have worn them. What is the reason so many tailors never appear to learn their business? Success with them is chance!

I went to the bankers for the last time before leaving the city, hoping to get a mail. I was not disappointed. I received several papers and Mary's letter of the 5th, which I read as usual, greedily. Tell her to write often and long letters and tell me the news, big and little. The littlest kind of news has a wonderful faculty of growth on a sea voyage—don't seem to get sea-sick, but arrives as fat and lusty as an English baby.

I am strongly tempted as my pen runs to tell you of my walks along the Strand, Fleet, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, Poultry, Lombard, Cornhill, Moorgate, the Bank, the Exchange, the Mansion, and their crowds, that are now so familiar to me; and of Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Monument, guarded by Landseer's colossal bronze lions, looking with their extended paws too strong to be fierce; the Waterloo Place, with its monument and statues; the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, and Westminster Abbey; of Regent, Oxford, Pall Mall, Haymarket, Piccadilly and Holborn, through which places and streets I have walked; the book-stores, the talks I have had with the booksellers and the people. But many of these I have spoken of; I must not weary you with a tale twice told.

It is well to have seen Westminster Abbey before one sees some of the Cathedrals of the continent. It never was so grand in its design or its proportions, and the climate in which it has lived and time have dealt roughly with it. The smoke and dust of the vast metropolis have smeared its face, and the efforts to clean only make it appear more smeared, for by the time they have one portion looking quite like the original stone, the smutty giant comes along with his grimy brush and soils its face again. But no Cathedral or world's edifice can present a more famous interior. As British history has tided on, it has left its trophies and memorials there, and no record since that made by Rome, is like unto it in sweep and splendor. I will not say a word against the old pile. It looks batter-fanged, and time has quarried pieces out of its stone frame-work. It has been a faithful Treasure House, and invites with open doors passers-by to come in and see a nation's Mausoleum, and as it shows the effigies of the spirits who have made that nation's fame, it is with satisfaction, that without dispute, it is the noblest Pantheon the earth has ever seen.

As I lounged on Cheapside to-day, I casually glanced at one of

the signs and it was marked in big capitals "Dombey & Son." I halted and looked; it was a merchant tailor's store. Can that be Dombey come to life and married again, and the wish of his heart gratified? But, merchant tailor! How does that suit Dombey's high ambition?

QUEEN'S HOTEL, YARMOUTH, ENGLAND,
Sunday, August 19, 1883.

This morning in London, I determined to go and hear Dr. Parker, Independent, who preaches at City Temple near Holborn Viaduct, and is regarded by his admirers as one of the finest of the day. There is a great dearth of noted pulpit orators in London now, and few stand preëminent, attracting crowds by their simple name. But Mrs. Long, one of my Switzerland fellow-travellers advised me on my return to London to go to hear Dr. Parker, as she thought him able and eloquent. So after breakfast I started early to walk leisurely there, for it is quite a distance. I went across the city, first to Covent Garden Market, then by Covent Garden Theatre, thence to Drury Lane; found it dirty as ever and filled this morning with men, women and children as dirty as the street. Thence to Broad which runs into Holborn, a handsome long avenue which as it goes changes its name to High Holborn and Holborn Viaduct, this street having been somewhat like Broad Street, Richmond, Va., first ascending and then dipping into a deep gorge, which they have now remedied by a splendid viaduct, so massive and wide that you would readily pass over it and not infer that it was not a mere continuation of the street upon the surface of the ground. The morning was beautiful and my stroll pleasant; but when I reached City Temple I found it closed, and a placard announcing that it would not be reopened for a month. This was a disappointment, for not only the failure to hear Dr. Parker, but also because it was then too late to look for another church.

I walked leisurely back to the hotel by a different route, striking through Lincoln Inn Fields, which is a nice little park quite ornamental to that part of the city, and then through several short and crooked by-streets where the poor do congregate, and out of which Dickens was wont to gather some of his characters. These people look poor and yet in my wanderings among them they never, I believe, in a single instance begged me as I passed, not even the children, nor did they seem unhappy. Their dress, their houses and

their surroundings, were in some instances bad enough—filthy and foul-smelling. But they have never known any better and therefore do not grieve.

My time is slipping away so rapidly, I determined to start from London at once upon my northern tour, for I have many miles yet to travel and many things to see before the period fixed for my return home. Though I have not hurried since I began my tour, and do not travel at night as you have seen, the grass has not had time to grow under my feet, and the countries and cities I have visited I have seen thoroughly.

When people talk of having seen Europe in two or three months, they either mean that they have not seen all that it has to show, or that they have only seen a thing or two here and there. For whilst the distances are short by comparison with ours, the lifetime of the places and people has been so long that at every turn you are invited to stop by some object or scene, which has gathered to it a whole volume of history or romance, and one has little conception of the ever-recurring attractions which look out on him at every step, who has not had the experiences of wandering with his mind and heart prepared and cultured for their reception. When that is the case, letters give but a faint idea of the perpetual enjoyment—the aroma is lost in the transmission.

I gathered my things, leaving a portion of them at Charing Cross Hotel, sending my trunk on to Edinburgh so as not to be annoyed with it, and, with my satchel, left at three o'clock, p. m., for Yarmouth—the map will show you where. The distance is one hundred and twenty-one miles, and, being an accommodation train, it was somewhat after dark when I arrived there. The road is quite direct, passing through Ipswich; but there is nothing on it to justify my stopping. The country again looked familiar, as I have so become with English rural scenes, and the like of which I do not find on the Continent.

The country was rolling almost the whole distance. On either hand there were cottages and comfortable-looking houses—however humble and unpretentious, with their surroundings, indicating that their owners or inmates look upon their domestic lives as having a seclusion and sanctity entirely their own: the big, burly trees growing where Nature had put them. No axe had come nigh their trunks or branches; but there they stood, as though they had an

immemorial right thus to beautify and adorn the landscape. Their owners did not begrudge the space they occupied or the shade they cast. In this free growth, I know no country to compare with England, as I may have more than once remarked, and this gives it much of its loveliness and fame.

The country to Yarmouth is cultivated at first mostly in grass; but as you recede from London there is more in grain, wheat and oats, the latter generally cut, the former in the midst of its harvest.

When I arrived at Yarmouth I took a cab and ordered the driver to take me to the Royal, one of the best hotels. He did so, and the proprietor came to the carriage and with many apologies told me he was crowded—had not a bedroom to spare. I then drove to another first-class, called the Victoria, and met with the same condition of things, and then to a third, whose name I do not remember if I heard. By this time I had consumed the first-class hotels. In driving I observed that the streets were thronged with people, the day and evening having been delightful. The driver told me Yarmouth was in the height of its season, being now one of the seaside watering places, and this being Sunday the townspeople were out in force, and many having come in from the adjacent country to spend the night. At the fourth hotel I succeeded. It was not first-class, but the landlady gave me the best she had, and I got a good supper and a sound sleep. You notice the name at the head of this letter, sounding royal enough.

YARMOUTH—NORWICH—PETERBOROUGH.

LINCOLN, ENGLAND,

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTEL,

Monday, August 20, 1883.

This has been a busy day. I was up early in Yarmouth, before any one was awake in the house, dressed and went down, unlocked the front door and started to see how Yarmouth lay. The day was opening beautifully, and has so continued. The sea-shore was only a short distance from the hotel, the sun was just rising over its waters and a delicious breeze coming from them towards the land.

This is one of the finest marine outlooks in England, and its quay more than a mile in length, levelled and embanked with stone facing, looking upon the sea, is probably unequalled, certainly unsurpassed

in the Kingdom. I walked its entire length. It was too soon for the people generally, but laborers were out, and a few early risers who had come to enjoy the morning air or take a bath. At the farther or southern end of the esplanade they have erected a costly monument to Nelson. It is a column, in bad taste, surmounted by Victory, on a pedestal supported by eight figures bearing wreaths and garlands—these figures standing upon the top of the monument. At a distance this capital gives the whole a curious appearance; it looks as though the column was surmounted by a Grecian Temple with a figure on its roof, the supporting figures looking like columns. A very different affair from that noble column which rises in Trafalgar Square, guarded by Landseer's lions.

I then walked over the town, which has in it nothing worth recording. The place is evidently improving. But its beach is its chief boast, which has made it a place of considerable resort during the bathing season, and certainly it is attractive. The hour or so I spent there was much enjoyed in the cool, delicious breezes as they came from the gently-heaving sea. The front is open, and when the storm comes the scene must be furious. Was it not here that the mad sea avenged poor Emily's wrong, and Steerforth met his doom?

I returned to the hotel, had my breakfast, and by eight o'clock was on my road to Norwich, the county-town of Norfolk, distance from Yarmouth twenty miles, and containing 90,000 inhabitants. So soon as I arrived I observed much bunting on the streets, and preparations as if for a parade or demonstration. On inquiry I learned that they were to have a procession and other ceremonies, inaugurating a hospital recently completed, and that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were to be present to preside over the meeting. Some of the mottoes were certainly very loyal, and you would have supposed his and her Highnesses were much beloved.

Norwich is rather a pretty place, and the old and new are pleasantly commingled. It is an ancient town and has some of the most ancient things in the realm. But it has also many new houses, indicating prosperity and growth. I walked the streets, and made myself somewhat familiar with the appearance of things, and then visited the Castle and Cathedral—the two objects in which Norwich rejoices, and not without cause, for they are both striking and beautiful. The Castle stands upon an elevated and commanding height; portions of it have stood there since the days of the Conqueror. It

has, of late years, been used as a prison and is in good repair. It is massive and rectangular, with a walled enclosure. They do not admit strangers without a permit. I had no desire to go in. The Virginia penitentiary and the trouble I had with it, inside and out, satisfied me for the rest of my life. I met there, in walking the promenade which surrounds its outer walls, with a decent and sensible man who, from our high position overlooking the city, pointed out to me the various objects of interest; among them a number of old churches, their towers and spires rising above the houses and presenting an interesting sight; the Cathedral, dwarfing all else by its size and beauty. He was very pleasant, said he had lived in Canada and, whilst there, worked for a Virginian named Corse, and spoke most kindly of him.

In going from the Castle to the Cathedral, I passed through the market place and visited the Guild Hall, St. Peter's, Mancroft Church, a fine old structure, recently restored, where there is a tablet to Sir Thomas Brown, quaint and gifted genius. The Cathedral I enjoyed as usual. The vista on the interior is spoiled by the choir screen, which cuts in two what would be a beautiful sweep through nave and choir to apse. But it is a lovely church, and like most of these old edifices, has had friends to come and, with their means, restore and preserve it. Norwich altogether presented to me an interesting appearance. Amid the old things, as I remarked, there are evidences of life and material activity, and a love of ornamentation shown in the cultivation and improvement of grounds, whether large or small, which has earned it the name of "Garden City."

I did not stay to witness the "opening." It would have consumed a day, which I could not spare, and when I left to come to Peterborough, it would have been in crowded cars, the people then returning to their homes; and I, therefore, could not have enjoyed the country as I desired. So far, I have generally had the whole section to myself, and have had full view on either side as we travelled. The entire country is level, being what has been for centuries called the "Fen," extending around the "Wash," embracing portions of the counties of Norfolk, Cambridge, Northampton, and Lincoln. It was once a marsh and boggy; generations of labor have drained it, and it is now productive and valuable.

Immediately after leaving Yarmouth, the productions seem to be

grass, cattle, sheep, and horses, almost entirely; after awhile wheat and oats appeared, sown in great areas, the country level, as far as the eye could reach, inviting the reapers, of whom I saw a good many at work. The wheat seemed to be golden and of good quality, and standing well upon the ground. But I saw much of it which ought to have been cut several days ago—dead ripe. I was surprised, too, at the careless manner in which it was shocked, simply thrown in piles without any capping. A rainy spell would ruin vast quantities. Their stacking was much better; much better than ours. Many of the stacks covered with a regular-made straw mat. I saw so few working, where I thought they ought to be many, that I inferred there was a scarcity of labor, but, upon inquiry, I was told not.

I left Norwich and came to Peterborough, simply to see the country and Cathedral. I have, in general terms, described the whole country on my route to-day, to the point whence I am now writing. We passed by Ely, of which, and its striking Cathedral, I gave you some idea in a letter written before I left England for the Continent. Now, for a long distance, we had a splendid view of the great pile from the cars, over the level country, standing conspicuous from every point of the compass, and causing no wonder, that Canute the Dane, when he passed up the river which then flowed near its walls, stopped the stroke of his oarsmen, that he might listen to the heavenly music, seeming to come from enchanted walls, as the Monks chanted their vesper song. Ely is fifty miles from Norwich, and Peterborough thirty from Ely.

So soon as I reached Peterborough I left my satchel in the cloak-room. I do not know that I have mentioned, that at the stations in England they have cloak and parcel rooms, where you can, taking a check, leave your baggage and have it cared for till you wish it, on payment of two pence. This is a convenience, and I have often made use of it, saving the trouble as well as expense of going to a hotel. I went at once to the Cathedral.

It is a different sort of city from Norwich—everything old, with no evidences or promise of a renaissance past, present or to come. It looks as though it were simply surviving like Ely, St. Albans, Canterbury and other Cathedral cities of which I have written. These Cathedrals are, in one sense, godsend to these ancient towns—were any calamity to destroy them, the life of the place would depart. Strangers only visit them because of these treasures.

I found the building undergoing repair, the central tower which rests upon the columns and arches around the conjunction of the nave and transept were giving way, and they had to take it down—a heavy task. But they are reconstructing and preserving it as they are so assiduously doing its sisters over Great Britain. Catherine of Aragon and Mary Queen of Scots, were buried on either side of the choir in this building. Mary, you know, was moved to Westminster Abbey by her son James, who put a beautiful monument over her unhappy remains. Catherine's body lies still in Peterborough Cathedral where it was first buried. The verger showed me the spot, now covered by the rubbish of the workmen. But it, and such things will be retained in their accustomed places, under the restored building. Her body saved the church probably from destruction. It was suggested to Bluff Harry "How well it would suit his goodness, to erect a fair monument for her." He replied, "Yes, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom," and surely he did. For what nobler mausoleum could there be than this beautiful Cathedral?

There is more Norman work here than you will usually find in the English Cathedrals. The nave is purely Norman: and here my views were again confirmed, that no Gothic innovation is at all an improvement upon the simple, massive style. I had much and interesting talk with the verger, but I am sorry I have not time to repeat it.

I then went out and spent some time in walking about the close; the most interesting I have seen, save that of Wells and Canterbury, of which I wrote you some time ago. Hawthorne, I think, speaks of this as the most striking: probably he had not seen those. There is a quiet seclusion in these closes that is charming, the green grass, the grand trees and the antique houses, that have heard and witnessed so many phases and opinions and changes of authority, ecclesiastical and political. Classic culture and religious faith seem to have had in these places a home, where they lived in happy union, and from this union sprang the wonderful buildings which have come down, the only things worthy of the name of Art in the British islands and the admiration of successive generations. I love to wander in these closes and think. I can repeople them with a Race, the like of which has no existence now among men.

I spent several hours in Peterborough, visiting its Cathedral and streets, then took train and came on to Boston, thirty-two miles. I

felt, I cannot say why, a particular desire to come to Boston, and yet I thought I would hardly be repaid: but I was. I lost no time, only spending sufficient to see the place, between one train and the other. Our Boston is named after it, which brings a great many northern people here. The only thing particularly it has to show besides itself is St. Bardolph's Church, which has a tower I don't think I have seen surpassed in size and impressiveness, by any English Cathedral; visible at sea for forty miles. Boston has 17 or 18,000 people.

I walked first to the Church. I found a crowd of men—mechanics and rough fellows—trying to enter. This was part of the large crowd that had come down from Sheffield on a fishing excursion, which I hear is quite usual. The lady who had charge of the church, hearing their noise, came and opened the door from within. I passed in with the throng, but at once on getting in moved off by myself. She came up and we engaged in conversation, and she continued with me, going through the church, which was large and imposing. When I had seen what I wished I went to the door, she still walking and talking with me. She said a great many Northern people, particularly Bostonians, came there to see the town and the church; but few or no Southerners. I told her I was a Southerner and a Virginian.

About that time she told me Mr. Beresford Hope had presented them with a highly ornamented marble font that was near us at the moment. I told her he had been very kind to my State and had presented it with a statue of Stonewall Jackson. At the time I told her I was a Virginian I also told her who I was. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "is it possible? I am so glad to see you here. I wish you could see my father—he sympathized with you in your struggle, as many of us did. Now, won't you give me your autograph?" I told her neither she nor I had time—I wanted to see more of her town and she had left a party of ladies to come to me, and would have to go back. "Oh," she said, "these are Boston ladies; but you are the only distinguished Southerner I ever saw here, and I know you will give me your autograph; I will excuse myself if you will go with me to our house and write your name in my album." I could not refuse, and went with her to her father's house, not far off, and gave her my name. She thanked me many times and repeated how much she regretted her father's absence, who had for us Southern people so much admiration and sympathy. Then I bade her good-bye!

I took a carriage and drove over the town and to the Park, getting back in time to come here, Lincoln, which place I reached at dark, a distance of thirty-one miles, after a stirring day, you will admit.

On this last ride I had two Englishmen with me in the apartment. We had much pleasant and, to me, profitable talk, which I have not time to put down.

Now I must close this long letter ; I am tired of writing—I know you are of reading.

With best love to all, in great haste.

Affectionately,

F.

I mail this in Leeds.

[No. 34.]

LINCOLN—SHEFFIELD—LEEDS, ENGLAND,

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTEL,

Tuesday, August 21, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I wrote your mother (No. 33) and mailed it to your Uncle Taylor in this city.

The first thing this morning was to see Lincoln, with its Cathedral and Castle. I breakfasted and then started, going first to the Cathedral. It has the advantage of most of the cathedrals in its elevated site, which overlooks the town and country for miles. A long hill rises from the vicinity and seems, as I observed, both in approaching and leaving, to spring from a great plain, for the country is level as you come towards and for a good while as you recede from the city.

On the summit of this rising ground are located the Cathedral and Castle in close proximity. Their architects had no objection to the union of the Crozier and the Sword, provided they could use the sword when needed to advance the Faith which the crozier symbolized : they were recognized and recognized themselves as members of the Church Militant, and as long as the sword was not unsheathed against them, they were in favor of its naked exhibition against the infidel, the heretic, and the heathen. So I have no doubt the inmates of these two old structures had generally a good time together.

I met here with the verger, who took me through the Cathedral, pointing out objects of interest. It was a long time in building, and you see evidences in the various styles of architecture in its structure; but the Norman and early English prevail. Some of the work is chaste in its carving and tracery, and what is called the "Angel Choir," embracing the choir and apse, is ornamented with angels sculptured from stone gracing the arches of the triforium. The workmanship is elaborate, and the figures beautiful. There are thirty of them.

But the quaint old Monks must have a display of humor, and I remarked to the verger that I wondered they had not stuck among them some funny device. "Why," he said, "they have," and called my attention to a little devil, in a fantastic attitude, glancing over the group and grinning, as though much amused with the company in which he is caught. And thus you find it in the Cathedrals in Great Britain and on the Continent; the irrepressible manifestation of humor which peeps slyly at you from the most solemn or pathetic surroundings.

This edifice, too, has a choir screen, most elegantly carved from stone, charming in itself, but unfortunately here at all, for it has the effect, as I have before remarked, of breaking the grand sweep of the entire interior of the massive pile. These *coups d'œil*, both interior and exterior, cannot be appreciated from description. The interior is rendered impressive by the graceful, yet powerful reach of the columns, arches, and groins; the exterior stands so lightly that you hardly form a true conception of its vast proportions, unless you see it from a distance, looming up, mountain-like, above its environments.

When I left the Cathedral, I went to the Castle. This was, as the castle in Norwich, used for a prison until recently. But the prisoners have been removed to another place, and now it is utilized as a court house for the city and county. The door of entrance was closed. I rang a bell, the keeper came, and at first hesitated about letting me in, as the hour for court had not arrived. I told him I had to leave on the train and had not much time to spare. He then opened the door, admitted me, and walked over the place with me, showing me things, new and old. The outer walls and one old tower of the original structure are standing, built in the Conqueror's time. The enclosure is extensive and kept in perfect order in grass, shrubbery, and trees. I suppose it covered an acre.

They have erected, near the walls, buildings for court purposes, which I visited and found nicely fitted up. I then went to the keep, which is ancient, of the original structure, higher than the enclosure of the Castle, and surrounded by a small plat of ground, which has been used as the burial-place of those who have been executed for crime; and the plat is quite full of graves. The whole thing is in thorough repair, and, like such structures usually, is ornamental to the city — on the same elevation, and contrasting well with the different architecture of the Cathedral.

When I left the Castle I visited not far from it the ruins of an old Roman wall and gateway. The arch of the gateway is of massive stone and is perfect, looking as though it would endure as many years longer. It is supposed to be nearly 2,000 years old, thus preserved spanning one of the streets through which the people go in and out of the city; this is called the Newport Gate. There is another ancient gate spanning a street in the heart of the city, but much more modern than the former.

After getting a good view of Lincoln and its curiosities, I left in the train for Sheffield, distance forty-three miles. Receeding from the city, the country continued level for some time, and when we reached Yorkshire became more rolling. Your map will show you that besides travelling through Lincoln and York I also passed through the northern part of Nottingham, which is of much the same character of country as Lincoln, large portions of it in wheat, probably one-third cut, not more, and some of it standing in the fields quite green. I do not think I have remarked upon the season. Vegetation is as bright and luxuriant as in June — no sign of decay or the approach of the “sere and yellow leaf.” The grass is green and the foliage of the trees, and England is looking as fresh as when I travelled in the spring and early summer, the only difference being that then the fields were covered with the bloom of flowers, which have now vanished.

When Yorkshire is entered the country becomes more rolling, and the cultivation of grain begins to diminish and there is more grass and stone, and then after a few miles the smoke of the manufactories appear, growing more numerous as you advance. After awhile, from high ground upon which the railroad runs, you look down upon Sheffield, or a large portion of it, with its hundreds of stacks belching soot and smoke till a cloud hangs over the city like a pall. In this

it rivals if it does not surpass Pittsburg, of which I gave you some account when I was there a year ago.

I did not go to a hotel; I left my satchel in the cloak-room of the station, and hiring a hansom drove over the city. It has nothing to show of any particular interest, and therefore I would not have been justified in walking through its dirty, dusty streets. I visited every part of the city—drove through its streets of stores and its streets of factories. It contains 150,000 inhabitants; most of the manufactories are of iron and steel. What I wanted to see more particularly was the appearance of the people in their homes in the manufacturing portions of the city. I will speak of them before I close this day's story.

The town is manifestly flourishing and growing, though there is nothing fine about it; a great mass of tall chimneys, vomiting soot and smoke, which begrime everything and fill the air with that peculiar odor that belongs to the workshop. There are no very fine edifices, nor anything old. Sheffield looks just what it is, a vast iron-mongers' town, where an immense amount of dirt is manufactured, together with valuable commodities.

I left Sheffield by train for Leeds, distance thirty-three miles. The same character of country was traversed, rolling sometimes into ruggedness, yet picturesque; and every now and then adorned with handsome and costly country homes. The grass and trees grow *ad libitum*, and add to the attractiveness of the region. But you are never out of sight of a smoke-stack, or many of them, for this is one of, if not the chief manufacturing district of England.

When you come in sight of Leeds it presents the same scene as Sheffield, the sky darkened with smoke.

Leeds is the place for the manufacture principally of woollen and worsted goods, though it has others. It is a much larger and more important place than Sheffield, and has about it more evidences of population and wealth. Its public buildings are larger and more magnificent, among them the Exchange and City Hall are worth a visit. I walked awhile, then took a carriage and drove over the city, getting out to see the public buildings. Its manufacturing proportions are great, its comforts I should think few; everything is begrimed. The splendid City Hall constructed of light-colored stone is as black as if it had had a coat of paint of that color. As in Sheffield, I drove among the dwellings of the manufacturers, the operatives and their

families. I don't wonder the morbid Ruskin raves, and whilst he fumes much nonsense in his latter years about manufacturers and labor, he is right ; manufacturing has a desperate effect upon the physical and intellectual being.

Whilst the English are fond of building monuments to Wellington and his like, the flesh and blood whose vigor and endurance gave them such renown cannot be grown in places like these. It is a sorrowful sight to go among the men and women, who make up this population, and see the pallid, squalid and unhappy faces everywhere about you ; alas ! perpetuated in their offspring. England, supporting herself from her own soil and growing into manhood and womanhood in her charming country homes, nowhere surpassed ; and England, the Workshop, are as distinct as the races which grow in each. A sorrier sight I do not know than to see the crowds of operatives as they go to and from their shops through the streets of a manufacturing city in this country. I do not wonder that the sensitive and artistic Poet pours out his anathemas ; but where is the remedy ?

CROWN HOTEL, RIPON, ENGLAND,
Wednesday, August 22, 1883.

Haworth, the home of the Brontés, is twenty miles from Leeds by rail. There are numerous trains during the day, and I determined to run out and back before I continued my journey. It is northwest of Leeds, and the trip would give me other views of this big county of York, and I could see the spot where this strange Bronté brood was hatched and reared. On my way the train passed a place called Saltaire, like Pullman, near Chicago, which you know from my letters written from that city. A man of genius in his way, named Titus Salt, who had made and was making large sums of money by manufacturing, conceived the design of building a town for his operations and operatives ; the result is Saltaire. He made a great success of it, as Pullman of his. He has a fine church, public rooms and manufacturers' dwellings, just as Pullman, save the architecture is of stone—Pullman's of brick. The houses through this region are of stone, you scarcely see any other ; the country itself furnishes it from inexhaustible quarries of excellent quality for building purposes, and easily worked.

Salt made a success of it financially, it is said. He died a short

time ago and the property is now in the hands of his son. We stopped here to change cars, and, a little further on, again at a place called Keighley, which we would pronounce as it is spelt, but which is here pronounced Keitley, though it has no *t* in it. This is a manufacturing place of large import and is growing rapidly.

When I reached Haworth Station, I got out and looked around to see if I could recognize the place of which I had read so much, now made famous by this queer family of the village parson. I had plenty of time before the departure of the train on its return—more than two hours—and I did not hurry. I had talked whenever I had a chance with the Yorkshire people on the cars and when we stopped at Saltaire and again at Keighley, where I had time to stroll over the town. You know this is a curious dialect, which you cannot understand without difficulty and sometimes hardly at all unless accustomed to it. For instance, in the cars I met with a man of the ordinary run, who told me he was an architect, and had built many of the houses in Saltaire and its vicinity, who called lease, *luss* and so on, with numerous other like words and phrases; but there is something very interesting in their appearance, manners and language.

The road is a short branch from Keighley, and its appointments are small. The little station stands in a valley, through which the road runs. On either hand the land rises gradually into considerable elevations, along the slopes of which the town of Haworth is built—entirely visible to one looking upward on either hand from the station. On the north side, the road running east and west, is the principal portion of the town and the older, and the Church is plainly in sight, half-way up the elevation of which I have spoken, and is in the midst of the houses of the village—the moors rising much higher behind them and in view for a considerable distance. The houses are of stone. I strolled along the southern slope, through one of the so-called streets of that side of Haworth to get a view of the portion on the opposite side, where the Church is located, and, in my stroll, met with some of the old residents and talked with them. Funny old codgers they were, each of them willing to talk—one of them quite communicative. Among other things, we talked of Saltaire. The old fellow with whom I was conversing shook his head and said, “If I had a million I would not give a penny to such a thing.” “Why not?” said I. He looked at me with a knowing wink, and said, “Ah! you know, there is a deal of wicked-

ness in it." He would not wait for further inquiry as to what he meant, but jogged off, turning every now and then to look at me and wink, as though we understood each other and the enterprise he so much condemned.

I then went across and ascended the part of the town I particularly wished to visit. It can scarcely be said to have more than one street, that very narrow and steep, paved with stone, but without any sidewalk, save the sills and steps of the houses. The front of the Church and the side of the Parsonage are upon the street; the front of the Parsonage overlooking the grave-yard lying between them, and extending around the Church and bounding on two sides the Parsonage yard which is small. The old Tower is standing, but the Church is new. They claim for the Tower great age, more than twelve hundred years. The Church was so indifferent that they tore it down; the Tower they were able to preserve. The Church, from the street, seemed to be closed.

I walked on up the narrow street, a few yards further, to reach the suburbs of the town. Here I saw a burly, jolly-looking Yorkshireman standing in front of his door, and I gave him the salutations of the day, to which he bluffly responded. I told him I wanted to get to the top of the hill and have a view of the town and its surroundings, and asked if I could go across the fields? He seemed to think that would not do, intimating that his property was no thoroughfare, and remarked that the road would take me. I replied I saw, but that way was long and my time was short.

We continued to talk, he, walking slowly with me and learning, gradually, who I was, and my object, suddenly said, "Well, come along," and, without any more hesitation, walked across the fields with me to the top of the hill, where the Brontës were so fond of wandering, overlooking the town and the country for miles: bleak enough, I dare say, when winter comes, but now green and fresh with grass. All is grass, they raise no grain here. We then walked along the ridge and descended to the graveyard, which we entered by climbing the stone wall that encloses it. It is of various ages, the filling, from time to time, in generations, necessitating enlargement. Most of it is crowded now; the tombstones generally flat on the ground, and over most of it, making a complete and closely joined pavement. There is no ornamentation and no attempt at it, and what has so often been said of the sisters, their windows looked out upon a

dreary churehyard filled with graves: the strange, weird genius of these gifted women must, from ehildhood, have peopled it with many a horrid, chilling scene. Such natures could find no relief in the living people by whom they were surrounded—for it must have been, in their day, a gloomy town: before the railroad was built, they were shut out, almost, from the world.

My Yorkshire friend told me he was their neighbor and knew them; they were very small and delieate and very quiet, living almost entirely to themselves, not mixing with the people of the village. The father equally retiring and exelusive, though regarded as a good old man in his way. The son, the only boy of the family, died young, wild, worthless, talented and dissipated. He said he knew him well. My burly eountryman by this time was apparently attracted to me, and we were as familiar friends. He had lived for awhile in New York State, not long. I had some trouble in understanding his dialeet, but it suited his looks so well that I became interested in it through him, and soon became quite apt.

The Brontés, he said, were buried in the ehureh, and he went off to the sexton's house and the sexton's wife came with him to the ehureh and opened it for us. We found the sexton inside superintending the putting up of a new organ. He showed us the tablets. I was so much absorbed at the time in my talk about the Brontés, that I forgot to take a eopy of the inscriptions. Thinking they would interest you, when I got baek to the station, having some minutes before the arrival of the train, I hired a little boy to run up and transcribe them for me. Here they are: upon the wall at the front of the ehureh, near the door as you enter (with several other tablets in memory of other persons) read thus: In memory of Rev. P. Bronté, A. B.; Mrs. Bronté of Haworth, who died September 11th, 1821; also their daughter Margaret who died May, 1825, in the 12th year of her age; also of Elizabeth who died June 15th, 1825, in the 11th year of her age; also of Patriek Barnwell, who died September 24th, 1848, aged 31; also Emily Jane, who died Deeember 19th, 1848, aged 30; also of Anne, who died May 28th, 1849, aged 29—the last was buried at the old ehureh at Searborough. Charlotte, wife of A. B. Nicholls, B. A., who died Mareh 31st, 1855, aged 39, and Rev. P. Bronté, who died June 7th, 1861, aged 85, having been the ineumbent of Haworth for forty-one years. They were all buried near the ehan-eel, save Anne, who died and was buried, as already said, in Sear-

borough. Over their graves some admirer has put a handsome tablet, but small, two feet by twenty-eight inches, with this simple inscription :

In Memory of
EMILY JANE BRONTÉ,
Who died December 9th, 1848, aged 30 years,
And of
CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ,
Born April 21st, 1816 ; Died March 31st, 1855,

ignoring all the rest of the family, and even the fact that Charlotte Bronté was ever Mrs. Nicholls.

After my friend and I had seen the church, we went out and walked over the graveyard to the fence which encloses the parsonage. He insisted upon my going in, but I told him I did not know the parson and it would not do. He said he was sure he would be glad to see me. I viewed, without entering, the house where the gifted creatures were born, lived, and did so much brilliant work.

I have been thus particular, for I thought you would like to hear something of a family who from obscurity sprang into such sudden and wide-spread fame some years ago. It has been quite a number since I read their books. Times change and our opinions change with them. Probably now I would not think them so remarkable ; but when they came out from their quiet, maybe gloomy, home amid the graves of Haworth Church and the bleak moors of Yorkshire, they sprang a light which made the world look and wonder. I will read their books again, now that I have seen the surroundings and associations under which they were written.

I hope I have not wearied you with the detail of a visit which gave me so much pleasure. My friend and I then parted. I am sure he will let me wander over his moors whenever I want to, and will tell me what he knows about the Brontés, "admirer" why I make such a fuss about his little neighbors : as much as Charles' Alexandria friend "admired" that the world should make so much ado over "no *fatterer* man than General Lee."

I then returned to Leeds by the same route and in a half-hour, was on my way by rail to Harrogate, distant twenty-five miles. Harrogate is a watering-place of considerable import and is resorted to for its medicinal waters, which are numerous and powerful. I

walked over the town and visited the various springs. They are surrounded by improved enclosures, for which fees of admittance are demanded. The water is supplied to customers from a spigot and not, as with us generally, from the flowing visible spring. This is usually the case in Great Britain and Europe, as far as I have seen. They have here sulphur, chalybeate, magnesia, saline, Kissengen—and each strong with its ingredients. The town itself is not improved much in a public way. Right in the centre of it is a large common, as rough as any you would like to see, with irregular paths and ways across it, with gullies washed by the rain—no trees or shrubbery of any import, yet which might, from its lay, be made handsome and attractive. There are several fine hotels and some villas; but it seems to me Harrogate will have to bestir herself to compete with her sister watering-places, unless, as old Mr. Caldwell said of the Greenbrier (then his property) when complaint was made of his accommodation and fare, that “he did not sell these—he sold the water, and threw the accommodation and fare in.” The waters of Harrogate I should think exceedingly valuable.

After strolling till I had seen the place, having left my satchel at the station, I returned, took train and came to Ripon—a distance of twelve miles. The country in the vicinity of Harrogate and as you approach Ripon is very pretty and picturesque—no more smoke of the manufactories. They pale out before you reach Harrogate, and the sky of Ripon I do not think is obscured by one. I had determined to see Ripon and its Cathedral and go on to York this evening, having an hour between trains. I walked to the Cathedral through the town, which is much further from the station than I had supposed, and there had to wait for a verger to come and open it for us. An Englishman and his daughter were waiting with me at the door, with whom I had a good deal of talk. They had just come in from Studley Royal and Fountains Abbey, and advised me strongly to go and see them whilst in Ripon. I knew of them and had been thinking of stopping, but had rather determined to let them pass without a visit.

The verger came and took us through the Cathedral. It is one of the smaller of England, but is worth seeing, as in each of them there is something especial that is attractive which the others do not possess. Here there is a small—very small—Saxon chapel, called St. Wilfred’s Needle, because for years, it has been said, that any one who can get

through the opening in the wall, which was used as a *confessional*, is sinless; the one who sticks needs absolution, and, consequently, the rocks which enclose the opening have been worn quite smooth by individuals who have tried the test. Natural curiosity leads women to try. The verger said one got stuck with her crinoline, and her lady friends had to disrobe her before she could be extricated. My English friend was a regular John Bull of a fellow for abdomen. He would have been found full of sin or ale, and never have succeeded in the world.

I then took a carriage and drove to the station, not yet having determined about staying over, for it was now past seven o'clock; but when I reached the station I discovered that I had left my umbrella in the Cathedral. This concluded me, for I would not lose that faithful article—it has travelled with me so many thousand miles. So I got my luggage, made the driver take me back to the Cathedral, look up the verger, open it and find the umbrella, and then drove to the hotel at the head of this day's Letter and took a room for the night—making an engagement with the hackman to call for me at seven o'clock in the morning to take me into the country. And so ended the day. Weather could not have been better for my purposes.

YORK, ENGLAND,
GREAT NORTH-EASTERN STATION HOTEL,
Thursday, August 23, 1883.

Another beautiful day full of beautiful incidents—Ripon, Studley Royal and Fountains Abbey, enough to satisfy one did they with their scenes consume a week!

My man came for me at the appointed hour, seven o'clock, and I was ready. We had an open carriage and a good horse, and in the cool, fresh, bright morning air, made the distance to Studley Park or Studley Royal as it is called, over a good road in a short time. Studley is owned by the Marquis of Ripon, lately the Earl de Gray of Ripon. The father made Marquis, has the title of Marquis of Ripon; his son bears the title of Earl de Gray. Studley is owned by the Marquis who is now in India as viceroy. The idea of a man advanced in years, leaving this charming home to go to India with his health and his life in his hand! But possession does not bring happiness to a human being—that is against the provisions of nature and the

ordinances of Providence—it only brings satiety. This charming domain of field and park, stocked with cattle and herds of deer, of which latter there are about a thousand in the park as my driver told me, did not satisfy the Marquis, and he must go to India to get a much larger quantity of malaria than of fame.

We drove through the estate to reach the ruins of Fountains Abbey, another of the old English Parks of which I have written so much, and which I believe have no rivals in the world. The sward and the trees! Where do trees grow so imperially, and I should add, where are they encouraged to grow so imperially as in England, and where does the grass grow so gracefully and beautifully as beneath their shadows? It is a perpetual charm to ride or walk through one of these Parks on a bright day, for the variety they afford is so great, that at almost every step new lights and shadows weave themselves into visions of loveliness fit for an artist's study. Thus it was with Studley Royal to-day. There was one extended vista I cannot soon forget—through a long avenue of these monarch trees set generations ago. With reference to the Cathedral in Ripon, that structure is one terminus of its view: there was formerly a single shaft erected simply as the other terminus on the Studley estate—the view clear between them, and at least three, maybe four miles. Studley terminus now is an elegant Gothic church erected as a memorial to Mr. Viner, a brother-in-law of the Marquis, who was murdered by brigands in Greece a few years ago, which I have no doubt you recollect—I do distinctly. You can imagine how beautiful it must be to see these striking objects looking at you from before and behind as you drive along the avenue, representing such remote epochs, and how imposing, looking at each other through the charming vista!

We drove through Studley Park to get to the ruins of Fountains Abbey. These ruins are now cut off by fencing with a large body of circumjacent land, and you pay a shilling entrance, which is devoted to keeping it in order; that and more must be expended, for it is in admirable condition. Carriages are not allowed to enter the enclosure. You have to walk from the gate, a distance of probably a mile before you come to the ruins. But you are richly repaid, the walk is such that any one would delight to take however averse to that mode of exercise. You are beguiled at every step by the beauty of your surroundings of wood, grass, hedge, flowers and

water, and then when you reach the ruins all else is forgotten in their majesty and grace.

They are the largest in England; they are certainly, by far, the finest I have seen. They once covered ten acres, they now cover two or three. The Abbey Chapel, a portion of its walls and columns and windows now surviving, must have been one day, from their size and workmanship, a noble Cathedral; the cloisters, with their splendid arches, some of them standing as powerful and beautiful as ever. The kitchens and fireplaces too are there, big enough to cook several beeves; and other ruins scattered around, showing what a grand affair these cultivated, self-indulgent Monks sojourned and worshipped in. Thus they lived and had, I doubt not, a good time, driving a victorious chariot for four hundred years, till "Bluff Harry" came along and crushed the life out of them with his Anti-Monastic Juggernaut. I have no doubt they did much good in and out of their royal residences. But as my old Yorkshire friend at Haworth would say, "there was a deal of wickedness" practised by them, too. But men of artistic genius designed the exquisite home, and men of skill carried their designs into execution. I did not lose my time by thus staying over to see it. It is the largest of the kind in England, as I have said. When I take its self, its site and surroundings, which its designers were as skilful in selecting as in constructing the building itself, it is, I think, by far, the loveliest spot I have seen in England or on the Continent.

I wandered here for several hours, inspecting it, and on my walk back to the gate, stopped to talk to the men at work cutting and making hay. Then came back to Ripon, took train for this city, which I reached in an hour's run through Harrogate, distance thirty miles, drove to this hotel, chose my room and, after washing and fixing up, started out to pedestrianize York.

The country continued the same, rolling and picturesque, cultivated principally in grass, and not shadowed with manufacturing smoke. I visited the grounds of the York Philosophical Society, which are handsomely improved, and contain many Roman and Mediæval relics and ruins, a Roman tower, the ruins of St. Leonard's Hospital, of St. Mary's Abbey, and the Museum treasuring things found around and in York, which were left by the Romans and the generations of different peoples who followed; for York has always been an important place in history. The Emperors Constantine and Severus died here, Hadrian lived here, Constantine was probably

born, was certainly made Emperor of Rome here, and through mediæval and more recent times it has been prominent in story.

I visited the old Guild Hall, with stained glass windows of recent work, each representing some epoch in York's long and momentous history, and then the Cathedral or Minster which is one of the largest in England. This stands upon the ruins of a Norman church which had been built upon the ruins of a Saxon, and each age and architecture find some place in the structure, so worked as not to affect the symmetry of the whole. I wish I had time to go into details, sorry I have not; your guide-books must give them to you. I spent a long time in and about the imposing thing. I have no doubt I weary you with Cathedrals, and you wish I would stop going to see them, or stop giving you accounts of my visits; but I do not weary myself, each is unlike the other, and all represent the only ancient works of Art the Anglo-Saxon race in its career has to show. I could keep you a long time telling of its fronts, of its windows, of its towers, of its columns, of its monuments, of its choir, the carving of the stone screens and wooden stalls, but I have not time nor you patience.

I then walked through the city to the Castle, which is now used as a court-house and gaol, but could not get in without a special permit, which I had not time and did not care to procure. I then went to the ancient wall, which they have converted into a promenade, making nearly the circuit of the city, from which I had the finest view of it and the Cathedral, and came then back to the hotel, having exhausted York—a most delightful place for a traveller to visit, and of which I could fill a letter. The walls are the best preserved I have seen anywhere and are exceedingly ornamental, surrounding the old site, for the modern town has spread beyond them. The hotel where I am now writing is without the walls, though they run in full view of my window. The people of York will not allow them to be torn down. Indeed, they sedulously preserve these valuable things, for they it is which make the city so attractive and bring crowds of strangers.

I forget to tell you that upon my return from the Fountains Abbey, I stopped to see the Memorial Church in the grounds of Studley Royal, the inner terminus of the Avenue of which I have spoken. The old lady who has charge of it lives near by in a house built for a sexton's house or parsonage. She was quite communicative and informed me that the edifice cost \$160,000, and I suppose it did, for some of the

finishing is very elaborate, and the steeple is large and tall, with stone carving. The Marquis began it, but turned Catholic, and, consequently, could not build a heretic church, and "whipped the devil around" by giving the money to his wife to finish it, who is a sister of Viner, to whom it is "*in memoriam*." I remember when the Marquis went over to Romanism and the stir it made a few years ago. I asked the lady who or what influenced him? She said no one knew—that he took his friends by surprise. She supposed, of course, his wife knew; but she did not believe anyone else did, and it seemed to have been his own convictions, induced by study. She said his wife was with him in India and both had had malaria.

I will now close this letter and send it off here, hoping you are well and things going right. I am anxious to reach the point to which I told my bankers to forward my mail that I may hear. With much love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 35.]

YORK—SCARBOROUGH—DURHAM,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND,
STATION HOTEL, *Friday, August 24, 1883.*

My Dear Taylor,—

I finished a letter to Mary and mailed it (No. 34.) to-day to your address.

This morning I was up early in York, and by a little after eight was on my way to Scarborough by rail, distance forty-two miles.

The country was rather level at first, and then rolling—cultivated principally in wheat, which was not yet ready for the harvest, but the portion that was, looking golden and promising. The persons I talked with, say this, so far, is the best season they have had for a long time in England, and should the weather continue good will be the most favorable for seven or eight years. Hitherto for that time, they have been drowned out with constant rains. I hope my good fortune as a traveller may continue and result as well for their benefit as mine. This has been a fine day for moving, quite warm, but not so much so as to be oppressive.

I left my satchel at the station, and went out to see Scarborough on my arrival there. I walked for awhile and then took a phaeton and pony, numbers of which were standing on the streets to be hired. This place is one of England's largest sea-shore resorts. It is called the "Queen of British Watering-places." After I have seen it, I will not dispute its claims as to location, but as to costliness and elegance of improvements. Brighton in this regard and as to display, surpasses it, which I doubt not results from its proximity to the population and wealth of London—only an easy few hours' run.

To my phaeton: it was a little basket affair; my driver, a lad of fourteen or fifteen dressed as a jockey, with blue skull-cap and jacket, white breeches, shorts and fair top boots. He did not drive, he rode the English pony, full of pluck, strength and speed—fat and round as a butter ball, the kind I have told you of at Derby and in London. I engaged him to take me around Scarborough and show me the place and sights, which he did faithfully and energetically. The town is very full now—the height of the season, and the streets, seashore, and places of rendezvous were thronged with men, women and children enjoying themselves in the bright, pleasant air.

He drove me through the principal streets at Gilpin speed—regardless. Soon after we got under way he passed so close to the curb in turning the corner of one of the streets, that he was near striking an old lady who was standing there, and had not a young man who was with her, suddenly put his hand around and lifted her away, she would have been knocked down by the wheels of our phaeton, and I would have been arrested and not only fined for fast driving, but indicted for malicious assault with intent to kill, and this pleasant travelling would have been brought to an end, and these Letters would have been continued from behind some ancient prison's bars. I was alarmed—it did not disturb him. He dashed on through the streets, grazing people's legs and carriage wheels, and finally racing between two great lumbering carts with their elephantine Percheron horses, making the driver of the left-hand one, who was walking, drop the reins and jump behind his cart to avoid the flying phaeton, and then turn and heap reproaches on my lad, and maybe curses, for I could not understand the Yorkshire brogue, nor did he seem to understand or care, for he sped on.

After thus getting through the principal streets and giving me a sight of them, he took me to the ruins of the Castle. I had to dis-

mount here and walk to the elevated site they occupy, which is a high promontory that reaches out into the German Sea, whose summit is three or four hundred feet above its waters. Its sides are steep and precipitous toward the waves, which washes three of them—the indentations on either side forming bays both north and south, with graceful curves of shore. On the southern of these curves Scarborough is mainly built, rising gradually from the shore, while high hills behind overlook the town. From the Castle Hill, crowned with the ruins of the Castle and portions of its outer walls—now leveled and smoothed into a parade-ground and promenade—once the enclosure of the fortifications, you have an extended view of the ocean reaching to the horizon on the east, broken only by the vessels, big and little, which dot its surface. On the northern shore are bathing places and some dwelling-houses. On the southern, the city, with its massive break-water forming a harbor just at the foot of the Castle Cliff, whilst the semi-circular beach sweeps in front of the city, whose firm sands were thronged with people of all classes, ages and sexes. When I looked at this scene, I was not unwilling to admit that Scarborough is the “Queen of British Watering-places”—certainly in natural advantages.

I then went back to my jockey and phaeton at the foot of the hill, and told him to drive me on the beach in front of the city, visit the Spa Spring at the southern end, and then back to the station. Off he started on his errand. He did, sure enough, drive me over the beach. The bigger children jumped out of the way; the nurses seized the smaller ones and fled aside; the men, some of them, wanted to know “What in the devil he meant?” He did not mind them. I would tell him every now and then to hold up—he would run over the children. He would obey for awhile, but soon forget the injunction, and he and his pony would fly again. But we got through without any mishap of any sort, having seen Scarborough in, to me, a most novel and amusing manner. I had only a limited time before the departure of the train I proposed to take. This I told my friend. He resolved that I should see Scarborough for my money, whatever might be the consequences. I paid the lively chap his charge, and gave him a shilling more as compensation for the plucky manner in which he had done his work, regardless, as he was, of others’ rights or safety.

I took, then, the train back to York on my route to Durham. I felt

in with an Englishman from Newcastle on his way towards Durham also, and we had much talk concerning the country and its productions and the railroads, with which he was somehow interested or employed. When I entered the next train for Durham, distance seventy miles, he occupied a seat in the same compartment and we continued our talk, and, though he was going to Newcastle, said he would get out at Durham and delay, that he might walk over the town with me and show me the curiosities. Of course, I refused to accept his kind offer.

The country was rather level for some time after leaving York, but after awhile became rolling and very pretty, cultivated equally in grass and wheat. For a considerable distance after leaving York its Minster showed itself grandly, rising over the city with its massive and graceful towers, and, before we reached Durham, its Cathedral and Castle greeted us afar off, seated together upon their Acropolis. The situation of Durham Cathedral is remarkable. Lincoln is on an elevation, but the elevation is not confined to its site. As I told you, the hill on which it and the Castle stand extends back from the town more like a ridge.

Not so Durham. The Castle and Cathedral are in close proximity, both in fine preservation—both large and elegant buildings in their respective architectural spheres, and covering with their various adjuncts and dependencies the entire summit of the hill, which springs superbly out of and above the town. It is literally an Acropolis, and these striking structures loom up splendidly above surrounding things, with their towers, their spires, their buttresses and their walls. It surpasses anything I have seen in England in that respect; and then the structures are both so interesting in themselves! The Cathedral is mainly Norman. Again I had my preference for that style confirmed. When I reached there the service was in progress. I told the verger I had not much time at my command, and would go and visit the environments of the Cathedral and the Castle and return, by which time the service would be over and he could attend me. The Cathedral is very rich and large, and there are more houses belonging to it than any I have visited. They are generally built around the close, and are excellent edifices of various periods for the occupancy of the dean and chapter.

I then went to the Castle, not many steps off. This is now a University; the vacation is on and I did not see the professors or boys.

It never was a military post nor intended for one, so my guide-book told me. It was always intended for, and has ever been used, until recently, as the home of the Bishop. I went through, and a good home he had. The halls and rooms are very handsome, finished like a palace. Many of them they have preserved with their heavy and tasteful oak ceilings, wainscoting, and carving; other portions of the pile have been converted into study-rooms and dormitories, every student having one of each opening into the other.

When I had satisfied myself here, I hurried back to the Cathedral. The verger was waiting for me, and escorted me through, and I was held in admiration by the massive Norman work, which was its original style, and is mainly preserved, and happily. The grave and tomb of the Venerable Bede are here, and I had to stop at the spot where the wonderful man is buried. When I read his works, he seemed more of a myth than a man, so far above his contemporaries he appeared to live and think. His tomb consists of rectangular stones as massive as his character. I wish I had time to tell you more—this wish prevails in every letter; I see, and hear, and do so many things which I have not time to put on paper, and which I think would interest or amuse you.

I hurried to the station when I had seen all, looking back as I went, to admire the structures, springing as it were from masses of foliage, for there are a number of trees about the base and clinging to the sides of the height on which they stand. It is not here that the Crozier and the Sword have been joined as I had supposed, but Culture and Religion, those two forces which have fought so fiercely of late in the arena of Intellect and Faith. It is to be hoped, that they will find in the every-day world the same happy conjunction.

I arrived at the station in time, and came on to Newcastle—distant fourteen miles. When I had taken supper, though after dark I walked through the streets, and in my walk fell in with a man who, upon asking him a question for information about some building, was very polite and insisted upon my going to see the old castle and a gateway, which latter dates from Roman times. We had a good deal of conversation. He was intelligent, and told me he was a naturalist—a bird stuffer, and had a son living in Buffalo, but as before, I have not time to relate his interesting talk concerning Newcastle and its history. As we approached the city on the train for a long distance, there were so many evidences of coke ovens and manufactories of

every sort, that the words "Coal" and "Newcastle" seemed not to have been unnaturally joined in the English tongue to denote exceeding familiarity.

HOTEL ROYAL, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
Saturday, August 25, 1883.

Here I am in Scotland! In Edinburgh! The modern Athens! Auld Reekie! I must tell you how I came here.

This morning I determined not to take an early train, but stay in Newcastle till a later, that I might see that city of which the world has heard of late, having in a commercial and manufacturing point of view, grown into large proportions. I walked over it. The new streets or the streets of the newer portion of the town, while not straight, are wide and well paved, and the houses upon them indicate business and wealth. There are two parts of the city very distinctly marked: the old or lower part, and the upper or newer. The former is built on the banks of the Tyne, and here is the old Guild Hall which I visited, but which contains nothing of any particular value. There is a bronze statue of that worthless creature Charles II. dressed in classic style.

The ground rises quite abruptly and steeply from that part of the city, and on the higher stands the Castle, the church near it, and most of the attractive portions of the place. This higher part is reached by flights of steps, which require good wind and strength to mount. Wagons reach it by long and circuitous streets or roads. I walked through the upper first and visited the market—for which they have one of the finest and largest buildings in the world—talked with the people and bought some of their articles for sale. From one I bought some mussels, of which I ate four or five and would have eaten more, but was afraid they, the warm weather and my stomach might not agree. They taste much like oysters, and, whilst not as good as oysters, are better than clams. I bought some cakes and some home-made candy from one woman who proved to be Irish, and said most of her family were in Jersey City; and some pears from another; and I found that the Irish people spoke much more understandable English than those from Yorkshire or Durham. It is difficult to take in their dialect. As I have remarked before, they not only pronounce English words differently, but they have different words altogether from English to express the same idea, and, when

talking with them, I could only guess their meaning from the context or from the subject on which we were conversing.

After leaving the market I went through a good deal more of the upper city, and noticed how Newcastle was growing in population and wealth from the many buildings that had gone and were going up, and their substantial and ornamental character. They have two monuments—one to Earl Grey, who represented for many years the city in Parliament, and one to George Stephenson, who was born not far out of town. They are both handsome works of art.

I then went to the lower part of the city and in among the coal-heavers, the stevedores, the carts, the cars, the ships, the wharves, the warehouses, and saw as low and sorry-looking a population as I have seen this side the water. I not only saw them here, but in the market and the best thoroughfares—little, mean-visaged, badly-clad and dirty; but, as you ought to expect, everything is dirty: the streets, the houses, as though they had been powdered with coal-dust, and the people—men, women and children. What a wretched life many of them must live! I wonder if they know it?

As I walked among their dwellings, the appearance of the children was pitiable. One poor little creature, with folded hands, was sitting at the door, as if in meditation, in rags and filth, whilst its comrades were making a show of play in the foul street in their equally-filthy clothes. What of brightness or cheer had life for them? Before me as I walked, shuffling along, was a woman with bare arms that looked shrivelled and scorched, as though they had been boiled and dried hastily in the sun, with a tin vessel in her hand. Soon I heard a voice ahead of us crying, "Sweet milk, a penny a pint!" and the woman hurried up to get her pint or half-pint, and, when she turned and came towards me, her face was as parboiled as her arms. She cast, from time to time, her anxious eyes into the vessel, and saw, I doubt not, more chalk and water by far than milk therein. There is a volume of wisdom, positive and negative, in Muscular Christianity! It seems to me I saw more of this poverty-stricken and degraded kind of people in Newcastle than in any of the other places I have been.

I then crossed the bridges to and fro—one an imposing structure put up by Robert Stephenson, rail above, carriage and foot-way beneath; the other a low bridge with revolving section, operated by hydraulic force, to admit the passage of vessels up and down the

river. Then I visited the Museum in the old Castle, now occupied by the Philosophical Society. They have a few Roman relics and of the early people that followed them. Then I visited the Cathedral, which exhausted Newcastle, and I was ready to go.

At 11.40 a. m., I was on my way *viâ* Melrose to this city. I did not stop at Melrose, because it was so late when the train reached there I could not see the objects of interest with as much satisfaction as I desired, and to remain over Sunday would be too serious a loss of time—I was quite sure the places would not be open on that day. By coming on here I could make myself familiar with the topography of the city by wandering around. I can hereafter run back to Melrose, and at the same time, I think, go down to Berwick, so that I may see the Valley of the Tweed and other points of interest in Southeast Scotland.

I chose this route across Northumberland county, called the Waverly Route, in preference to the one along the coast, because it gave me an opportunity of seeing the Valley of the Tyne. We travelled its whole length, first on the banks of the Tyne, and then turning more northeast in the valley of one of its branches—the North Tyne, having the streams in view all the time, crossing and recrossing them frequently. The coking ovens, furnaces and manufactories continued some time after leaving Newcastle. The country was very pretty, rising by gradual ascent on either side of the river into considerable distant elevations, well cultivated in grass and grain.

As we approached the Scotch border the scene gradually changed, trees began to disappear and great expanses of violently undulating land came in view covered with grass, and here and there the bloom of the heather, with few trees. For a short while the scene presented itself, where there was not a single tree or shrub even in sight, only rolling sward with flocks of sheep or herds of cattle.

This was only for awhile; soon after getting into Scotland trees appeared again, but poor substitutes for the English monarchs. I talked with old Scotchmen as they got in and out of the cars at different stations. I found them very communicative, but in the rattle of the wheels hard to understand, so that really our conversation did not give me much satisfaction. They would voluntarily call my attention to objects, old castles and the like, often I could not catch the name but took the will for the deed and thanked them cordially. So soon as I arrived in Edinburgh, I hired a carriage and drove to this hotel, and found my trunk had come, safe and sound.

I procured an excellent room and am comfortable ; only want now my home letters which I ordered to be sent here. But I cannot gain access to the bank till Monday and so must wait patiently.

I forgot to say, that as I stepped into the car at a place called Hawick, when we changed, it being nearly full, a young man invited me to a vacant seat by him. When I took it, he inquired if I was not an American—and further, if I was not Governor Holliday ? On my replying, he introduced himself as Mr. May, of New Orleans—son of my friend and host of that city. He said he was at home when I visited them during my term of office, and saw me, and though it had been some time, and he did not expect to meet, he thought he recognized me as soon as I entered the car. We had much pleasant chat. He has been travelling in Europe for some months, was then on his way to Melrose, only a few miles, where he would get off and go to Edinburgh to-morrow. I told him of my intention, and that I would meet him here.

After righting up, I walked out for a short time and looked about me to see how the modern Athens appeared to a new-comer. From my first standpoint it looks well. The hotel is on Princes street, the finest in the city, and right in front of the Princes Street Gardens, which divides through its entire length the old and the new town. Between the old and the new town there is a deep valley or depression which primitively must have been very rugged and ragged, but which now has been converted into beautiful gardens by walks, grass and flowers, and is spanned and adorned by bridges, viaducts, and monuments and mounds. The street on which the hotel is located runs east and west, a mile in length. At the west end on the south of the valley rises abruptly, Castle Hill, with the noble structure that has given it its name. At the east end on the north side rises quite as abruptly, Calton Hill, crowned with the lofty monument of Nelson, near by the unfinished National Monument in honor of Waterloo, looking like a fragment of the Parthenon, an Observatory and a Monument to Playfair, and one to Dugald Stewart. These I could see as I stepped out of the hotel and looked up and down the street, either from its pavement or from the gardens I have mentioned which bound its southern side.

Opposite nearly, to the eastern end of the hotel, and in the gardens is the famous monument to Walter Scott. He sits in white marble, with that massive ease and simplicity which marked the wonderful

man's life and character. Over him rises a lofty Gothic spire, its niches filled with the characters his genius evoked — so well done, that you can imagine the spiritual things as they issued from his brain assuming form, and gathering around him as his own offspring. This monument stands near the street, and is worthy of being put in so conspicuous a place in Scotland's Capital, that all who pass may see the image of the man who brought both Scotland and its Capital from comparative obscurity into such brilliant light. A little further along in the same line, stands a monument in bronze to Black, and still further, one in the same to Wilson (Christopher North), representing well the splendid physical as well as intellectual creature that he was. Further still, Allen Ramsay in marble: between Ramsay and Wilson stands the Royal Institute and the National Gallery, both classic in style; the former Doric, the latter Ionic, built on a mound across the valley. Around and behind these interesting objects are the gardens of which I have spoken, and behind all rises the hill covered with fine houses, terminated on the west by the towering Castle. Surely my first view of Edinburgh is not calculated to create any sense of disappointment.

SAME HOTEL, EDINBURGH, *Sunday, August 26, 1883.*

This morning upon inquiry I learned that the preachers of reputation were out of town, taking their summer vacation. I determined to spend the day in roving and getting a good view of the outside of Edinburgh, for the Kirk does not allow any inside to be exposed on that day. Places of exhibition and business are closed, and different laws and different modes of thought prevail from those which control and animate the people among whom I have been moving beyond the Channel. And this I observed as I went to church, that after service began the doors were closed and egress and ingress forbidden. You must be in before, or stay out. I asked a Scotchman whether it was for the purpose of keeping the good in, and the wicked out, or the reverse?

I walked to Calton Hill and I met there with a canny Scotchman, who, for an expected consideration, and without the asking, joined me so soon as I made my appearance and would talk to me about Edinburgh which now lay at our feet, whether I would or not. But whilst he bored me by telling me much and many things I knew as well or better than himself, and by his broad Scotch brogue which I at

times had hard work to understand, was upon the whole a service to me, and at a glance located objects which otherwise would have given me a little time and trouble.

This Hill stands up in now what may be called the heart of the city, and from it you see almost its entire expanse, and is a magnificent view. The morning was somewhat windy; but the breeze brushed the fog and mist away and enabled me to have an unobstructed sight. On the north lay Leith, formerly a village by itself, located on the Forth, now by the continuity of structures a part of Edinburgh. Immediately below on the east, stands Holyrood Palace and Abbey, and beyond it inclining to the south, rises the striking proportions of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Towards the west a mile off, looms up the Castle between which, on an inclined plane, and Salisbury, is the old town of Edinburgh dipping into a dry valley as it approaches the Crags which looks down upon it with a face so clean-cut, that it resembles a profile. This is Auld Reekie, its ancient name now become classic as its other of modern Athens, for Scott and his fellow-geniuses of whom Scotland has been so prolific, have made this name like that, immortal. It is called Auld Reekie, because of the dust and smoke mingled with mist which mark a portion of its site.

You can readily conceive how impressive such a scene must be, these three hills or little mountains, springing up with such individuality of outline, with the city lying between and around them filled with historic objects and interest. For you can scarcely take a step on any one of these elevations, or through the streets of the encircling city that memorials of soul-stirring incidents connected with men and events do not meet you. I left my Scotch friend and guide, quite willing to get away from his brogue and wander with my own thoughts. I went at once into the heart of Auld Reekie through Cowgate, Cannongate, Lawnmarket, Grassmarket, High street up to the Castle, visiting the localities of John Knox's house, the spot where he was buried, St. Giles' the church where he preached, now renovated and enlarged, unable to get into any of them on Sunday, and will have to go back and see them again. The Esplanade of the Castle was open and I had a fine view from that.

I then walked down from the castle height and through the gardens to the end of Princes street, on the west by St. George's Church, a fine edifice which is located at the head of George street which lies to the north and runs parallel to Princes street. In front of St. George's church

in an ornamented space called Charlotte Square, is an equestrian memorial to Prince Albert, surrounded by groups at each of the four corners of a lower pedestal, representing the various classes of society, men, women and children, bringing wreaths and garlands with which to honor him or decorate his grave. Lower down the same street, bronze statues of Chalmers, the younger Pitt, George IV., and at the eastern end closing the street, as the Albert Memorial does on the west, is a lofty column surmounted by a bronze statue of Dundas. Of Pitt, I have seen in Great Britain many statues and busts. But in that of Chalmers I was much interested. It is a fine work of art. The great man is preaching, and impressively holds a bible in his left hand, whose pages he presses with his right, his face and head expressive both of gentleness and power.

In the afternoon I started for another walk. I was wandering around the base of Castle Hill, looking up its steep sides, of which the Castle walls were a continuation in many places, when I met a man and asked him a question or two which he politely answered, and getting into conversation he insisted upon my coming with him and he would show me the other things of interest. I assented, and we walked on from point to point till he had taken me over the west, northwest and northern portions of the city, showing me many handsome localities where the wealthy and well-to-do live by the waters of the Leith, to Dean Cemetery, which nearly consumed the afternoon, and then came with me to the hotel. I could not get away from him. He said he wanted me to see Edinburgh, and he was sure I would not see how substantial and elegant a city it was, unless some resident showed it to me. Before I had met him I had walked over the southern part along a park they call the Meadows, so that by the time we reached the hotel I had seen nearly all the outside of Edinburgh. I must now see something of its inside, for being Sunday as I have said, I could not get into any public place. On my return I met my young friend May, who had arrived from Melrose. To-morrow we will take a drive in the vicinity. I will now close this letter, hoping to hear from you so soon as my banker opens his doors to-morrow. With tenderest love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 36.]

ROYAL HOTEL, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
Monday, August 27, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I wrote and mailed to Taylor to-day (Letter No. 35).

I went to the Bank of Scotland this morning, and was delighted to receive your letter of August 10 and one from Charles of August 12, written from Winchester, where he and Taylor were having a good time together. I wish I could have been there, too. I have no doubt they were as lively as boys, and talked all day and far into the night, and neither of them tired a bit. I hoped Taylor would have written; but I will receive one from him in a few days. I also received a letter from Colonel Skinner, of Staunton, inquiring of my whereabouts and of my intended movements, and hoping we would meet before returning to America, or, at least, return together (he wrote from Germany); and one from my old friend Colonel Mann, so full of kind and complimentary things that I cannot repeat them.

To-day has been consumed, and pleasantly, in seeing the inside of Edinburgh, which is shut up from visitors on Sunday. Yesterday I walked nearly over the entire city, as I told you in my letter mailed this morning. To-day Mr. May and I hired a carriage, and started "to do" the inside and to visit remote places. We were under way at ten and did not return to the hotel till six o'clock—eight hours of constant movement on wheels or on foot. You would infer there were no few things to see.

We drove first to Dean Cemetery. This lies toward the west or northwest part of the city, on the waters of the Leith, which is crossed by a substantial bridge. I wanted to see more particularly the graves and tombs of Lord Jeffrey, and John Wilson (Christopher North), who are buried here and with whose writings I am familiar. We then drove to St. Mary's Cathedral, of the Established Church—an elegant Gothic edifice built recently, the donation of two maiden ladies by the name of Walker, costing more than \$500,000. It is the handsomest recent Gothic church I know. We thence came back to the city and visited the Castle, which was open to-day, and enjoyed the view from the battlements, the morning being propitious, and

then the room containing the Regalia of Scotland, which are very meagre; the room where James I. of England, son of Mary of Scots, was born, and Queen Margaret's Chapel—a little Norman church more interesting to me than the other things, for the Regalia are not worth much, and Jimmie, when he came into the world, brought but scant good to anybody.

We then drove to Old Greyfriars' Churchyard and Church. It was here the National Covenant was signed in 1638, and where so many of Scotland's historic men are buried—George Buchanan, Henry Mackenzie, McCrie, Macintyre, Robertson, Black, Hugh Blair, Ramsay—and a monument to 18,000 of Scotland's people, including Argyle, and one hundred noblemen and gentlemen who were executed at the time of the Restoration and interred here—"the headless martyrs of the Covenant."

We then went to the Grange or Southern Cemetery, where Chalmers, Hugh Miller and Guthrie are buried, and many more distinguished men less known to fame; then to St. Cuthbert, where De Quincy rests—that gifted, erratic, unprincipled creature, but such a master of our English tongue; then to St. Giles' Church by the way of Grassmarket—the execution-place of Old Edinburgh, where so many crimes were expiated, so many violated rights avenged and so many wrongs inflicted. St. Giles' Church is the most historic and the most interesting in the city. It stands on High Street, not far below the Castle, in front of the Parliament Houses, where the courts are now held and between which is Parliament Square, where there is a lead equestrian statue of Charles II., as poor as it can well be, but good enough for him, and the spot marked where John Knox is buried or supposed to be.

By the side of this church stands the shaft of the Old Cross of Edinburgh, and in the street near by is the place where the venerable Tolbooth stood, from which West Bow Street led to Grassmarket, connected in their associations like Newgate and Tyburn. In this church (St. Giles) the Solemn League and Covenant was signed in 1645. It has been renovated at cost of many thousand pounds and is now a handsome edifice. We went in and inspected it and then the Parliament House, especially its Hall, which is very fine, with oak ceiling and many portraits, busts and statues of illustrious Scotchmen, and then to the University, which is now closed in vacation; but we looked into the library and saw the effigies of many of its professors,

some of whom I knew well from their writings, and then to Cannongate Tolbooth, now a police station, and Cannongate Churehyard, where Dugald Stewart and Allan Ramsay and Ferguson, the poet, are buried, and then to the house where John Knox lived so long, and in whose rooms were conceived and out of whose windows thundered his anathemas against Popery and "such uncleanness." The house is kept in repair and exhibited: was owned by a clergyman, who bequeathed it to the Free Church of Scotland.

This long street, on which so many interesting places are located and so many stirring events have occurred, and which leads from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, is divided into five names, viz., beginning at the Castle—Castle Hill Street, Lawnmarket, High Street, Netherbow and Cannongate Street. We went on down it still further and visited Holyrood Palace. The historic rooms are exhibited; the residue of the Palace is kept in order for the Queen whenever she chooses to visit it. Here we saw the Picture Gallery, which is only worth seeing for itself—the paintings are ordinary, and those of the ancient kings must be only the fancies of the artists; then Darnley and Queen Mary's room, her chamber, adjoining it the little room, not much larger than a closet, where she and Rizzio were when Darnley and his co-assassins made their way up the narrow private stair and murdered him in her presence, dragging his body through her bed-room into the audience chamber—here they show a mark or stain upon the floor where his body laid and bled. Her bed and bed-clothes and bedstead are there, so they say, as she used them, and a chair, a mirror and a few other articles that belonged to this ill-fated and unprincipled woman, though about the latter the world has contended and will contend to its end; then the Chapel Royal, now in ruins, adjoining and connected with the Palace.

We then drove through the Queen's Park and around Arthur's Seat, the Queen's Drive, the same which Scott has made famous in his story of Davie, Jennie and Effie Deans. The drive was a beautiful one for the scenery, the day being bright and clear. At every step, as we rounded the hill, vistas opened upon us of Edinburgh and its environs.

We then visited Portobello on the Forth—a seaside resort, the Brighton of Edinburgh—through the town to the beach, where we descended and walked to the end of the long pier, and had a view of the sea frontage; then down through the town again to Leith, nearer

Edinburgh, its port, remarkably well-built with handsome docks ; then to Newmarket, a fishing-place still higher up the Forth, and then back to Edinburgh. These long walks and drives have given me a full view of Edinburgh and its surroundings, and I feel familiar with the place. I expected much before I came : it is distinguished for its substantiality and beauty. In both it has surpassed my expectations. Nature has been lavish in her gifts, and they have been admirably and skilfully utilized. I told you in a running brief manner of the site, and how wonderfully prodigal Nature has been in presenting points which History and Romance, aided by Art, have converted into classic charms without destroying or diminishing in any way the inborn beauties. The substantial manner in which the city is built in its every part—its private as well as its public residences being almost entirely of stone—I have never seen rivalled, and, in my wanderings, the police regulations seem what they ought to be. The only street that is otherwise is Old Cowgate, occupied by the poorer and lower classes, and on Sunday, when I was there, did not smell or look so sweet-scented and lovely as it might.

SAME HOTEL, EDINBURGH, *Tuesday, August 28, 1883.*

The morning lowered and threatened rain, but we could not stop. We hired our carriage again and started to finish up points of interest around Edinburgh ; but before driving out of the city, there were one or two things in town not yet visited. When we returned yesterday from our long drive, they were closed for the day. These were the National Gallery of Antiquities in Princes Street Gardens, the Calton Graveyard and the Burns Memorial—the two latter near Calton Hill. In the Calton Graveyard there is the tomb of David Hume, the historian, and a monument to a few men who suffered for political opinions. The Burns Memorial is a circular tower, not lofty, containing a room in which are preserved some things that belonged to Burns, or are otherwise associated with his life and memory. I then made the driver go to the Bank, hoping to hear something from you all ; but found nothing there.

We then went to the country, driving to the south, as our drive yesterday was on the north. In three miles we came to the ruins of Craigmillar Castle. It occupies a commanding site, much of it now wasted and covered with ivy, yet some of the rooms in good preserva-

tion. Here Mary of Scots spent a good deal of time, and her sitting and bed-room are shown. The view is very extensive, taking in the city, its heights and, beyond, the Forth. Below the Castle is the house where Bothwell lived, and in this Castle she and he planned the divorce from Darnley. I asked the old lady, who was a good Scotchwoman, what she thought of Mary? She said, shaking her head, "Oh, she had her faults!" I said, "Wasn't she a great scamp?" "Oh! she had her faults and did many things she ought not to have done," was her reply. Would say nothing more, for Mary, however bad, was Auld Scotland's ehild and Queen!

We spent some little while here. The rain by this time was coming down and we had to hoist our earriage top, and it continued to Scotch-mist the rest of the day. We bought some of the old lady's eakes and beer, and then passed on to Dalkeith. We did not stop for the rain; that will not do, for who knows when it will stop in Scotland, or stopping, will not begin again? Nor did it impede us seriously. We had umbrellas and pushed on through it when the time came to walk. Dalkeith lies three miles further on. We descended and walked through the splendid grounds. The porter going with us and obtaining admission though not one of the regular days. The property belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the park contains 1,700 aeres richly improved. He has two other palatial residences in Scotland. A nice-looking lady, the housekeeper, showed us through the elegant apartments filled with choice paintings, mosaies and furniture.

We thence went to Hawthornden, the home of the poet Drummond, whom Ben Jonson visited, walking all the way from London. It is an attractive spot, the house situated on a crag which springs up from the river Esk. The present owner's name is Drummond, and the woman at the gate said he was a descendent of the poet of more than three hundred years ago. There was a castle upon its site, and a portion of the walls are standing still. They, and the house of Drummond built upon a solid rock, in which chambers have been cut under the mansion with passages, which they say Robert the Bruce occupied, when hiding from his enemies. I asked the woman if she believed such a story. She was Scotchly smart, and looking at me said, with a sly wink: "Why, of course, are not the eaves there, and did not Bruce's enemies get after him, and where was there a better place to hide?" I told her I would tell the story, and give her as my authority.

We then walked on up the beautiful Valley of the Esk, to Roslin

Castle and Chapel, our carriage going around to meet us. It is a narrow gorge the river makes of about a mile and a half, presenting no feature of nakedness but rendered graceful and attractive by variety of outline, shadowed and shaded by foliage in a manner that beguiles your every step as you move along its side and look down upon its clear mountain stream some feet below.

I had heard much of this walk between these two places and was not disappointed. We reached the ruins of the castle first, overhanging the little river and challenging admiration like Hawthornden by its very site. A youth showed us through. I have told you of so many castles, I will say nothing of this, its kitchens, its saloons, its bed-chambers, its dungeons, its execution room. The unhappy Mary of Scots had something to do with this too, either as a visitor, occupant or prisoner.

We then went to Roslin Church, celebrated for its beauty, and it deserves the reputation. Charles' "kin," the St. Clairs as John Brooks insists—not Sinclairs—built it and the chapel, and the present Earl of Roslin of the same St. Clair family, had much to do in restoring it. It is now in excellent repair, evidently however, only the apse and choir of an intended grand Cathedral which, if it had been finished according to the projected plan, would have rivalled any in Great Britain or the world. It is early English but massive as Norman, and with an amount of elegance of execution I have never seen outdone. We then drove back to Edinburgh, a distance of eight miles; it continued cloudy and, whilst not raining, with no appearance of clear weather.

THE TROSACHS, SCOTLAND, *Wednesday, August 29, 1883.*

In the midst of the Trosachs!

We reached here at eight o'clock, p. m., by coach from Callender after a ride by that mode of conveyance of eleven miles through scenery of world-wide repute, with a clear sky and bright sunrise and sunset, the heather blooming with a glow which ever warms the heart of a Highlander.

When I first looked out this morning in Edinburgh, the sky indicated a lowering and rainy day; but travellers must not stop here for weather, for in this ocean-bound country, so nigh both the Gulf Stream and the Arctic, who is wise enough to predict it for even

an hour ahead? It smiles or weeps as it lists—no one can tell when or how long it will laugh or cry. So I made myself ready to penetrate the Highlands, fearing, from the outlook, a sorry day for the purpose, but hoping for the best. I sent my trunk to Glasgow, and, breakfasting, Mr. May and I were, by half-past eight, in the cars and moving. As we travelled the clouds began to dissipate, and, by the time we ran fairly out from the smoke and fogs of the city, the sun began to peep through, and, after awhile, to herald a fresh and beautiful day—clear and balmy, and in every manner suited to the region towards which we were going.

We stopped first at Linlithgow, distant from Edinburgh seventeen miles; a Church in repair and a Castle in ruins. In this Palace or Castle Mary of Scots was born, and it is the spot whereat she and her ancestors were most fond of living. In the streets of the town of Linlithgow, Murray was shot and, on being brought to the Castle, died within its walls. They show the room where this fate befell. The most intelligent guide I have met at any of these places went with us through the ruins and showed us the places and points of interest. I had much and interesting talk with him concerning Scotland and England and their history, the condition of affairs in the kingdom, and much concerning the history of this old place, upon which he was well informed. It was before his breakfast, and, after he had conducted us through, he went off to eat it, and we, having plenty of time, strolled over the Castle or Palace on its battlements, and enjoyed the scene which was unfolded. Below us was the Lake on which the unfortunate Mary doubtless, many a time, had sailed or rowed, and on whose shores, many a time, had walked. The scene was fit for a painter, though no pencil or brush could rival the colors—light and shade, which floated over the landscape.

When satisfied with this, we descended and, hiring a boat and boatman, took a row over the Lake. The view of the Palace was best seen here, as we looked up at it from the bright waters—standing so venerable and so full of memories. It is a pity such a building should be allowed to fall into ruin. The walls are solid, massive, and well built, they have stood for centuries uncovered, yet look strong, as though they would last for centuries longer. A roof, or even the eapping of the walls would save it. It belongs to the Government, and a small amount of money put here would be well spent. On our return we visited the Church; this they have repaired and it

is now safe from time's touch, and is in use, with constant weekly ministrations. We spent four hours, longer than we wished, but the next train did not pass till that time and we had to stay.

We utilized it by walking over the town, visiting the spot where Hamilton shot Murray from the window of a house, on the site of which the county buildings now stand, and in talking to the people and viewing the place generally. In one store we went to buy a lunch, the proprietor, a good-looking Scotchman, told me he once lived in America—in Ohio—but the climate did not agree with his family, and he had to return to Scotland.

At one o'clock we moved on by rail to Stirling Castle, where we again stopped, left the train and visited the Castle and the church, graveyard and other objects of historic interest in the town. Stirling is quite a considerable place and has the appearance of thrift. The Castle is kept in good repair and is now used as barracks. Its position like that of nearly all buildings of its kind is most striking, a pronounced and beetling height reached by gradual ascent, crowning the highest point of an impregnable site—I mean for the arms of that day. We walked over it and upon its battlements. The view, it is impossible for me to describe and do full justice to. On one side in full but distant view is the field of Bannockburn, on the other rises the Abbey Crag, on which is the monument to Wallace representing the shaft of an ancient or ruined tower, and not far off, the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; whilst through the charming scene the river Forth winds, with many graceful curves, until lost in the distant landscape, rimmed, as in an amphitheater, by Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ledi, and Ben Voirlich mountains, now historic or known as household words by those who know anything of Scotland, her traditions and legends. In the Castle there is a room called the Douglas Room, where Douglas was killed by James III., and his body tossed out of the window. Here are preserved memorials of Scottish history and life; the pulpit in which John Knox preached, in the chapel of the Castle, axes, staves, and spears, and other weapons and implements of peace and war.

We then visited the Grayfriars Church, where James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was crowned, as well as Mary, and the graveyard which surrounds or adjoins it, the house where Bothwell lived, the site of that where George Buchannan, one of Scotland's greatest men, sojourned. But nothing there was so delightful as walking,

standing, or sitting on its high places, and looking at the extended scene until it seemed I could almost people it with Scotland's famous sons, making Scotland's history. We then walked beyond the limits of the town and looked at the site of the Castle and the Wallace Monument, the town and the mountains which seemed to "sentinel enehanted land," as Scott calls it, and he has contributed more than all others combined to make that title proper and widely known.

We then took train to Callender, where we mounted stage for this place, eleven miles, through, sure enough, Highland scenes, the mountain of Ben Venue right before us, and Ben A'an, and around, the lesser peaks, clothed with heather in its bloom. I send you some that you may know what it is. Under the light of the evening sun it glowed brilliantly. Our route lay by the rim of Loeh Vennachar and Loch Aehray, the scenes of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and we could trace them as we rode. These Lakes are exceedingly pretty and, with the sheep and cattle grazing on their banks, and on the sides of the mountains, which rise sometimes abruptly and sometimes gradually from the shores, with no trees, but with smooth, though undulating surface, covered with green grass or heather, presented a scene not to be overlooked or regarded slightly. We reached the hotel at sundown and, not long after, I supped and went to bed.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, *Thursday, August 30, 1883.*

This morning we rose early and breakfasted, and were *en route* through the Trosachs Proper, a short reach of country of only a mile or so from the hotel or Loch Katrine where we take the boat. Trosachs means "rough" or "rugged." I was disappointed. We have hundreds of such scenes in our hills and mountains. I think too much has been made of this, which is now only a thickety pass—there may have been a day when it was difficult of access and passage. But there is nothing in it at this time to excite wonder or admiration. Not so Loch Katrine, which we soon reached and on which we took the boat. This is a mountain lake and deserves the praise it has received.

At the end of it we took stage again and drove to Loch Lomond, a much larger lake, which, alas! we were prevented from seeing in its beauty by the weather. It had been threatening the whole morning, and now the rain came down and continued during our entire sail upon it, which marred greatly our enjoyment. But I must not complain,

my fortune has been too good—I only hope it has not turned. At the southern end of the lake we took train for this place, which we reached at midday, and I spent the afternoon in exploring. I walked over most of it, and then hired a carriage and drove over the rest. It is a great and growing place, substantially built and permanent. It has a Cathedral and University which we visited, and then the Docks.

The first thing, I went to my banker, and received a letter from Taylor, August 15th, one from Mary, August 14th, which I need not say were gladly read. I write in great haste. I want to post this before I start again, and time presses. With best love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 37.]

GREAT NORTH-WESTERN HOTEL, OBAN, SCOTLAND,
Friday, August 31, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I wrote to your mother (No. 36), and mailed it to your Uncle Taylor in Glasgow this morning.

You see I am now on the western coast of Scotland, and my window, where I am now sitting, looks out on Loch Linnhe, an inlet of the sea, and across it, over Kerrara, is the Island of Mull. This place (Oban) has now become probably the chief sea-coast Resort of Scotland, and is made up principally of hotels, some of which are fine, as is the one from which I am writing. My good fortune as to weather returned to me to-day after its desertion on Loch Lomond yesterday, and a more pleasant one for my trip to this place I could not have had. The sun came out and the evening was aglow with its rays and the heather's bloom, and my whole day's journey was through scenes which I recognized as belonging to the Scottish Highlands.

We steamed down the river from Glasgow, through lochs, canals and inlets of the sea, which make the coast of Scotland look so jagged on the map, whilst around us immediately were mountains, not wooded, but smooth generally with grass or purple with heather—not high and stupendous, like the Alps, but with every variety of contour,

inviting admiration, notwithstanding their irregularity of outline, by the smoothness with which they adorn the landscape and the variety of shades and shadows which they reflect from their surface, whilst on every hand are those beautiful sheets of water or fast-flowing streams which have earned it the title of the Land of the Mountain and the Flood.

We left Glasgow this morning at seven o'clock in an excellent steamer down the Clyde, passing great numbers of vessels, either plying the narrow stream or on the stocks. One would infer, from the number of the former and the busy appearance of the streets and surroundings, that Glasgow was a city of large import, and, from the number of the latter, that it was the greatest city for ship-construction in the world. We must have seen from fifty to one hundred on the stocks—all, or nearly so, I think, whether sail or steam, of iron.

This growth is comparatively recent. The little river was quite lately only some four feet deep. They have, by money and enterprise, dug and dredged out its channel till now it floats wellnigh the largest vessels. The river is very narrow for twelve or fifteen miles; it then widens and becomes an estuary, and opens out into the Firth of Clyde—all along, upon its surface and upon its shores, presenting the same busy aspect. On the right, twelve miles from Glasgow, we passed the Castle of Dumbarton—an imposing elevation on the north bank of the river. It is on a hill or mountain, rising abruptly from the plain, its sides precipitous, and, where accessible, guarded still further by a wall. Its summit is severed into two pinnacles, and between them stood the Castle. The buildings appear now to be modern, which occupy not only the notch I have spoken of, but also lower down, and are used for public purposes.

Before reaching Dumbarton, we passed Renfrew, of little consequence, where the Prince of Wales gets his title of Baron Renfrew; Kilpatrick, where they claim St. Patrick was born; Bowling, whence the canal starts which runs east and west across Scotland and joins the Firths of Clyde and Forth, thirty miles in length, then the Castle of Douglas, covered with ivy, in front of it a monument to Henry Bell, who introduced steam navigation into Great Britain. After passing Dumbarton, two miles lower down we greet the ruins of Cardross Castle, where Robert the Bruce died, and a little further, the ruins of Finlayson House which John Knox was fond of visiting.

On the south side we stop at Greenock, which appears to be a

thriving place and almost as busy in the building of ships as Glasgow itself, and then rounding the point of Renfrew, we turned south stopping at Rothesay, called the Brighton of Scotland, on the Isle of Bute; but before getting there, passing or stopping at several points, among them Dunoon, a pretty place, near which the Duke of Argyle has a residence. You must follow me on your map.

Sailing on we rounded the Isle of Bute, and reached Loch Fine, stopping at Tarbert and Ardrishaig at the eastern end of the Crinan Canal, where we left the steamer and took a steam canalboat and travelled on it a distance of nine miles. At a portion of it, two-thirds of the way through, we left the boat and walked a mile or two, whilst the boat was making her passage through the various locks which have been constructed to enable it to pass the watershed that divides Loch Fine from the Sound of Jura.

This walk was very beautiful and interesting. Hosts of healthy-looking Scotch children flocked to us with milk and flowers, and here and there on the path Scotchwomen had tables with milk, cream, crackers, cheese and oat-cakes for sale, and being in no hurry, for we could walk faster than the boat could ascend and descend the locks, we lingered and enjoyed the delicious atmosphere and the roseate heather-hued mountains, trying, under light and shade, how many graceful outlines they could assume.

At the last lock we had time to patronize one of the bonnie women, and I took a glass of her rich cream and some of her oat-cakes, and sat down by her cottage-door and talked to her as I lunched. So the time sped while the steamboat was getting down. We soon, then, passed the rest of the canal, and, at its western terminus on the Sound of Jura, took again an ocean steamer, and came on through numerous islands to this place, which we reached before dark. I have not time nor the ability to describe this afternoon's sail.

The weather and the surroundings continued to render each other lovely. The evening sun helped the mountains, both of island and mainland, to show themselves to advantage, and they in turn, with their green grass and purple bloom, with here and there clumps of trees, aided the sun to show what a painter he is when the canvass suits. The roseate glow which is so charming and which we seek long sometimes without finding, was here consummated in the reflection of the heather from the distant mountains, which, contrasting

with the bright green of the smooth sward of their neighbors near and far, gave a blending of colors which must be seen to be felt.

Any description I may dot down of Highland scenery must be general, because in one sense it is the same, being ever composed of mountain and water, and yet no two scenes alike. I can hardly say it is sublime, or to be put side by side in comparison with the Alpine. It mounts at times into the grand, but far oftener it is only beautiful, so changed at every step as not to weary with anything like sameness;—not like the English, beautiful, filled with the habitations of men, surrounded by the comforts of domestic and social life and luxuriant vegetation, but the uncultivated beauties of Nature, thrown together in such graceful forms that their sight alone gives us a definition of that indefinable term.

SAME HOTEL, OBAN, SCOTLAND,
Saturday, September 1, 1883.

As I had reason to be thankful for yesterday's weather, so I had to-day. Without good weather, the most interesting scenes I have visited I could not have attempted. Scotland, I find, is a precarious country for the traveller. He may come long distances to see, and yet see nothing—so much depends upon the sun and sky, which are of such uncertain temper that you will find no sensible Scotchman bold enough to attempt to forecast them. If it rains, as it is apt to do when you do not wish and when you least expect it, the scenery is covered as with a veil, and should the elements mount into anything like a blow, you cannot land on spots which contain much to admire and enjoy, both of Nature and Art.

We visited Iona and Staffa to-day. It could not have been better—calm and clear, and making our voyage to them and our return delightful and our landing easy. We left at eight o'clock a. m., in an excellent steamer, with a fair number of passengers, and, during the day, made the circuit of the Island of Mull.

Look at your map. You will see that Mull lies west of Oban, and west of Mull lie the historic little Islands of Iona and Staffa—one famous for what men have done in the ages gone, and the other for one of the most imposing specimens of Nature's handiwork. The sail was pleasant, the weather being such that we could be on deck the whole time. We passed through the Straits or Sound of Kerrara,

and rounded Mull on the south. Off the south-western projection of the Island of Mull lies the Isle of Iona—celebrated, you remember, as being the spot on which Christianity was first preached and established by St. Columba, who came there from Ireland. Thus, it is said, as Scotland gave St. Patrick to Ireland, Ireland gave St. Columba to Scotland. It became a sacred island, where for generations the kings and chiefs of Scotland were buried.

As you approach, it looks bleak enough. Along the shore, for some distance, are houses or huts of one story, generally built of stone. At the northern end of these humble habitations are the ruins of the Cathedral—uncovered now. The towers and walls are standing, and within and around them are grave-stones, over some of the high and lowly who once lived here. They show what is supposed to be the grave of Columba, and a long row of slabs in another part of the graveyard where Scotch kings sleep side by side, their warfare ended, and in front of them another row of Scotland's chiefs, who, maybe, killed one another, for they were a gentle breed! Nearest the town is the old Abbey, close to which are more graves of less import; a Runic cross, called St. Martin's Cross, is near the Cathedral—very ancient; also several broken ones, and another on the roadside leading from the Abbey to the Cathedral.

I ascended the heights back of the town, and had a superb survey of the island and the sea which rims it glowing brightly in the sun, enlivened by our steamer swinging in the offing—for we had to land by boats, the exposure being so great that the winds and waves dash to pieces the wharves they build. When we landed, a crowd of children met us with saucers and plates and dishes full of shells, stones and pebbles, picked up on the sea-shore of the Sacred Isle. The spirit of the age has invaded the precincts of St. Columba, and the rising generations, even of this consecrated spot, care more for the Demon of Lucre, which now rules, than for the Genius which once had its habitation here, and made it so famous, and so powerful and respected.

The whistle called us aboard again as fast as the boats could take us, and soon we were under steam for Staffa. As we sailed in front of Iona we could see standing in bold relief, north of the Cathedral, the cross which the Duke of Argyle erected to the memory of his wife. In a little while we reached Staffa, where, you know, is Fingal's Cave.

At sea we saw the curious columnar formation for which the island is celebrated—not confined to Staffa, but belonging to each of the islands in sight in a greater or less degree. One I observed, which seemed to be elevated from the surface of the sea by the columns packed together in solid mass, and in the distance looking as regular as an amphitheatre, whilst from its centre seemed to rise a dome. Others, smaller, were of the same curious construction.

But Staffa, with its cave, is wonder enough. Happily, the sea was calm—not sufficiently so to enable us to be rowed into the cave, but enough so to effect a landing in lifeboats. Nor is this necessary now to enable you to see it. Modern enterprise has constructed a safe access by means of rails and gallery into the cave, by which you can now walk and view it even better than from a boat. Having a lively remembrance of the Mauvais Pas, I still went, the temptation was so great—much greater than I found the danger, for the steps and gallery were well constructed.

From the sea, the lower strata of the island seem to be altogether formed of these columns of various styles—some I observed had three sides, some four, some five, some six, their faces closely joined in solid mass. Numbers were broken off at different heights from the surface of the water, thus forming a gradual ascent as steps to the base of those which remain entire, and which stood likewise ranged in regular series like the pipes of an organ around the outer face of the island. Up a part of the ascent an iron rail had been firmly fastened, which enables you to ascend and descend with comparative safety. On these columns rests a heavy mass of conglomerate or pudding stone, which by its weight seems to have bent some of the columns in their formation into a gentle bow without fracturing them.

What has become of the other portions of the truncated columns which now make the steps, I could not tell, for there is not much débris on the sea-line of the island: swept out of view, doubtless, by the ocean storms. I ascended thus to the opening of the cave, which they have so managed as to make the path strike midway between the water and its top, and thence into the interior along its side like a gallery, thus enabling the visitor to take in at a glance the arched roof formed of this conglomerate, the sides framed by these solid columns, and the water as it rushes in, filling the space with sounds more eloquent than instrument or human voice.

I stood in a glorious Gothic Cathedral, and I thought I needed to

go no further to find the origin of that style of architecture whose examples I have been so long and with so much interest studying in this country and on the continent. Well repaid was I for the journey here! Fingal's Cave has not been exaggerated; it is one of those wonders of nature which abides in the memory, and which not disappointing however much we may have expected, we will ever love to recall. There are several other caves on the island, but of much less import and more difficult of access.

The whistle sounded and again the passengers were gathered on the steamer and we made for Oban, circling Mull on the northern side, passing numbers of small islands dotting the sea, with some of which romance and history have woven queer stories and legends, and old Castles in ruins now, where the Lords of the Isles once lived and gathered their clans for foray and pillage. Each one has some tale to tell, and whether true or not, what matters it? It has been told so often that it is as good as true, and enables us to people the moss-grown broken things, with beings who once filled a large space in this part of the world's eye. And so we sailed on, the weather continuing everything we could desire till, nearing Oban, there came a change and the rain poured down in heavy torrents as if to show us how it could have spoiled our day had it chosen to arrive a few hours sooner. As it was, it spoiled nothing, and I look upon my visit to Iona and Staffa as one of the most pleasant of my travels.

Whilst sailing on the west of Mull, I looked upon the Atlantic, extending unbrokenly to our shores. It must be a bleak coast, and Iona and Staffa have the benefit of its wild waves.

In the graveyard at Iona, seven American sailors are buried who were wrecked on the island some years ago, over whom the U. S. Government have erected a monument. It is a lonely place to be wrecked and to be buried!

SAME HOTEL, OBAN, SCOTLAND,
Sunday, September 2, 1883.

The Kirk rules in Scotland and we could not get away from Oban on Sunday. I made inquiry and could hear of no preacher of much import of any denomination being here, and determined to hire a carriage and drive to the country. The sky which sent down so much rain yesterday evening still continued showery, but the clouds hung

high and we thought we could ride into the country, four miles, and see the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle or Palace, where for many generations the Scottish kings were crowned upon the celebrated Stone of Scone, now, you know, in Westminster Abbey, still held sacred as the crowning seat of the kings and queens of England. This stone was taken from Dunstaffnage to Scone where the Scottish kings subsequently were crowned, and then transferred to London. Prior to Dunstaffnage, it is said to have been at Tara in Ireland, where it was brought from Spain, and to which last country it came originally from the Holy Land and was Jacob's Pillar—all of which loyal Britishers believe!

It did not rain whilst we were riding, and the temperature was pleasant, the clouds high and the mountains uncovered. The Castle is in ruins and has a custodian, who keeps the outer walls under lock and key. His house is near by, and he soon came and admitted us. We ascended to the battlements and walked upon them, situated on Loch Etive, which almost surrounds it with its waters. The site is striking, and from it you can see one or two of Scotland's high mountains.

In a recess of the wall on the lower court is the small apartment where the coronation stone was kept—always walled up till needed in its royal office, then taken out, the new king crowned upon it, and then walled up again till the next. The old ruins are covered with ivy in many portions, and when we recall the events that have transpired there, we cannot fail to be interested. The place is owned by one of the Campbells, of the old Scotch Argyle stock. The residence is in view, and in a grove near by is the family graveyard, which contains many graves of that historic family. We lingered here some time, but considerable numbers arriving from Oban walking and getting too thick to be pleasant, we came away and returned to our hotel.

We did not move again till after dinner, and then strolled on the sea-front, and watched the waters as they came and went, and the sky in its efforts to clear itself of clouds—which it has as yet not been able to do, though it has made many efforts during the day—and observed the people as they turned out with the same purpose as ourselves in their Sunday clothes, remarking that while the Scotch are a sturdy set, not much beauty prevails among the fair.

This is an excellent hotel and it has a good many guests. Indeed,

Oban is a considerable rendezvous not only on account of its own attractions, but because it is a centre from which tourists radiate to many parts of Scotland and its islands.

To-morrow I move again and fear the weather may come down ; but we will hope.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, FORT WILLIAM, SCOTLAND,
Monday, September 3, 1883.

I came from Oban to-day. Your map will show you that I passed up Loch Linnhe and Lower Loch Eil, making for Inverness by route of the Caledonian Canal. I started early. At six o'clock, a. m., I was on the boat, and a few minutes after was moving. Mr. May left me this morning on his journey homewards to New Orleans. We have travelled very pleasantly together, and I was sorry to part with him ; but whilst my travelling companions and I, when I pick them up, harmonize first-rate, so soon as they go I convert myself into a travelling companion, and fare quite as well.

The day opened unpromisingly, and though some of the natives prophesied it would be clear, I did not agree with them—the clouds were too threatening and I was wellnigh right. I stopped on the way to this point at Ballachulish, on Loch Leven, in order that I might visit Glencoe, and went in a coach seven or eight miles to look at the historic spot.

To this place the clouds hung high and the mountain scenery was uncovered. The air was so balmy that as I stood on deck and enjoyed it, the clouds opening rifts through which the sun sent his rays here and there over the landscape, shifting the illumination from moment to moment, as you have so often seen, that I was at a loss to know whether he was more effective in these sports or when he gave us his unbroken power.

When we started in the conveyance for Glencoe there were only two others with me—a preacher and son, the conveyance a light carriage. The day was like one of ours in the month of April—dripping gentle showers from time to time. Happily, this did not materially interfere with us in such a scene, for the Glen is narrow, hemmed in by high mountains, and was, in its wild and desolate look, a fit place for the fearful tragedy which has made the Massacre of Glencoe one of the bloodiest and basest stigmas upon the English name. The slaughter of the MacDonald clan under King William's

order cannot be atoned for by even the noble things he did for Britain's substantial freedom and growth. I wanted to see the valley of which I had read so much. Glencoe means in Gaelic the "field of weeping." Its experience has given double significance to the name. You have often seen descriptions of its appearance, representing its bleak and gloomy outline? They are true.

The mountains are almost treeless, either covered with grass and fern or rugged and rocky, and bordering the valley so closely that their shadows nearly meet in the middle hours of the day. There is a small loch midway of its passage, which looks as sombre as its surroundings. The driver told us where the wretched work was done, and there were the debris of the foundations of the houses which covered the miserable inmates when they were murdered nearly two hundred years ago. Their bodies were gathered up and buried in a common burial-ground near the foot of the valley.

We returned to the Ballachulish Hotel, and, at three o'clock, took steamer up the Lower Loch Eil, amid the character of scenery which was with us up Loch Linnhe, and in an hour or so reached this place. The rain came down in earnest, and continued the rest of the evening. Happily, the sights I had to see to-day were such that the weather did not fatally interfere with me as a traveller, and I rest here for the night, hoping better for the morrow.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, INVERNESS, SCOTLAND,
Tuesday, September 4, 1883.

This morning I rose early and walked to Glen Nevis near Fort William. The morning was bright and fresh and my walk was pleasant. It is a much larger glen than Glencoe, and its scenery is enhanced by the Nevis river which flows through it with a current rivalling the Rhine or the Rhone near their sources in dash and rapidity, but not in richness of the color of its water. This is of a brownish tinge as if stained with juniper.

By nine o'clock I had breakfasted and was on my journey to this place through what is called the Great Glen of Scotland, by the way of the Caledonian Canal. This canal is sixty miles long, made up of three lakes, Loch Locky, Loch Oich and Loch Ness, joined by an artificial canal, the Lochs making thirty-seven miles and the Canal twenty-three of the distance—the travel consumed the day, we

arriving at half past six o'clock in the evening, though much time was lost in passing the locks of the canal, and at one or two places, to enable the passengers to see objects of interest.

At a village called Corpach, a few miles from Fort William, we changed from steamer to a steam canalboat on which we remained to the end of our journey, taking our dinner on board. At Fort Augustus, near the head of Loch Ness, there being a number of locks and the boat delayed thereby, we had time to land and visit the Catholic School and Monastery which occupies the site. In part composed of the old Castle, it is a handsome building; its "get up" in this Protestant country showing the energy and devotion of the Romanists. About the middle of the way through Loch Ness, and on the east side the boat stopped again to enable us to visit the Falls of Foyers, a walk of a mile up the mountains and a steep ascent. They were quite striking, but I have told you so much of waterfalls that I will not stop to describe these. The scenery was beautiful the whole distance, but especially about Loch Oich, only mountains on either hand, with scant cultivation, of every variety of outline, sometimes glowing with bloom, sometimes shaggy with cropping rocks and sometimes green and smooth with velvety grass, over which hundreds of black-faced sheep were roaming.

The weather was showery during the day, never coming down so as to incommode seriously, but in showers—mild and balmy, so that we could stand or sit on deck, and after the rain had passed, a rainbow often following in its wake.

I made many acquaintances, who sometimes talked so much that they took my attention from the scenery, and I wished they were not so numerous. Among them was a gentleman in the civil service of England in India—J. P. Goodridge, Bengal. He gave me his card, told me much of India and her people; and three Catholic priests, all Irishmen from Ireland, with whom I soon was on excellent terms, especially with one, who gave me his card—Rev. C. McEvoy, from Drogheda. He extended me a pressing invitation to come and see him when I went to Ireland and he would ride into the surrounding country with me and show me the interesting things there. I talked with others too, whose names I do not know or recollect. Will now close this letter, sending best love to all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 38.]

BLAIR ATHOLE, ARMS HOTEL, DUNKELD, SCOTLAND,
Wednesday, September 5, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I wrote a letter to Mary (No. 37), and mailed it here to-day to your address.

This has been one of my red-letter travelling days, full of movement, interest and variety. The day itself has been almost perfection as to weather, and the scenes have been among Scotland's best. I wish I had time to tell you of them and the skill, too, as they deserve to be told.

Very early this morning, on looking out at Inverness, I found the sky was clear and the day promised well. I got up, and, before seven o'clock, had been to one of the livery stables and stirred the proprietor, hired a carriage and was on the road to visit the field of Culloden. The distance directly is five miles, returning by another road seven, making the drive twelve miles. The sun shone and the air was spring-like. The road ascending pretty much the entire distance, gave me an extended view of Inverness and its surroundings—a long reach of the River Ness, on which the town is located, and the mountains near and far. They have built a rude cairn or circular tower on the battle-field, marking its chief locality, whilst around are rough stones with inscriptions, showing the spots where the members of the various Highland clans who fell are buried. Farther off, one marks the burial-place of the English who were killed on that bloody day.

The country is under considerable cultivation near Inverness—principally wheat and oats, more frequently the latter; but the country people are greatly apprehensive that much of both will be lost. Some of it is still green, some ready to be cut; but the showery weather keeps the former from maturing and the latter from being secured.

After breakfast I took train for this place. Follow me on the map and you will see I travelled northeast near the coast till I reached Forres, and then turned south through the heart of Scotland, passing some places of not much import for the traveller, among

them Nairn, which latterly has become a sea-coast resort; but I don't think Scotland, in this latitude, needs such places.

From Forres we strike into the Lowlands, so called; but I am at a loss to know where the Highlands end and the Lowlands begin. I had an idea that the Highlands were confined to one locality, particularly the northwest; but it seems that the term Lowlands is applicable when the mountains let down into level or undulating country wherever located or of whatever area. For two-thirds of the distance we travelled in view of the Grampian Hills on the east, and a beautiful line they were. Bounding the horizon, they run northeast and southwest—our route being generally south. We first saw their northern line in the distance, but inclining towards us as we advanced. They approached us nearer and nearer, growing in massiveness and height till the summits of some of their peaks reached four thousand feet. At Drumouchter Pass, in one of these depressions, we crossed the Range.

To give you some idea of what occurs in the winter, the drifts of snow near this place a year or so ago exceeded thirty feet, and still among the mountain recesses I saw large patches. The mountains in full view for so many miles afforded constant entertainment. They have few trees. Their outlines are varied and graceful, and their surface composed sometimes of rocks, sometimes of grass and sometimes of the purple heather, of which there is a great quantity through this region now, and, full of bloom, giving a richness of coloring which you can readily conceive.

The country itself was in some places cultivated in grain, but generally in grass, and much of it bleak and barren moor—so inhospitable, that it recalled to my mind vividly the story of the "Snow-Storm," as told by Wilson in his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which our father read to me one evening, and stirred me so that probably it was followed by one of those somnambulistic freaks in which I then sometimes indulged.

When the train reached Blair Athole I determined to get off, and, between trains, hire a carriage and drive through the Pass and Glen of Killiecrankie, meeting the next train at Pitlochrie, a few miles further in this direction. My new East India acquaintance, whom I had not seen on the train, got off, too, simply to stretch himself, not thinking of stopping. I suggested to him to come with me, which he assented to, and accosting the porter from one of the hotels, he

told us he could let us have a carriage, and, whilst we were talking, another gentleman came up and asked if he and his daughter might join us; to which, of course, we offered no objection.

We left the train, mounted the 'bus and were driven into the town to the hotel. Upon arriving there we were informed they did not have a "machine" of any sort—for thus they call it—nor could one be had in the town or surrounding country for love or money; that the porter acted without authority, and ought to have known better; that a grand gathering was collected on the Duke of Athole's domains, near town, of Highlanders, to contend for prizes in their various games and sports, and the vehicles of every sort were engaged. We had seen the crowd as we neared town, but did not know what it was. This piece of information threw us into a tempest of wrath, for the train had gone and our day appeared to be lost.

But we made the proprietor send us back to the station. We left our luggage there, and determined to walk out and witness the games, and what appeared a great misfortune turned out to be a happy occurrence. The day was beautiful and the place equally so—a valley clothed with rich sward and set with venerable trees. The crowd—men, women and children—was large, and we had an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants in their best attire, and witnessing the Highland costumes and customs. We were told that the Duke gives these sports on the first Wednesday of every September to his tenants and retainers, and offers prizes to those who excel in the games in which they are offered. They are running, dancing the Highland reel and the Highland fling, throwing weights, jumping and playing the bagpipe.

We reached there in time to witness the trials. The contestants and managers were decked in Highland dress. The Duke and his family were present—he and his sons dressed also in that costume, as were two companies of his tenants and retainers. The spot was in a valley, and the sight was very interesting; the people sitting, standing or walking on the hill-sides and in the plain—the Highland dress adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Before the arrival of the next train we had time to spend several hours, which we did moving among the people and getting what information we could, always cordially and cheerfully given.

We returned to the station and engaged the agent to send our

luggage by a train an hour after, we going to the intermediate station of Killiecrankie, determining to walk thence through the Killiecrankie Pass to the next station—Pitlockrie, and then again take the train. The agent told us it was only two miles. You know how it is with distances in, I believe, every country—each individual has his own estimate. When we left the train at Killiecrankie we were told the distance was three miles and a half, and as we walked the mile posts told us it was much more, so we had to tramp as if for a wager. Happily my East India friend was a good walker, and happily too, my other friend and his daughter did not attempt it.

We made the distance through the Pass, and reached the station just as the train ran in—a minute or two later and we would have been left. The Pass is equal to its fame. Totally different from Glencoe; that is bare and barren, this is covered with trees and vegetation from the top to the bottom of the mountains which form it. I will mention a fact which will interest you, that most of the trees through this region have been planted, the original forest having been destroyed. The Duke of Athole's father alone planted thirty millions upon his estates, and now some of the groves of birch and larch are very rich and beautiful.

I fell in with an old Scotchman on board, who gave me a great deal of information as we travelled, and pointed out the spots and areas where the trees had been planted, which before were treeless. When I arrived here I parted from my East India fellow traveller, he going to Edinburgh, and who should join me again but my three friends—the Catholic priests, and we came together to this hotel. We arrived here at dark, and so closed a busy day.

PEOPLE'S HOTEL, PERTH, SCOTLAND,
Thursday, September 6, 1883.

This morning in Dunkeld my Catholic-priest friends and I walked first to the Cathedral, an old affair, only the apse and the choir fixed up by the Duchess of Athole, mother of the present Duke, the rest in ruins. Around it are beautiful grounds, and her own modest residence. Her son lives at the Castle.

After that we procured a guide and walked through the grounds of the estate, which are very extensive and highly improved—not the part where the games were held, but as you see from the locality

a quite distant portion. Our guide told us that the Duke owned 350,000 acres—somewhat of a farm! At the river Tay, several miles off, we came to a ferry over which a stout Highland woman rowed us swiftly, and we were met by a carriage we ordered out before we left town. In this we visited several Falls of the river Braan, a branch of the Tay, at one of which there is a summer house called Ossian's Hall whence it can be viewed; at the other there is a bridge so situated as to echo the sound of the falling waters in such manner as to have earned the title of the Rumbling Bridge. I will not stop to describe these falls—they hardly deserve it.

We then drove back to the station and walked up Birnam Hill, from which we had a lovely view of town and its surroundings celebrated for their beauty. At three o'clock we took train for this place, a distance of fourteen miles. Immediately on our arrival we came to the hotel, engaged rooms and then hired a carriage and drove into the country, two or three miles, and ascended a hill called Moncrieffe whence we had a view which has been called the "Glory of Scotland." On the north lie the city and country stretching to the Grampian Hills which bound the horizon for many miles; on the south bordered by the Ochil Hills, lies a charming valley through which the Earn flows to join the Tay with many graceful curves. We lingered here a long time enjoying the splendid scene, whilst the sun was going down in a clear sky with gentle temperature. We then returned to Perth and drove through its principal streets and across the bridge. It is a handsome and substantially built and apparently prosperous place. And here I will remark, that the substantiality of the structures of the Scotch cities and towns is unrivalled. They have great variety of building stone, and they have used it well.

This evening I bade my Catholic-priest friends good-bye. They go back to Ireland in the morning. They made themselves very agreeable. They gave me their names: P. Segrave, Ardee, Louth County, Ireland; G. McEvoy, Drogheda; P. Clarke, Dundalk—all urging me to come and see them when I went to Erin.

TONTINE HOTEL, PEEBLES, SCOTLAND,
Friday, September 7, 1883.

This morning the weather was cooler, and, whilst no frost, felt somewhat fallish, as though the summer was lapsing into autumn. The day, however, was clear and good for travelling. I have been alone. My travelling companions have given out and I am left to myself, and my enjoyment has been none the less. I think I must have something of the hermit in me—I am so fond of my own company. When I am by myself I can think so much better and commune with the objects which meet me.

I left Perth at seven o'clock and came direct to Melrose, through the county of Fife to Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth, which we crossed in a steam ferry-boat—a distance of six or seven miles—to Edinburgh, where I again took rail for Melrose—in all, a distance of seventy-eight miles. The country is different from that which I described to you in the Highlands. Here there is much cultivation in wheat, oats and roots, the land rolling. These are the Lowlands, and much the same both north and south of the Forth. I made a sharp connection in Edinburgh, so that there was no delay.

So soon as I landed at Melrose, I hired a carriage and drove at once to Abbotsford, a distance of three miles, through a country worthy the selection for a home of so judicious a man as Sir Walter Scott, and one so alive to the charms of Nature. The house he built is in itself an architectural failure. It looks gingerbreadly and toyish, and has nothing in or about it like the grand and massive character who designed it, and in which he did so much work that has and will live; but its location is worthy of him, situated in the Valley of the Tweed. The front yard falls towards, maybe to, the river, whilst beyond it the land rises into small mountains, mostly cultivated, but here and there ornamented with clumps of forest, and behind it the same character of elevation prevails, clothed as the country is, with the richest green. The view spoke aloud in approval of the Poet's choice as a site, and though the weight of obligation which the mansion entailed helped to crush the spirit of the good and great man, I have no doubt his simple nature had many a happy hour there before "the evil days came."

A considerable crowd collected, to be escorted through the rooms

which are shown, and we had to wait awhile till the guide had done with those who preceded us. Each individual paid a shilling, which must amount to a considerable sum annually, for the memory of Scott has not only not died, but has vitalized almost every Scottish scene with a kind of halo. No man in the world's history has done so much for his country to make it and its history known. He found it obscure, he has made it famous. The visit was marred by having such a crowd following the guide, whilst he was mechanically pointing out the objects of interest, and having ignorant and absurd questions asked by some of them. What a pleasure it would have been could I have wandered alone through the rooms where are gathered such a number of interesting things!—his study and where he composed so many of his books; his table or writing-desk and chair; his library, which, the guide told us, contained 20,000 volumes, but which I do not believe, all in fine preservation; the chamber in which he died and the armory, in both of which are collected curious and precious things, either because they were given to him by some famous person or had belonged to one, or because he used them himself and rendered them, by that use, worthy of preservation; Rob Roy's purse and gun; Flora MacDonald's purse; Ellen MacGregor's brooch and other articles too numerous to detail, equally curious and valuable. I should have liked to have examined his books, which are, as I have remarked, in admirable preservation. I saw them, and only wished I could have seen them without the crowd. There, too, was the suit of clothes he last had on, and you could see from the shoes, which had been worn, how one foot was defective—the toe being stuffed; and a cast of his head and face taken after death—and what a massive and noble crown it was!

When I left Abbotsford, we drove to Melrose Abbey situated in the town, and then to Dryburgh Abbey, four miles from the town in the opposite direction from Abbotsford. Melrose is so much more spoken of and written about than Dryburgh, that I think the former has been over and the latter underrated. There are some beautiful things about Melrose in its ruins, but Dryburgh and its surroundings are so lovely, so quiet, so peaceful, with their trees and sward, the river Tweed flowing nigh with the Great Magician sleeping so quietly in their embrace, that it presents itself to my admiration as a rival of Fountains Abbey at Studley, which is saying much in its praise. Here I happily was alone. I made my driver get ahead

and speed, that we might avoid the crowd then going, and which met us as we returned.

We then drove to the station and took the first train for this place (Peebles). I desired to go further but the train did not connect, and even as it was I was delayed in Galashiels, a town four miles from Melrose, which I utilized in walking. It is well-built of stone—I don't think there is scarcely any other material in the whole town. The country abounds in stone of variety of texture and color, which their architects seem to know how to combine. It is a flourishing place, having large manufactories of woollen goods. I thought before I had visited it, that Galashiels was located on the Tay, but that was a mistake. The Tay sweeps to the south around some hills and leaves the town in a valley of its own—pretty enough too. On its northern bend, however, higher up, a portion of the town is on its banks. I reached Peebles about dark, and have seen but little of it.

STATION HOTEL, DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND,
Saturday, September 8, 1883.

The name at the caption of this day's story will attract Charles' attention and bring us close together. Old Virginia Dumfries, named after this, is so near him and so familiar from what he has heard of the thrifty Scotchmen who settled there in early days, and filled their bellies, as the story goes, with so much pure Scotch whiskey and their pockets with so much pure gold!

Early this morning before breakfast I rose and let myself out of the hotel at Peebles, by unlocking and unbarring the front door before anyone was awake, and walked over the town. It is situated on the banks of the Tweed, and divided by the river Eddlestone which flows through it as a tributary into the larger stream. The surroundings of the town are striking, the hills rising in the vicinity covered with trees and vegetation, assuming those graceful contours in which this lovely land delights.

Peebles is a manufacturing town of large import, principally of tweeds, and, as I walked through it, I met the hands thronging to their work (six o'clock), men and women, all well-dressed—the latter with white aprons reaching to the hem of their dress and almost meeting around them, giving them a trim and tidy air. The same scene I witnessed yesterday afternoon in Galashiels as the factory

operatives were returning from their work to their homes. I thought they were the best-looking and more healthy and better dressed than any factory people I had ever seen.

Like Scotch towns, Peebles is well-built, mostly of stone. It looks much older than Galashiels. Indeed, some of the houses date back into the centuries and have that appearance. I passed a pleasant hour in strolling the streets and talking to the people I met, among them some old fellows who, though they were glad to answer my questions, I could, on account of their broad Scotch, hardly understand. Mungo Park, the traveller, lived here and the house where he resided is shown, and there are the ruins of an ancient church and the Chambers' Institute, which one of the Chambers, Publishers, bought and restored or rebuilt, and presented to the town, his native place, for "social improvement," as it is styled—library, lecture-room and reading-room. It was the residence of the Queensberry family. I remarked to an old Scotchman, with whom I was talking immediately in front of it, that it was a generous thing upon the part of Chambers. The old fellow laughed and said that they were very humble, their father being a plain weaver; that this one was ambitious, and it was the method he chose to make himself known—seeming to think there was more of self than generosity in thing. There was a deal of eanny Scotch in that comment, not to say of human nature.

On the suburbs was one of those splendid hydropathic establishments which, I think I before remarked, are scattered over Scotland. How they were built and how they survive nobody seemed to be able to tell me. At seven o'clock I was off for Glasgow, a roundabout way to reach Ayr, my next objective point, but the speediest route. Before getting to that city, for some miles, travelling in the Valley of the Clyde, I saw the smoke of the engines extracting the ore from the soil, or converting it into metal, or driving the hammers which were beating it into the sinews of war or the wings of commerce. And such was the ease on the other as well as on this side of Glasgow for many miles. It is certainly a vigorous centre, as I told you in a former letter when speaking of my doings there and sail thence down the river.

Being delayed an hour or two, I utilized my time in walking the streets, visiting some points I had not seen so well before—the Exchange, City Hall, Trongate—and observing again the air of

business activity which pervades the city. The distance from Peebles is fifty-two miles. The whole ride from Melrose to Glasgow is very beautiful, first up the Valley of the Tweed and then down the Valley of the Clyde (for both have their sources not far from each other in the Louthier Hills), and we crossed the water-shed whence they flow—the Tweed east, the Clyde west, both full of History and Romance, peeping at every turn from some Castle or Abbey ruin, whose faces and voices the smoke of the workshop and the rattle of the machinery have not been able entirely to obscure or drown.

I then came on to Ayr, distance forty miles. The scenery changes as you approach Ayr. The road passes towards and by the shores of the Firth of Clyde, and the country becomes flat. On the south side of Ayr the high hills abut upon the sea-shore and the scenery improves. So soon as I reached Ayr, I hired a carriage to go to the birth-place of Burns and Alloway Kirk. The distance is two miles to the birth-place and two further on the same road to the Kirk—both south of the town, in a country of much more scenic interest than that north. The road was good, the scenery beautiful. My driver was a bright lad who, though he spoke broad Scotch, reminded me more of an American boy by his quickness and sprightliness, for many of the Scotch people of his class are thick-headed, and rarely know anything but what is before their eyes from day to day. Their ignorance, sometimes, is absolutely crass; but this chap was lively, and knew well the localities and the things that made them famous, and seemed to appreciate why Burns, and what belonged to him or was in any way associated with his name, should be so honored among men.

The house where he was born is situated on the road-side, and humble enough. It was originally only two apartments, both fronting the road. Rooms have been added since, extending its front, and it has been until lately used as an inn. It is only of one story, covered with thatch, with little windows, recently purchased by a company for the enormous sum of \$20,000, and held as a precious memorial. Admission of two pence is charged. The two rooms are very small and the ceiling very low. An humbler place you would not wish to see. The bed is in a cuddy by the fireplace, like the foolish recesses which Jefferson designed for sleeping-places at Monticello. A few things are preserved which belonged to Burns, and among them some of the manuscripts of his poems—the handwriting, which, you

know, was remarkably bold, manly and clear, with scarcely an erasure or interlineation. The boy pointed out to me, not far off on the opposite side of the road, the house where Burns' father subsequently lived, and the field in which the poet first handled the plough.

We then passed on to Alloway Kirk, the scene of Tam o' Shanter's fright and flight, located on high ground a few yards from the roadside, surrounded by a graveyard quite filled with graves—among them those of Burns' father and mother, immediately in front of the ruins of the Kirk. The Kirk itself is small, with gable to the road, standing intact, with its small belfry; the other walls are generally in ruins. Within are a few graves of noblemen, whose names no one cares to know, so much is every one absorbed by memories of the plough-boy. Beyond the Kirk is the "Auld Brig o' Doon," rendered famous, like the Kirk, by the wild flight of Tam o' Shanter, and the genius of Burns. The bridge is of stone and in excellent preservation, looking as though its single arch would abide for many more generations. I hope they will let the trees stand which now cover its abutments and shadow its background, and which render it so attractive when viewed either from the river's banks or from the new bridge lower down the stream.

I walked over the "Auld Brig" and around the road, returning by the New Bridge. On the same road, and between the Kirk and the "Auld Brig" on high ground like the Kirk, not far away and on the opposite side of the road, stands the monument to Burns—a dome supported by Corinthian columns. This is well-kept, surrounded by a garden, with admission fee, I think, of two pence. In a separate building in the grounds are the celebrated statues of "Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie," by Thom of Ayr. What an artist this Thom was! These are very fine, and his Old Mortality at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, is one of the best things I know. In the monument itself are relics of Burns, which I have not time to name. These spots so near each other, are located amid scenery, which of itself is worth a visit, and we do not wonder that a sensitive spirit like Burns, with such surroundings, was moved to pour itself out in song.

We then drove further beyond the bridge to a hill, from whose summit a wide view was had of these localities, taking in the town of Ayr, the sea-coast, the heads of Ayr projecting into its waters and

forming a striking object off the south of the town, and somewhat inward from it, the ruins of Greenan Castle standing upon the brink of a precipice, and looking toward both land and sea. Satisfied here we came back to Ayr passing on the way, in the distance, Newark Castle where the unhappy Mary of Scots fled after one of her equally unhappy battles; and on the opposite side, Cambusdoon Castle, both old baronial seats; and then through the town and to the station.

Not satisfied with this view of the town on wheels, and having still an hour or two before the train started for this place—Dumfries—I walked out and viewed Ayr thoroughly on my feet. I walked over the “Twa Brigs” of Ayr, made known like everything of interest in and about here, by the trenchant pen of Burns. The “Auld Brig” is still as good as ever—the new one has been built since Burns’ day, the fate having befallen its predecessor which the poet foretold. I then visited the county buildings, in front of which is a public square, ornamented with two bronze statues, and then “Tam O’Shanter’s Tavern,” a two-story ancient thatched building standing in the principal street of the town preserved for its memories, and still occupied as an inn on the same account; and Wallace Tower, built upon the site of the prison where Wallace was once upon a time confined.

Thus having exhausted Ayr, I returned to the station and soon entered train for this place, distance fifty miles. I took a first-class seat, and I and a young man who got in at the same time had it to ourselves. He had been to America and was going back to Canada in a few weeks—connected with the Pacific R. R. He lives in Dumfriesshire and was very pleasant in pointing me to the objects of interest on the road, and among them the estate of the Duke of Buccleugh, containing he supposed 100,000 acres—you remember, I told you of his splendid home, Dalkeith, which I visited near Hawthornden some days ago. He has another equally fine in Fifeshire. At seven o’clock p. m., I arrived here and stopped at this hotel, too late to do anything but eat my supper and go to bed.

I will now close this letter and send it to you with abundant love for all. I am becoming impatient to reach the point where I will hear from you.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 39.]

STATION HOTEL, DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND,

*Sunday, September 9, 1883.**My Dear Margaret,—*

I sent to-day from this place a letter to Taylor (No. 38).

I did not wish to stop here long, but no trains ran on Sunday and I was compelled to stay or go on to Carlisle, and miss seeing some things of interest in and around Dumfries. Last night when I left the cars and had my satchel in my hand, a highly respectable man stepped up and asked if he could afford me any assistance? I told him I was simply looking for the omnibus of the hotel I proposed to stop at, and as there was no omnibus, inquired if he could recommend the hotel at the station where we were? He said he could, and walked in with me and helped me with the clerk to engage a room. In the course of further conversation, when I told him I would stay one day in Dumfries, he tendered his services and said he would call on me in the morning and aid me in seeing the objects of interest.

I thought no more of it, for neither of us told the other his name and so we parted. But sure enough, this morning the gentleman walked in whilst I was at breakfast, and said he had come according to promise. We then introduced ourselves. He told me he was Mr. Jones, the High Constable of Dumfries, and knew all the localities and would suggest a tour, which he did. I went with him to his official quarters and he detailed his chief clerk and assistant, a handsome and bright fellow to go with me during the morning, and he himself would accompany me in the afternoon.

My guide and I went first to the tavern which Burns frequented when he lived here. I saw the room in which he drank his too-oft-repeated toddy, the room where he sometimes slept, the panes of glass on which he wrote some snatches of his poetry, and the chair in which he sat, which the landlady had locked up, telling me if she had not done so the relic-hunters would have cut it to pieces. They had already marred it sadly. The plain old tavern stands back from the street in a small yard, and you reach it by a narrow three or four foot alley. We visited the house where he lived when he first came to Dumfries, and the one where he subsequently lived and died, and then St. Michael's Churchyard to see his monu-

ment. Of course, being in Scotland it was shut up on Sunday—the doors of public places are closed here on that day. My friend went off and saw the sexton's wife, and she sent and opened it for us, saying it was the first time it had ever been done on Sunday. I would not be surprised if it should leak out and the town be aroused and I arrested to-morrow morning at the train, or assaulted by the good people as an invader and violater of their sacred usages. The Mausoleum is the noblest of Burns I have seen, far surpassing the monument at Edinburgh or at Alloway Kirk—a Grecian temple, within which is a marble group, Burns at the plough and the Genius of Scotland inviting her son to the higher Realm of Poetry.

We then took a carriage and pair, and drove to Lincluden Abbey, an interesting ruin, and thence to Ellisland where Burns spent several years of his life as tenant and cultivator of the soil. Here we were politely admitted. The plain one-story house had been added to since his day—like the house where he was born : but this is a better tenement. It is of stone and originally had three rooms, two on one side of a passage and one on the other ; the rooms being in a row, making a long building—the walls very thick. It is situated on a high bank of the river Nith, and it is said he wrote here his *Tam O'Shanter* mainly, sitting by the riverside. We went thence to Irongray Church, where Jennie Deans (Helen Walker) is buried with a heavy granite slab over her remains, put there by the "Author of *Waverly*" as the inscription recites ; and then back to Dumfries, having made a circuit of fifteen miles.

In the afternoon Mr. Jones and I took another drive in an opposite direction, down the valley of the Nith, visiting New Abbey, sometimes called Sweetheart Abbey, because John Balio's widow erected it to his memory, and is buried there with his heart which she carried in her bosom for many years, requesting that she and it might be buried together under the high altar of the Abbey Church, which was done ; and there they have been resting for more than six hundred years. The ruins are large and well-preserved, or rather their superb masonry has defied time and weather—situated like Lincluden, indeed like all such places, amid attractive scenery and charming surroundings. We then returned, making this evening also, a distance of about fifteen miles.

Both excursions were delightful, with pleasant air and cheerful sun and amid scenery which was well worth the ride, independent of the

interesting things we saw. Dumfries is located in a basin as it were, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and whatever journey you may take from or to it you look towards and upon it, forward or retrospectively, in its clothing of rich foliage. Getting back in time, an hour or two before dark, I walked, as is my pleasure, by myself over the town on the river banks, crossing, as is also my wont you know, the bridges, of which there are three—the iron suspension foot-bridge, the new stone bridge and the old bridge, which is said to be the oldest in Scotland, and would you believe it? as I returned, I met a company of the Salvation Army with a brass band, as sorry a looking set as you would like to see; singing hymns and every now and then stopping to harangue the crowd that might collect, in as ignorant a manner as you would wish to hear. I would hardly have expected this in staid old Dumfries, and supposed the Kirk would have ordered otherwise.

I met at table a Scotchman—a Mr. Addams—who has recently returned from India. We had some conversation and he became very confidential, told me he was engaged to be married, and came on to consummate it, and it was broken off, and he was, like my shoemaker, Seabright, “torn all to pieces.” He was a big, robust-looking fellow, and rather made the impression that it would have taken a pair of horses to so fix him; but he thought he was miserable or ought to be. He said he had been afflicted with *insomnia* for several nights on account of it, and seemed to think it might affect his health, though I saw no evidence of such a result, either from his appearance or from the dinner he consumed. When we parted at night, he said he would come out in the morning and bid me good-bye and exchange cards. I told him he must not do so, as I proposed to take the first train and it would disturb his rest; but he did not mind that, as he could not sleep anyhow, he said.

This is my last day in Scotland. To-morrow I cross the line and go into England. If you have followed me you have seen what a pleasure I have had during my stay within her borders. It is a fascinating country, both in scenery and association. Small though it be, wherever you travel you are environed by scenes not only beautiful in themselves, but rendered doubly so by the spirits, poetic or historic, which look at you from them, arousing feelings and sentiments which we do not tire in recalling, whether akin to Tam’s headlong scamper over the “Brig o’ Ayr,” or Rob Roy’s

defiant and imperial mien when he “felt that his foot was on his native heath and his name MacGregor.”

CROWN HOTEL, PENRITH, CUMBERLAND CO., ENGLAND,
Monday, September 10, 1883.

This morning I was up early. Whilst breakfasting my India friend came, according to promise, in his dressing-gown to bid me good-bye, and we parted with regret. By seven o'clock I was *en route* to Carlisle. The clouds were dropping rain. It rained during the night, it was raining when I looked out upon rising, and it rained whilst on the road to Carlisle, but stopped before I reached that city. On the border we passed the little village of Gretna Green, now, like Spa, become a generic term. Here there lived an old fellow who bound all comers in the holy bonds of wedlock who fled from England for the purpose—a small tobacco merchant he was, and is said to have performed the service in an ancient tavern now standing in the straggling village.

When I reached Carlisle, I left my luggage at the station and walked up into the town, having a few hours before the next train. I visited the Cathedral and Castle. The former is venerable—indeed, both are so—and has been put in excellent repair, and has a stained glass window which is regarded as one of the finest in the kingdom. The latter has been used as barracks and closed to the public, but recently has been thrown open to visitors. I found the custodian, and went through and on the outer walls and battlements. The view was extended and striking. Not far off flowed the River Eden, and beyond was the Debateable Ground, on which generations of peoples of different nationalities kept up for centuries bloody strife. The town is old, too, and appears so, and, in sauntering, I crossed a bridge and looked up at the Castle—the best view I had. It is not large, but is imposing in its appearance, as such buildings are, adding beauty and impressiveness to any landscape.

I then came on by rail to Penrith, distance eighteen miles. I determined to stop here, the beginning of the English Lake region, and look around. I ordered a carriage and drove eighteen or twenty miles. It was still cloudy and showery, but not so as to render travelling unpleasant. I visited first, distant six or eight miles, an old Druidical curiosity—a circle, probably, of a hundred yards in

diameter, composed of large stones, sixty-eight in number, and, outside of the circle, one much taller than the rest—eighteen feet high and fifteen in circumference, to which the people have given the name of “Long Meg and her Daughters.” This is curious, but not a wonder like Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. The stones are indigenous to the locality, though it took great force to carry and locate them as they are. Nor is there any collocation of the rocks as at Stonehenge by morticing the one into the other, nor any insoluble question as to the means of their transportation such an immense distance as Stonehenge implies.

In reaching here we passed by Eden Hall, a handsome mansion and grounds, and on our return passed the ruins of Brougham Castle, Brougham Hall and Lowther Castle, both the latter fine places also. The Castle is a very large ruin, and must have been a lordly affair in its young days. Brougham Hall is where the celebrated Lord Brougham, Chancellor of England, lived.

On our way back we visited two other curiosities—what is called King Arthur’s Round Table, a curious circular area of ground which was thrown up by unknown men, for purposes not discovered; it is supposed for gladiatorial contests. And then further to look at Mayborough, a space enclosed by a circular mound, principally of pebble stones, piled up to a considerable elevation, twelve feet, and having near its centre an immense rectangular Rock eleven feet high and twenty-two in girth, by the side of which a tree has grown which overshadows it now with its branches. We are at a loss here also to know who and what manner of men did this work, but no voice comes to give us any light. We can only conjecture that they were for religious purposes.

I was struck to-day, as I have been so often in Great Britain, with the splendor of these Baronial Estates, covering thousands of acres, enclosed by miles upon miles of stone wall, massive, high and strong. There are a goodly number in the neighborhood of Penrith belonging to nobles whose names even you have never so much as heard. When I returned from my long drive the weather looked better and the sun had come out.

I wanted to sail down Lake Ullswater. A stage runs to the head of this Lake, whence a steamboat plies to the farthest end. The distance is six miles to the Lake, which we made in a stage over a good road. I then took the little steamer and sailed the whole length and

back, a distance of eighteen miles, thus making the entire distance when I returned to the hotel of thirty miles. It was worth the time, trouble and expense. The stage ride was pleasant and the steamboat more so. The country is rolling and the Lake a mountain water. They stand sentinel around it, some a short distance off, leaving level places and nooks, which in several instances have been utilized for villas and hotel purposes. Others spring up from the shore directly to considerable elevations, all of varied outline. At the farther end they have built a handsome hotel, which is surrounded by well-improved grounds, with a mountain or water outlook in every direction. It took us four hours to make the whole trip from Penrith, and I reached the hotel on my return at eight o'clock, and as you may readily infer went to bed.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, GRASMERE, WESTMORELAND CO.,
Tuesday, September 11, 1883.

I rose very early in Penrith this morning, before any one was up in the hotel, let myself out and walked over the town, as I had by the rapidity of my distant movements yesterday no opportunity of seeing the town. It is old and looks so in many of its parts, having streets so common here and on the Continent, running straight for awhile, then turning in a curve or a sharp angle, with open spaces, triangular, rectangular, or any shape almost, from which other streets radiate; at a short distance further the same to be repeated. I have become so used to them now that I have learned to thread them without trouble—rather enjoy the thing. They have the remnant of a Castle here, a few pieces of the walls standing, looking as though it had been torn by lightning like the House of Usher, surrounded now by a public nursery and garden.

In the old Parish Churchyard, among hundreds of other tombstones, stands one which cannot fail to arrest curiosity. It is called the Giant's Tomb, though no one knows by whom it was put there or whence it came. It is near the north side of the church and parallel with it, and consists of two tall stones eleven feet high, at the head and foot of a supposed giant, fifteen feet apart, and between them, as it were boxing the grave, four stones set on end and of semi-circular shape, upon each of which are unintelligible carvings. Walter Scott, with his fancy for the curious, used when passing

through Penrith always to stop and visit the queer thing, but neither he nor any other has been able to tell what it means.

In my walk I met with town-people just turning out ; not many, for the English, I have before told you, are not early risers. Among them an old fellow who was walking before me a short distance evidently taking a morning stroll. After awhile I overtook him and gave him the salutations of the day, which he pleasantly returned, and soon remarked "that the morning was damp and cool, and that with a penny he could make it warmer." I gave him two, and inquired where the churchyard was. He at once went with me to it and pointed out the Giant's Grave, and left me to muse over it whilst he hastened away to try the efficacy of the two pence in heightening the temperature of the morning. I had interesting talks with other early risers in Penrith, but have not time to tell you of them.

By seven o'clock I was on my road to Keswick, distance about eighteen miles. When I arrived I went to the Keswick Hotel, near the station, and on entering the front door whom should I meet but Dr. Graham ! It was curious and most unexpected. We went into the parlor, and I there found Miss Kate and the doctor's sister, and soon their other companion, Miss Brown. We breakfasted together, and had much pleasant chat over our travels and experiences, and then, they having an hour or so to spare before they left, we visited Greta Hall, the home of Southey, which is now used as a female school. We did not go in, for there is no memorial left of him on the premises ; what belonged to him is scattered.

At the foot of the hill on which his house stands, which is plain, three-storied, painted yellow, embowered in trees, there is a lead pencil factory, which we visited. Leaving the ladies here, the doctor and I walked a mile further and visited the graveyard of the old parish church where Southey is buried. His tomb is a simple, rectangular, black marble covering, with the "Poet Laureate," and date of his birth and death.

Here the doctor and I parted, he having to hurry back. I remained till the rector, engaged in performing a bridal ceremony, had gotten through, and then went in and saw the recumbent monument erected to Southey by his "Friends and Admirers." It is of white marble and life size, and represents him as asleep, remarkably well done. I then walked to Lake Derwentwater, half a mile, and near the hotel there hired a boat and oarsman to row me over the lake and back to

Keswick. It is three miles long and a mile wide. My oarsman was a sturdy old fellow, who told me he was eighty-three. He did not look over sixty, was lusty and strong, and sent our little boat swiftly through the water with his long and well-directed strokes. The day was superb; the Lake smooth as a mirror. The sun shone brightly, but without uncomfortable heat. The shadows of the objects on the shore and the picturesque and varied outline of the mountains far and near, the clouds as they swept across the deep blue sky, were all duplicated beneath and around me. And no one ever saw the charming Derwentwater more charmingly than it showed itself to me to-day.

The old man, as he warmed with the exercise and his recollection aroused by my knowledge of the neighborhood and of those who lived in and made it famous, recalled the incidents which had made him acquainted with them, and as he rowed talked about them with the pleasure the aged take in reviving slumbering memories. He remembered and knew Southey well, living near him for many years, and told me how he wandered in his walks along the shores of his beloved lake, nearly always with a book, reading as he walked; and how in his latter days, his mind worn out, he no longer was able to find his path alone, but had to have some one with him to guide his steps. How simple and kind he was, and how his native courtesy never left him; and how they buried him among the scenes he loved and among the people who loved him, and how the marble in the church looks just like him, fallen asleep.

I stretched myself in the boat, and listened and enjoyed. I looked about me as the boat danced upon the water, and, in my fancy, peopled every spot with the figures of those who frequented them for so many years, establishing a new School of Poetry and attracting the world's eye by their talent and genius. It was an hour or two which I shall not soon forget. I am sure that few besides the old man and myself in this country could have known and felt any more than we did on the bosom of that Lake.

Those great men—Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincy, Christopher North—have passed away, “no son of theirs succeeding,” and this Lake Region now can present only one eminent man of Letters among its inhabitants—Ruskin, who lives on Lake Conniston. Wealth and mediocrity have put in the lovely nooks castellated villas, caskets of wealth, instead of humble homes, where poverty and genius lived.

We stopped at the Falls of Lowdore, near the farther end of the Lake, and I got out and went to see them—hardly worth the trouble, only interesting because of Southey's "*Jeu d'Esprit*," in which he describes, with many rhythmic cadences, "how sporting and frisking, turning and twisting," the water comes down at Lowdore. My old friend, rowing back and still entertaining me with his memories as I lay outstretched in his boat, landed me safely at Keswick and I went forthwith to the hotel, took lunch, hired a carriage and drove around Lake Bassenthwaite. This was a drive of eighteen miles, giving me mountain and lake views the whole distance—passing around Mount Skiddaw on the west, and having an extended view of its sister mountain, Helvellyn, in the distance. Some of the mountains were smooth with grass, some were rough and shaggy with loose and fixed stone, some partially covered with trees, some glowed with the Scotch heather in patches here and there; all demanded admiration as they beckoned you to look at their outlines, fascinating as the poetry which had been written under their shadow and inspiration, or to the shining Lakes which they had sent down from their heights. I made the drive in two hours and a-half.

So soon as I returned, having exhausted Keswick and its vicinity, I took stage for this place, distance twelve miles. The drive was over a good road, through Mountain and Lake scenery—the mountains assuming, in a portion of the journey, as austere a look as any I saw in Scotland. As we rose the southern elevations, receding from Keswick, we could look back and see Derwentwater below us, and, farther away, a portion of Lake Bassenthwaite, united by the silver stream of the River Derwent; one-third of the way, we drove along the entire length of Lake Thirlmere—three miles, as it lay for that distance under our feet. In a short while more the sweet little Lake Grasmere glanced upon our vision like burnished metal, and soon we drove up to the hotel in which I am writing these lines, whose yard extends down to the shore on whose waters my window opens. It was approaching nightfall when we arrived, and, after so busy a day, I took dinner and had no objection to a good night's rest.

SAME HOTEL, GRASMERE, *Wednesday, September 12, 1883.*

After breakfast I walked into the village of Grasmere, near the southern end of which this hotel is situated, separated from the main portion of the village by a distance of from a quarter to half a mile, and called Town's End, and visited the house where Wordsworth first lived, subsequently occupied by De Quincy, and titled the "Dove and the Olive Bough." It is humble enough, located off from the road, reached by a narrow street or lane, of stone, roughly plastered, two low stories and two rooms on a floor, with but scant yard, and crowded into as unpoetic a place as you would care to see.

Wordsworth, who delighted so in Nature, saw none of it from under his early roof; but by walking through the dingy lane into the road, there opened upon him a surrounding which was enough to move a poet's pen—the environments of Lake Grasmere; and, by walking to any height near by, the Lake itself was added to the scene. He moved from this humble home subsequently to a place called Allen Bank, which has a site poetic enough on a hill-side beyond the main village of Grasmere, with a heavy background of trees, and overlooking the village below it, and on over the Lake and the mountains which fringe its shores. Here his Genius could revel in lights and shadows the live-long day.

Out of the little town rises the heavy tower of the ancient Parish Church, in one corner of whose rustic graveyard lie the remains of William Wordsworth and his wife Mary, and his sister Dorothy, and Hartley Coleridge, of whom the world has heard, and other members of his family of whom the world knows nothing. They are plain slabs with no flourish. Their simple names, and the date of their birth and death, implying if you do not know who we are the greater is your shame. As usual, I talked with the people I met, and whilst with most there was ignorance, with one there was much intelligence and knowledge. A big, hard-featured man, who, as I returned to the hotel, walked with me through the village, told me how he was Wordsworth's neighbor for many years, and how quiet and gentle he was, how he walked about by the Lakes and through the Mountains which he has made luminous with his poetry, how his children seemed not to have a spark of anything which made him great and how when he died the name survived to him alone in his

work. But I linger over these incidents too long, consuming my time and trying your patience. These are the things, however, that make travel so enchanting.

I then returned and took stage for Lake Conniston, one of the larger of the series, intending to visit it, twelve miles off, and then return here. But on inquiry I found that I could go on from Conniston by rail to Furness Abbey, and thence to Lakeside on Lake Windermere and sail the whole length of Windermere to Ambleside at its head, then by stage four miles and reach here again before dark. On my way I resolved to do it, for the round would be pleasant and save me much time.

The day again was wellnigh perfection, and the ride was not much inferior. I was the only passenger, and my driver a "knowing" one. As we drove he pointed out to me the objects of interest on the road. The carriage was small and light and my seat was near him. As we rose, below us lay Grasmere and soon Lake Rydal and Lake Windermere, and then the intervening valley of Hawkshead ornamented with the little Lake Esthwaite which sparkles in its bosom like a gem. The town of Ambleside with its great church tower nestling near the head of Windermere, and just out of it, the "Knoll" where Harriet Martineau lived.

As we travelled over the summit of the hills or along their flanks, these lay some distance to the left—the east; along the road-side we passed Nab Cottage where Hartley Coleridge lived, a home as humble as that where Wordsworth lived at Town's End, and further on Fox Howe, the home of Arnold. Quite a pretentious house, showing that Rugby was more profitable than Poetry. You can readily infer that the time swiftly sped as we rolled amid such memories, garnished by such surroundings which of themselves would prevent weariness, and which indeed had induced the coming of the people who had made these memories so precious.

Lake Conniston lay to the west of Windermere, as your map will tell you. Its waters flow south into Morecambe Bay, so do those of Windermere, Rydal and Grasmere. On reaching Grasmere from Keswick, I crossed the watershed, the Lakes of Thirlmere, Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, joined by links of the Derwent river, flow through it north and west into the sea at Workington. Ullswater, the one I first visited from Penrith, flows through the Eden by Carlisle into the Solway.

These are the chief Lakes of this famous District. There are others, but they can hardly be dignified by the name of Lake, they are rather Tarns, and scattered among the mountains, so varied in their outlines and valleys so enticing in their quiet beauty that too much, I can hardly say, has been written of them. They deserve their fame like the men who with Nature's help combined to make it. Lake Coniston welcomed us with quite as fascinating a face as Grasmere, Rydal and Windermere and Esthwaite had left us over the ridge.

I drove at once to the station, and who should I meet but Miss Graham and Miss Kate Conrad on their way, like myself, to visit the ruins of Furness Abbey! This was very pleasant. Miss Brown, their travelling companion, not well enough to come, remained at Ambleside. Dr. Graham had gone to Liverpool to arrange their departure for home. We went together and visited the ruins a few steps from the station, and lingered among them as long as our time between the trains allowed. They are worth seeing, very large and imposing, as usual, in a site well chosen for the beautiful. They are not equal either in site or impressiveness to Fountains Abbey; but they are still noble ruins, and show the power of the Church in those remote days, and the architectural genius which then prevailed among those who dominated. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and he has done something to keep it from falling into further ruin. The immense size of the Cathedral indicates the size of the Abbey when it flourished. It was said to be the largest and wealthiest in England and had many dependencies scattered over the Kingdom. The grounds, too, were evidently richly cultivated and adorned. We then took lunch together, and a few minutes after bade each other good-bye again, with much regret to me, they going back to Ambleside by coach.

I took train for Lakeside, a station on Lake Windermere, where I boarded a small steamboat and sailed its entire length to Ambleside. Miss Kate and Miss Graham had been on the Lake before we met, and wished to vary their journey. This is next to Derwentwater the most beautiful of the English Lakes; it is very much larger, being ten to twelve miles long, and its shores are ornamented with more villas and handsome homes than any other. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the delicious sensations which moved me as I sat upon the deck enjoying the soft air, which was so gentle as not to disturb the mirror-smoothness of the water, whilst the evening sun made

the mountains glow. I took omnibus at Ambleside and rode to Grasmere, four miles, before dark. I will not now tell you of this ride or the country, as I have to make it again to-morrow on my way to Manchester.

To Charles: I forgot to ask you to say to Mrs. Purvis that it was utterly impossible for me to deliver her letter of introduction in Edinburgh, as mine have shown you. I was busy every hour of every day I was there, and Taylor must tell Ned Bruce and my Belle Grove friend the same. I could lose no time in Scotland, for I have to visit Ireland yet, and I fear the winter and bad weather may overtake me. It would certainly have given me great pleasure to have met Mrs. Purvis' friends. I will now close this letter and mail it so soon as I procure some foreign stamps. I am impatient to reach Manchester to hear from you. With much love.

Affectionately,
F.

[No. 40.]

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,
Thursday, September 13, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I wrote to your mother (No. 39), and mailed it to your uncle Taylor on my arrival in this city.

This morning I was up early at Grasmere, engaged my seat in the coach for Ambleside, had breakfast, and by half-past seven o'clock was on the way. I only rode a mile or two, then dismounted, and walked the rest of the distance, two or three miles. As I left the coach a pedestrian, a respectable man, but not learned, came up travelling in the same direction, and we walked together. Along here I am now quite familiar, having been over it once or twice as you remember before in my movements to and fro to more distant points. The walk was very beautiful by Rydal Water, which Wordsworth has made celebrated as part of the name of his home for near half a century, and its own charms have been chanted by his and other tongues.

As we walked we passed the Crag which abuts into the Lake,

ascended by a flight of stone steps. It is of living rock, where Wordsworth often went to meditate and where he composed many of his lines, looking upon the quiet Lake with its mountain rim. We went up, too, upon its top. The steps are worn by the ten thousand feet of those who have come to visit the Poet's haunts.

A few paces further, on the opposite side of the road and near it, stands Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge lived; an humble place, and much like the first home of Wordsworth at Grasmere—the same size and style of building. Strolling on we came soon to Rydal Hall, on a part of which is Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived so many years and where he died. He never owned the house, but rented it of the De Fleming family, to whom the estate of Rydal Hall belonged. It is a mile and a half from Ambleside, and off the road and not in view of it, and is now rented and occupied by a gentleman who does not wish his privacy invaded by nosing tourists, and has therefore excluded strangers. But we walked up the road and looked at it over the low paling fence, and could see that as the poet grew in fame his home also grew in size and comfort. Though, as I was told, changes have taken place and money has made improvements which poetry could not work, yet the building and its surroundings are much the same, and accorded with Wordsworth's quiet taste and love of nature, for around it and a short way off are scenes on which the eye can always feast.

There are one or two other residences near by, but not so pretentious, lower down the hill and not so commanding in the site. There is nothing now left of Wordsworth in the house, any more than of Southey at Greta Hall, and the only desire one could have to enter the enclosure would be to see the yard and garden where the poet loved to sit and think.

We then walked on to Ambleside. Here I left my new acquaintance, he going in another direction. There was nothing in our talk worthy of record or of asking his name even, though he was a decent man and in himself pleasant enough.

I had several hours before the train left Windermere for Manchester. Windermere is five miles from Ambleside, near the lake, and is the terminus of the rail in this direction. I had my satchel sent to the stage office, and then walked out to the falls—Stockgill Force—Falls is Force, by the nomenclature of this region.

The Falls themselves are not of much import, but quite the equal of

Lowdore. They have made walks, shady and of easy ascent, to reach them, and seats to enjoy their sight and sound. I saw them every way and how—above, below and sidelong; and on my return stopped at a booth, where a man had little things for sale: canes, shells, stones, baskets and refreshing drinks. I sat down and took a glass or two of ginger ale, and talked with him for an hour, which I found vastly more interesting than the Falls. He was a man of sixty, sensible enough; had been living here his whole life, and knew Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, and had seen and heard them and many of their compeers talk. He showed me an inkstand that belonged to Wordsworth, and was once part of his writing-desk, being a small glass stand set in a massive piece of carved oak, ten inches square. He said he (the present owner) had given it to a college in Boston, Massachusetts—doubtless Harvard University—though he could not recall the name.

He said Wordsworth was a quiet man, of a kind and gentle nature; walked much through the neighborhood, always apparently abstracted in thought. He had not a great deal to do with the people or the world around him, yet when approached was affable and friendly. He had a sister who was crazy; sometimes a maniac; devilish and bad in her moods; unlike Wordsworth in appearance—she was short and dumpy—he tall and lank. She lived with him till she died, with some one to always watch and guard her. Hartley Coleridge he knew also; he was small and thin, as he expressed it, would hardly weigh seven stone (a stone is 14 lbs.). He was smart, witty and worthless. Would get drunk; and on one occasion walked into the river and would have drowned, but he jumped in and, not strong enough to rescue, was near sinking with him. A woman passing at the moment he held Coleridge's hand up and she took hold of it and pulled him out, drunk and drenched.

He told me of the madeap sports of Christopher North, some of which are narrated as memories now through that country—one, of how he and a de Fleming, as fond of frolic as Christopher, went out one night robbing roosts. They had a little fellow with them. The roost they pilfered was perched for safety upon the branches of a tree. They helped the little fellow up, and, when he had gotten in and gathered the game and handed it to them below, they closed and fastened the door, and left him there till morning. And so we talked, I, in exchange, giving him accounts of America, in which he was

deeply interested—so much so, that he in the while forgot to put his knick-knacks on the show-boards, and, unconsciously to us both, an hour was consumed.

I then returned to Ambleside, only a few hundred yards, and, having still several hours, resolved to walk to Windermere (five miles) instead of waiting for the coach, for I had seen Ambleside and I could not sit in idleness. In this town is Harriet Martineau's home—the Knoll. It is back of the Methodist Chapel, and is reached by a narrow walk and is barely visible from the street. I saw it better from the road on my trip to Conniston, for its outlook is in that direction.

My resolve to walk was wise, for the morning was cool and pleasant. The road had a side-path its entire length overlooking Lake Windermere, and was most of the distance shaded by trees and much frequented by carriages, horses and pedestrians. With some of the latter I had talks, which I wish I had time to give you.

When I reached Windermere I was still in advance of the train, and walked half a mile or so to see Elleray, the home of Christopher North. It, like Rydal Mount, is a part of an estate called Elleray, and now owned by a wealthy banker. The home of Christopher has been somewhat modified, but you can see its original form and site. Located on high ground, it looks through a vista of trees on Lake Windermere and the mountains beyond. Much pleasant time did the hale, hearty, jovial, burly, handsome Christopher spend here, I doubt not, when to his lusty nature breathing and motion were in themselves a perpetual delight.

When I went to the station who should step up but Miss Kate Conrad, Miss Brown and Miss Graham—they on their way to Liverpool. We were together till the train started. I wished them a safe voyage and we again parted—this, I fear, a final parting.

The distance from Windermere to this city—Manchester—is ninety miles, through the length, and I may say the breadth, of Lancashire. This, like its neighbor on the east, Yorkshire, is a vast manufacturing county. The country is generally in grass, much more than in grain, and, as in Yorkshire, in the neighborhood of Sheffield, Leeds and Keighley, you are rarely beyond the sight of smoking furnaces and manufactories. On the journey here three large manufacturing cities are passed—Lancaster, Preston and

Wigan—over each of which black clouds of soot and smoke hung like a mantle.

I at once, on my arrival, took a cab and drove to this hotel, and did not stir any more during the evening, for my arrival was not long before dark. It is a sorry thing for a mere traveller like myself to leave a country like the Lakes to come into a region of such stern Materialism. From what I have seen of England's great manufacturing cities, and Scotland's, too, for that—Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Glasgow—I do not want Virginia to be a manufacturing State—more gold, perchance, but much less of everything else that makes life worth living and moulds a people into what “constitutes a State.” Certainly I can have no such days among them as among the Lakes. I knew no one there, save as I picked up individuals now and then to talk with, as I have told you. Yet I seemed at no hour or moment a stranger. I knew those Regions well, and the men and women who had given them, both in the world of Letters and the world of History, “a local habitation and a name.” And, so soon as I arrived, I was handed on from Lake to Lake, and from mountain to mountain, and from host to host and made a welcome guest, and, amid its natural charms, I felt how full of Human Life it was in its noblest phases. As the good Monk who had experienced many vicissitudes felt when he walked amid the portraits of the Church's Saints, how much less substantial, faithful and enduring is the world of Reality than the world of Shadows.

To Charles : Tell Mrs. Purvis I received a very polite letter from Mr. Lindsay, her friend, forwarded to me here from Glasgow, stating that he heard I had been in Edinburgh and had gone to Glasgow, and hoped I would be in Edinburgh again, extending me many civilities. I wrote you yesterday, how impossible it was for me to deliver letters of introduction on my travels, but I am none the less indebted to Mrs. Purvis and her friend. I will write to him.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,
Friday, September 14, 1883.

This morning so soon as the bank opened, I went to inquire for letters and papers which I had ordered to be forwarded to this city. As you can readily infer, I wanted to hear from you all. I was gratified by receiving several, which I came to my room and devoured. One

from you August 26th, one from your mother August 21st, two from your uncle Taylor August 19th and 28th, and one from your uncle Charles August 26th. As to the tenant I shall be satisfied with what your father and uncle Taylor determine on. Charles and Taylor are having "a bully time." I wish I was "thar" to bully with them. Though I cannot be so gratified, I am glad to know my letters entertain you. Tell your father I am looking for that letter he promised so long ago to write.

I walked about Manchester a good deal to-day, and found it like manufacturing towns and cities generally. They have a Cathedral that is not worth describing, though now it has its insides torn out undergoing repair. They have a handsome Exchange whose Hall is worthy of note. They have a City Building of large import and pretentious character. They have a memorial to Prince Albert—a Gothic structure covering a life-size figure in marble of the Consort. They have a statue of Oliver Cromwell, standing near the end of the market street, in white marble, on a pedestal of a rough, unhewn block of granite, around which the business of the city surges, but which in no manner disturbs the sturdy Oliver. They have here and there, some handsome business structures, and they have two Parks, one on the north called Peel, and the other on the south called Victoria, neither of which are worthy of comment. They have a large Infirmary near the centre of the city—opposite this hotel, in front of which there is a paved area with benches, ornamented with standing figures on either side in bronze of Peel and Wellington, and sitting figures of Dedman and Watt; the benches filled day, and night, too, I have no doubt, with worthless, ill-looking men and women; and lastly they have hundreds of factories turning out millions of yards of cotton, and filling with their grimy smoke and soot the foregoing people, statues and houses. Manchester is an ugly, dirty place, and the people whom I saw upon the thoroughfares, partook of its characteristics. But it numbers, like Birmingham, half a million, working away for dear life, filling the pockets of some with gold, and filling the eyes of all with dust.

NEW BATH HOTEL, MATLOCK BATHS, ENGLAND,
Saturday, September 15, 1883.

This morning by seven o'clock I had breakfasted, arranged to send my trunk to Dublin, and was on my way to the station to take train to visit some of the noted places in the interior of England, which I have not yet seen, and then go across and join my trunk in Ireland.

The day promised badly, the sky was full of fog, thickly mixed, I have no doubt, with soot and smoke, and unpromising to the tourist. I took my ticket to Buxton in Derbyshire, a place of import as a summer resort. The country is at first rather level—used principally for grazing purposes, yet filled with smoke-stacks and puffing furnaces. After a few miles the land becomes rolling, so violently ultimately that it mounts into conspicuous hills which are called the Peaks of Derby, one or two summits rising to near two thousand feet, utilized for grazing, and but little grain. This hilly character continues to the place where I am now writing, and has earned the reputation of being the most romantic and scenic portion of England.

This is one of the counties in which the Duke of Devonshire has some of his vast possessions: in the town of Buxton itself he has large properties. The finest house in Buxton, called the Crescent, from its shape, facing with its minor curve the public square and now used for a hotel, is owned and was built by the Duke. The site of the town is like the country in which it is located, rolling, and contains nothing of any particular note, save the Old Hall where Mary Queen of Scots was once imprisoned—well and expensively laid out public grounds ornamented with a Music Hall, to enter which a charge is made, and numerous hotels scattered here and there, indicating the character of the place as one of resort. It is twenty-four miles from Manchester.

I remained here two hours, waiting for the next train, longer than I wished, for I had exhausted the town before their expiration, but I lounged around and managed to consume the time.

I then took the cars and came on to a station called Rowsley, fifteen miles further, the point from which you visit Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. The former you know is one of the splendid homes of the Duke of Devonshire, regarded as among, if not the finest in England not that of a monarch, and called the Palace of the Peaks.

The latter, Haddon Hall, is deeply interesting, because it is probably the only old Baronial Castle in Great Britain preserved in its primitive form as the Barons occupied it in the "long ago."

I at once engaged a cab and driver to take me to both places—making a round twelve miles. The day in the meantime improving and promising well, so continued till we reached Chatsworth, the first place I visited. The country is rolling, of limestone formation—we had seen from the train numerous kilns converting it into lime. I did not think it so rich in productive qualities, as much as I had seen, judging from the size of the trees, which did not rival those of other sections.

In four miles we drove into the Park of Chatsworth, which contains 2,000 acres, stocked with 800 or 1,000 deer and various sorts of game of the feathered kind. The Duke does not spend much time here—he has so many palatial homes—generally, they told me, a few months in the shooting season. He is not here now. The building, its contents, the garden and the park are thrown open as show places. When we arrived at the door a considerable crowd, probably forty or fifty, had gathered on the same mission as ourselves. Whilst we were waiting to be conducted through, I engaged in conversation with a highly respectable, intelligent gentlemen, and we continued together during our circuit of the Palace, and at last introduced ourselves. He gave me his name as Captain Budworth. He was an officer in India, in the British army; resigned early, entered and graduated A. M. at Cambridge University; he is now leading a retired life. He was remarkably well informed and gave me much knowledge of curious things and places in England, and bound himself especially to me by saying he sympathized with us Southrons in our Civil War, and had he been younger would have tendered his services to the Confederacy. We followed in the crowd a respectable woman—the housekeeper—through the rooms exhibited, and saw such things as in rich profusion I have described to you on my visits to other similar places, manifesting the expenditure of vast sums of money through generations; paintings, statuary, mosaics, tapestries, frescoes and carvings, by the greatest artists, either obtained by purchase or the donation of monarchs and distinguished men. I have not time to name them even.

We then went into the garden, where we saw lavish outlay in making cascades and fountains, one of the latter in the form of a wil-

low tree throwing water from its leaves. One of the cascades was of heavy stone steps. Also a conservatory, probably the largest and finest I ever saw, in which were growing tropical plants of many varieties and high enough for a palm tree of quite respectable proportions to stretch itself. This was the work of Paxton, formerly the Duke's gardener, a man of talent and inventive genius, the architect of the first Crystal Palace in London, for which he was knighted, and thereafter was no longer called "Paxton, the Gardener," but "Sir Joseph Paxton," who married the niece of the housekeeper, who accumulated a large fortune by the gratuities of strangers for being conducted through as we were to-day, said to have amounted to \$100,000, with which, forsooth, Sir Joseph set himself up.

When we had seen Chatsworth I invited my new-made friend to join me in my carriage and go with me to visit Haddon Hall, six miles distant. He said he had been there the day before. He was going to return to Rowsley to spend the night. I told him such was my intention also, and he at once consented, saying he would revisit Haddon to have the pleasure of my company, and so we came together. The country continued much the same—picturesque and beautiful in its thick covering of grass and vegetation. Haddon Hall is not nearly so large and pretentious a place as Chatsworth, nor are its grounds. Indeed, there is nothing in them to comment upon save their rustic beauty, enlivened by the River Wye, a branch of the Derwent, which waters Chatsworth.

It is owned by the Duke of Rutland, who simply preserves it as a memorial of his progenitors and of the old Baronial Age of England. It has not been occupied for years and is not furnished, but stands as it anciently was, making it one of the most interesting spots in England. There are the steps of stone and massive oak floors, worn into roughness by the tread of generations of Lords and Ladies, and their retainers and guests. There are the tables at which they sat and feasted, of heavy oak, now worm-eaten and shaggy with age and use. There are the blocks on which the meat was chopped, scored by the cleaver's notches, with the iron or pewter plates they ate from, and the wooden trays in which they made their bread. There is the guest-chamber—the only room left furnished—in which there are the bed and bedding which the Royal Bess once occupied, and they needed no one to tell us how old; they were showing it on their time-worn faces. There were sorry old boots and leather shirts and

weapons, implements and tools, which were used in and about the Hall when a civilization prevailed which has been gathered into History. There are iron things of which they tell curious stories—one a “wrist-ring” fastened to the wall, in which the guest’s right hand was fastened, and he thus hung up as an example when he did not “drink fair” or was guilty of the breach of any other festive law—these things bringing back the age when the foundations were laid of what we now think a so much better and higher life:—with how much truth I will not now discuss.

My enjoyment of such a place was far greater than that of such as Chatsworth, as it was to visit the humble homes and haunts of those who gave to Scotland and the Lakes so conspicuous a name. The Duke is doing well thus to preserve this ancient house—the only one I know of in his land. The others are repaired or restored with modern comfort, or stand stark in the simple ruins of their walls.

We then drove two or three miles to Rowsley Station. When we reached there our good weather gave out, a thunder-storm came down and the rest of the evening was thoroughly English. I must not complain, however, for I had seen Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, and enjoyed them with the comfort and pleasure of a genial day. There being nothing to detain us, we then came on here, a distance of five or six miles, took our room at this hotel, had dinner, which was enjoyed after a day’s busy work, and, having an hour or so before dark, the rain holding up, went out to look at Matlock Baths.

I will close this now and send it off, with much love.

Affectionately,

F.

P. S.—I am getting impatient to see you all now, and my enjoyment you can cull from my letters. You must not be surprised if I should speed away home before my sight-seeing, according to my programme, is done.

[No. 41.]

GEORGE HOTEL, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND,
Sunday, September 16, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I sent you a letter to-day, mailed at Matlock Baths, addressed to Mary (No. 40).

This morning the promise as to weather was again unfavorable. When I looked out the fog was so dense that Matlock Baths was enveloped as in a heavy cloud. I started early, and viewed the place as well as I could under such unfavorable circumstances; but in an hour or two the sun dispersed the mist and I had, before I left, an opportunity of seeing how favorably located the place is. The Derwent River flows through the town, situated mainly between two high cliffs only far enough apart to allow the passage of the river and a single street, though as it flows at places the valley opens into little rural vistas, and at either end of the town into wider areas, cultivated in grass or occupied by houses.

The town itself has not been much improved; but as to natural site, I have seen no inland watering-place in England to surpass, probably none to rival, it in beauty and attractiveness.

My friend, like most English gentlemen, keeps late hours, and it was after nine o'clock before he joined me for breakfast. This suited very well, for it in no way delayed me, as I was busy in prospecting the town, and the train did not leave till eleven o'clock for Derby. By the hour we were at the station and shortly after, off for that city. The country continued to be cultivated principally in grass, at first rolling—a continuation of the character of country I have described already, and lapsing from mile to mile more and more into level or gently undulating as you approach Derby, and more so still into Nottinghamshire.

We reached Derby, sixteen miles, in less than an hour's run, and here I was detained awaiting another train to this city for two hours, which I utilized by walking over the place. It is a manufacturing town, but not of such large proportions as some I have been describing. The manufactures are chiefly silk, woollen and cotton stockings, and marble and porcelain. Consequently, it does not look

so grimy, though allowance must be made for Sunday, when the machinery rests.

Its population is about eighty thousand, and it has a flourishing look from the number and character of its important buildings. I wandered into the small Park, which is creditable, and took in my stroll a general survey of it. I walked alone. My friend stopped at a hotel, to which I also went on my return. We lunched together and had much pleasant chat. He is well educated and quite broadly read. We talked Literature and politics. He is a Conservative, and, as I have told you, was a great friend of the South, and said if he had been a young man he should have offered his services to the Confederacy. He said he would send me a printed list of names of the members of an Association organized in Manchester for the purpose of aiding us by their sympathy, and urging upon the British Government the "recognition of Southern Independence." I would find his name, and among more than the thousand names appended, I would doubtless be surprised to see all ranks, classes and pursuits in England represented. We did not wage that great war without the most profound and heartfelt good wishes for our success of hosts of the best and bravest of our lineage in the mother-country. [I received the paper on my return to my home in Winchester, and found it fully corroborative of Mr. Budworth's statements.]

He walked with me to the train and remained till its motion parted us, and insisted, frequently and cordially, upon my paying him a visit at his home in Essex. When I told him that would be impossible now, said he hoped it would one day be, and that if any friend or friends of mine who were Confederates would bring letters from me, he would cordially greet them and help them in any way in his power. I parted with him reluctantly. He seemed to have taken a fancy to me, which has a tendency to induce reciprocity of feeling. He said he would have come on here with me, but he is going to join his family in Western England for a little tour. So we shook hands and parted.

I reached this place—Nottingham—at half-past two o'clock, p. m. The day being fine, I determined to drive to Newstead Abbey, eleven or twelve miles, though I knew from inquiry that it was closed to visitors on Sunday, Monday and Saturday, so that I could not see the inside of the premises without staying over till Tuesday, which,

of course, would be out of the question ; but I could see its location and the country, and return through the Park of Annesley Hall, where Byron's first love, Mary Chaworth, lived.

As we approached the city, which has grown into large proportions—certainly more than two hundred thousand people—we had a fine view of the Castle, now repaired and used as a sort of museum. It stands upon an elevated site that has, by the improvement of the city in grading the streets around its inner side, assumed the aspect and proportions of an Acropolis, which makes it more imposing, as the city and surrounding country are generally level or gently rolling.

My ride to Newstead Abbey and Annesley Hall was a pleasant one. The road was well-graded and smooth, and the country like English scenery, of which I have so much and so often spoken, save that I should think the lands were thin judging from the crops, growing or grown, and from the size and quality of the trees.

The Park at Newstead is surrounded by a stone wall, and was mainly a thicket of indifferent trees as visible from without. A magnificent tree—an English oak stands at the gateway of the main entrance on the outside, which makes amends for its spindling fellows within. We drove around the Park, and in doing so had a view of a portion of the Duke of Portland's possessions, which encircle a large part of the estate of Newstead. It looked, however, like poor land and my driver said it was.

Having made the circuit, we passed through the small town of Annesley, and then through Annesley Park and by the Hall. This is thrown open, and seems to be a free drive for everybody. The Park is beautiful, and stocked with deer, and I should think greatly over-stocked with rabbits, of which I saw not hundreds, but without exaggeration, thousands "bobbing around." I should suppose from their numbers they must be an infinite nuisance. Newstead Abbey and Annesley Hall probably adjoin now, they once did I think. Byron imagined he was in love with one of its occupants, and I doubt not his huge, but fickle and false genius wandered many a time through these scenes, thinking his love was an inspiration. Though I was unable to get into Newstead Abbey, I was richly repaid for my ride. I saw a large part of this country, for I must have ridden from twenty to twenty-five miles, and how Newstead and Annesley lay. We returned before dark and I strolled about the streets, and saw the Salvation Army parading with a brass band, and

a big unkempt crowd following. Oh Religion! how many follies, to say nothing worse, are committed in thy name!

QUEEN'S HOTEL, BIRMINGHAM, *Monday, September 17, 1883.*

This has been a day replete with variety and interest. Follow me on the map and you will see how I have "wired in and wired out" to make my points, and in my directions have boxed the compass.

I left Nottingham this morning at twenty minutes past seven for Leicester. The sky was as yesterday, obscured by a heavy fog which prevented my seeing the country far from the train. The sun, after awhile dispersed it, and opened a bright, warm day which continued to its end. The land was generally level or nearly so, and principally used for grazing purposes. There was some grain, wheat and barley, but not nearly so much in area as in grass, and strange you will think, much of the grain was *uncut*. Some dead ripe and ought to have been harvested several days ago, but some too green for the sickle.

When I arrived in Leicester—twenty-seven miles, I had an hour to spare before the next train. I took a cab and drove to the old Abbey and the Castle. I ought rather to say, what is left of them, now utilized for other purposes. This Abbey was where the great Wolsey died, before which event, he had time within its quiet walls to reflect, and feel how vain a thing ambition is, and in the agony of his shattered fortune to declare, as the poet has made him:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

I had an interest in visiting these old Abbey ruins, because of their historic associations. They are large as far as the massive stone outer walls are concerned, but small as to the buildings as they now in their ruins stand. The latter consist of short pieces of the wall with a few arched windows and doorways, now covered with ivy, near to which is a modern house occupied by the tenant's family, who rents the whole enclosure as a Public Garden. The fence or wall is massive and quite extensive yet, though I have no doubt much of it and the Abbey too have, like the structures of old Rome, been carried off and used for modern purposes. But those which stand, both wall

and Abbey, look as if they would endure many centuries longer, doubtless after the recent shall have fallen into rubbish.

I went in and talked with the gardener, who politely welcomed me and told me to walk where I pleased. Adjoining the Abbey close towards the city, a large and highly improved Park has been laid out, which was opened with imposing ceremonies a year or two ago by the Prince of Wales. It is a pity the whole area should not be under the same supervision, and the historic spot preserved. The site itself is not so remarkable as some others of which I have written. The country, comparatively level, does not allow of any other. I then drove to the Castle, of which but little is left: utilized for town purposes and hardly worth telling you of.

I got back to the station in time, having in my drive, going and coming different ways, seen the town, visiting St. Nicholas Church, built principally of the material of the Roman wall. The city is flourishing, contains a population of 130,000, and is largely engaged in manufacturing hosiery and shoes.

After spending a few hours here I came on by train to Rugby, and stopped over an hour or two to visit the school to which Thomas Arnold gave a name, and where he earned so eminent and deserved a reputation for himself. I did not feel like a stranger in Rugby. I had read so much about it, and Arnold of whom I know more, had filled it with memories personified inseparably in himself. No man ever did so much for an institution as Arnold did for Rugby. And how could it be otherwise? Gifted largely with intellectual power and scholastic attainments, they were so blended with high moral qualities, as to make him an ideal teacher and leader of the young. A robust, manly man, yet enthused with tenderness and truth. I wanted to see the places where he worked, and went in and out daily, making an impression which has been felt and will continue to be felt for generations.

The School is a mile from the station, in the centre of the town of Rugby to which it bears the distinguishing relation of a Cathedral, making it conspicuous and arousing the idea, that if the attractive object was removed the whole town in effect would vanish. I took a cab and drove up. There was a polite, sensible young man, son of the janitor, to whom his father handed me over, who took me everywhere showing me the old and the new buildings, which are of about equal import—to the new chapel, which is handsome, with an organ

of heavy calibre operated by electricity, the organist's seat being on one side of the church, and the instrument on the other. The lecture and recitation rooms, the play-grounds, like nearly all the English schools and colleges, a lovely close with rich velvety sod reflecting the shadows of stately trees, the gymnasium, the baths, the museum, and last but by no means least, things which pertain to the great but simple scholar:—the bust of Arnold, the plain stone which marks the spot in the chapel where he is buried, the memorial to him there—a recumbent life-size marble figure, and under it the slab on which that of his friend and biographer Dean Stanley is to rest, the chair in which Arnold sat and wrote or thought, the table where were penned some of his masterly books. These things accorded with my tastes, and the hour sped rapidly.

When I returned to the station it was near the time for the departure of the train. Soon I was under steam for Coventry, twelve miles: a place well worth seeing in these modern days. Like Haddon Hall among baronial homes, not burnished out of resemblance to itself by modern improvements, so called, but with scores of its odd-looking houses with projecting fronts, carrying your mind back to the time when Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets of the town, that she might win from her husband Leofric, his subjects' freedom. You can imagine that it was from one of those projecting windows that Peeping Tom, the tailor, peered as she passed on her royal mission, and suffered the lifelong penalty of his vulgar crime. A new hotel now stands on the corner, and has an effigy of Tom looking slyly out of one of the higher openings with lustful curiosity.

I had time to walk over the town, the only way such a place can be seen, and as I did so, visited St. Michael's Church which has been restored, but its old beautiful spire is standing, built of reddish stone which in lapse of centuries looks as though some great animal had licked it with its rough tongue. The angles of the stones are worn away, and the surface scooped into hollows as if it had been subjected to such a process. I went in and enjoyed its ancient and quiet air, and then across a narrow street, visited St. Mary's, which like Haddon carries one back several centuries, its antique things being sacredly preserved from kitchen to Great Hall; the whole now kept and used for municipal purposes.

I then visited Trinity and Christ Churches, both having pointed spires like St. Michael's. The three rising from the centre of the

city and not far from each other, are seen for some distance as you approach or recede from Coventry, and have given it the name of the City of the Three Spires. I then visited the site of the Benedictine Priory on portions of whose walls, quite visible, are built what is called the new buildings, an alms-house or hospital for men. This is near Trinity Church; and then to Gray Friars, now a retreat for old women. I went in and had one of them to show me through. A more ancient looking place you never saw. One of those old timber houses with projecting stories: within, a court, around which the buildings extend and overreach with the same style of architecture. I went into one of the rooms and saw an old dame at her humble meal. The room was small and low-pitched, but fixed up with nicknacks till it looked quite cozy. She rose from her chair smiling, invited me in, and when I told her I was from America, she brightened up and gave me still more cordial greeting. Doubtless she has in America those who carry her memory back to, maybe, better days.

I asked the woman who was walking with me, how they lived together? She intimated that it would be surprising, if with so many, fifteen or twenty women, there should be perennial satisfaction and peace. There was too much human, not to say woman nature there for that. I then visited White Friars, once a monastery, now modernized out of itself into a work-house. And then, what time I had, walked about the streets of the ancient city with much more curious interest and pleasure, than had the streets been lined with palaces, and its thoroughfares been thronged with coaches and liveries of the swells, either of birth or wealth. The latter we have always with us—the former are becoming rare now, and perchance before long these quaint houses will be torn down to give place to other structures, and Peeping Tom will be taken from his perch, and the poetic story of Lady Godiva be pronounced a myth. Long live Coventry and Peeping Tom, the prying tailor, and Lady Godiva on her heroic mission!

I came then to Lichfield by the way of Noneaton Junction, thirty-three miles. In the car I met with a man who told me he was engaged in buying up horses for the Midland Railroad, and had been for many years, and, having travelled a great deal, had picked up much information, which he gave me cheerfully. When we reached the station, where we changed cars, I treated him to ale, whilst I took a sandwich and a glass of milk. Good Britisher as he

was, he preferred ale to anything else! When we arrived at Lichfield, he helped me in every way he could with my luggage, in procuring a cab, and getting for me information as to the time I would have to see the sights before the departure of the next train.

The town is a mile from the station at which I landed. The one which I subsequently took for Birmingham is in the town. My friend and I here parted, he going in another direction. I had plenty of time, visited the Cathedral and the monument of Dr. Johnson, the only things of especial interest in the quiet place. The Cathedral was a more striking edifice than I anticipated. Both inside and out it has much rich and costly work in the way of statues, statuettes and carvings. I enjoyed greatly the time spent with the pleasant verger in examining its inner ornaments and its outer proportions, with its three graceful pointed spires—one massive, springing from the junction of the nave with the transepts, and two from the western façade. I walked around it—no small job when one is pushed for time.

I then went to the spot where Dr. Johnson was born, near the centre of the town. The house still stands, four stories, a portion of the second resting on columns, and, from the highly respectable appearance of the mansion now, would infer that his father was not pressed by the same poverty which haunted him during his after heroic and long-suffering life. Across the street stands St. Mary's Church, where he was baptized, and in front of both, in an open square, is the sitting figure of the stout Doctor in marble on a square pedestal, on which are represented in relief certain incidents of his life, portraying his influence, some trait of his character, or some manly deed. I enjoyed these things, for, knowing Johnson as I do, I took pleasure in visiting the place where he began his extraordinary career, and how under the burden of a disease which at times bore down upon him like a doom, in poverty and sometimes neglect, he marched on, till he bestrode the literary world "like a Colossus."

I then returned to the train and, taking it, in sixteen miles came to Birmingham, where I arrived before sundown. You remember I have been here before, and on my former visit met my Alexandria friend. I saw nothing of him this time. In travelling as I do, wandering, as it were, over England and devouring her contents, I have necessarily sometimes to traverse the same country more than once, though this, by the routes selected especially to avoid doing so,

is not frequent. I stopped, as you see by the heading of this letter, at the railroad station hotel—a very good one.

So soon as I had taken my room, I went out and walked the streets, visiting particularly those not far off, where are located its public buildings, which are good. I was inquiring of a plain man with regard to one of them when a respectable-looking gentleman, hearing my inquiry and seeing I was a stranger, stepped up and tendered his services to give me any information I might wish, and at once kindly took me in hand. He was a citizen of Birmingham, and enthusiastic in everything that pertained to her welfare and reputation. He took me to see the Public Library, entirely free—an elegant structure, with its library and its appointments; to see the City Hall, a fine auditorium, into which a crowd was gathered for some proceedings of the Good Templars—a branch, as one of its officers told me, of our American order; to see a Hall now fitting up for a Great Exposition, which is to illustrate in its design the architecture and customs of some centuries ago; then insisted that I should go and see the new Restaurant, just completed and opened by John Bright a few weeks ago, and whatever John Bright approves meets the glad welcome of the average “Brummager,” for with the people of Birmingham he is an idol. Here my friend would make me take a cup of tea simply to see what good tea could be brewed for “penny a cup,” and then I insisted upon bidding him good-night, thanking him for his kind civility. He said he had visited America, but only the Northern States—a portion of them, and for a short time—gave me his name—J. Herins. I wished him well for his unsolicited courtesy, as he did me when we parted. So ended a busy and profitable day. I fear I have bored you by the recital of its numerous events.

If you will follow me on the map, you will see I have traversed the counties of Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick and Stafford.

GREEN DRAGON HOTEL, HEREFORD, ENGLAND,
Tuesday, September 18, 1883.

This morning I made an early start and “booked” first for Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, for that is the term they use in England. They call ticket offices “booking offices,” and when you take a ticket for a certain place you are said to “book” for it; though I suppose I have told you this before.

You will observe I have passed through Worcestershire and a portion of Gloucestershire to reach Cheltenham, near the centre of the latter county. I passed Worcester on my way; but, of course, did not stop, for you will recall my visit there on my first run out into the rural districts of England. I will not now stop to say anything of it or its Cathedral.

Cheltenham is one of England's largest inland places of resort for baths and mineral waters, and has been for some time. Latterly it has become also an educational centre of considerable import. I found the people set more store by their Schools than their Fountains. The town has grown until it now numbers fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. In walking I found it a neat and comfortable place, and much enthusiasm among its citizens to make it attractive. I talked with a good many in my stroll. They said the place is quiet now; but in a few days the vacation will end, and the tide will flow back and enliven it again, for even their baths and water season was more in the fall than the summer. There are no special objects of interest to describe; but you have seen that I make it a rule to visit the places of Resort of the countries through which I travel, both sea-side and inland, because there I can see so much of the people, either in their dress or in their tastes and habitations. I walked for several hours, going into the stores, taking a lunch at a restaurant, and talking with the people in them or in the streets, to which I never found them averse when pleasantly approached.

I then came on to Chepstow, at the junction of the Rivers Severn and Wye, in Monmouthshire. To reach it I passed through Gloucestershire and by the city of that name, travelling thirty-five miles. This route, you remember, I partly took on my former visit.

So soon as I reached Chepstow, at half past two p. m., I made inquiry and found that the next train for Hereford did not pass till near six o'clock. I could not afford to lose so much time in Chepstow, which had nothing to show me but the ruins of its once great Castle, now much covered with ivy, where one of the regicides, Henry Martin, was confined for more than twenty years; so I resolved to hire a cab or carriage and drive to Monmouth, sixteen miles, which is on the road to Hereford, and take the train there, thus enabling me to visit the Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey ruins on my road, and at the same time to see more particularly than I could from the

cars the Valley of the Wye, which is celebrated for its scenery. I at once engaged a "maehine," as they call it, and started.

I had not gone far before I observed that my driver, an old man, was almost idiotic, but I could not turn back to get another; time did not allow. I stopped not far out of the town and visited the large and massive ruins of the Castle, perched on a high bluff and overlooking the meeting of the waters of the Wye and Severn; and as usual I was struck with the workmanship of the mechanics who built and the genius of the men who designed and selected its site.

In five miles we came to the famous ruins of Tintern Abbey, which claims comparison with Fountains, near Ripon, and Furness in Lancashire, both of which I have hurriedly introduced you to in former letters. And my trouble and time in getting to it were not in vain. It did not fall short of my expectations, and in its quiet vale, by the banks of the Wye, stepped out to claim the apple in the contest with its sisters Fountains and Furness. But the guerdon has been awarded Fountains, and I see no reason to take it away. They have hotels, one or more near by, to entertain the pilgrims who come to be fascinated by the beauties which gleam out from the lovely Ruins and their surroundings.

I cannot avoid remarking again upon the cultivated tastes of those religious men who selected the spots and dignified the Buildings with which they utilized and adorned them. Nor can I help at the same time reflecting how they impoverished the people by the immense sums of money and labor spent in their construction and in supporting their host of inmates, male and female. These people paid dearly in this world for the hopes of immortality and its joys in the next. Among the conversations I have had with persons at different times and places, it has been frequently remarked that all the Cathedral Cities are impoverished, and none ever take their places among the contestants for material supremacy; to have the splendid things in their midst they must pay the penalty of being exhausted by their incumbents.

I then drove on. My clumsy driver lost the road, and having a long drive anyhow, we missed the train. I saw at a distance the one we ought to have hit, hurrying on without me. The stupid old fellow had no idea where he was, and had we not met some men returning home from work at a manufactory of tin, as they told me, we would have wandered among the hills of Monmouth all night.

One of them very kindly went with us a mile or two to put us in the right road, though evidently wearied with his day's work; but a silver salve that I applied acted like a specific in alleviating the pains of any fatigue incurred. I was angry, and let out on the old man heavily, which upon reflection and his apparent anxiety and distress, was ultimately expensive to me, like the shoemaker's in Richmond during the war. When my new friend had put us in the right road and was leaving, my old friend, the driver, urged him to go on to Monmouth with him, to which I made no objection, for I do not think—though I could, with the directions I had, get him safely to Monmouth—he could have in his then mental confusion have found his way out again by himself.

Happily, when we arrived at the station in Monmouth, I found there would be another train during the night for Hereford; so that the main inconvenience I suffered was losing three hours, and not reaching Hereford till after ten o'clock p. m., instead of at seven as we should. I paid the old driver without further objection, he begging me not to inform his employer or he would lose his place, and then he did not know what he would do; which request I promised to respect.

The ride, however, richly repaid me, travelling the entire distance through the Valley of the Wye and on its banks—the hills and pigmy mountains either pressing down to its waters or trending away and opening meadows by its flow, or vistas between their ranges. This varied scenery accompanied us the whole journey, and helped me to forget the old man's stupidity and to forgive his ignorance and the mishap resulting from it. The day promised rain when we started, but after awhile the fog dispersed and I looked down from the heights upon the beautiful valley where Monmouth rests, as the night was falling, lighted and garnished by the blood-red harvest moon.

So that all is well that ends well, if one takes it aright. I will close this now and mail it in Chester, whither I am bound, simply adding that on the road from Monmouth to Hereford the time was beguiled by pleasant talk with one of the citizens of the latter, who was on board and in the same car. He said he feared his country was growing poorer in its inability to compete with America in the raising of stock. Monmouth and Hereford are grazing and stock counties, and hence comes the Hereford "breed" you know. But he said, in compensation, he did not know what they would do without

the American purchaser, who at their sales paid enormous prices for thoroughbreds—Record cattle. Without them, he did not see how those who raised these animals could be saved from bankruptcy.

With best love, I now stop my loquacious pen. I will go on to Ireland, hoping for letters from you in Dublin, when I will write again.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 42.]

GROSVENOR HOTEL, CHESTER, ENGLAND,
Wednesday, September 19, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I mailed to-day a letter to Taylor (No. 41), in this city.

I left Hereford this morning at half past nine o'clock for Shrewsbury. You will remember I reached Hereford quite late last night, and therefore could see nothing of the town. It is a Cathedral City and has one of those attractive objects to show to strangers. This morning I was up early, and had walked over the streets and seen what I could of the place, and aroused the verger, a highly respectable man, who cheerfully agreed to open the Cathedral for me an hour or two before the regular time. It is by no means one of the largest or most interesting, but yet has something that others have not to show and be proud of. This is the case with all of England's Cathedrals, twenty-seven of them, no two alike.

Here, the most interesting and striking thing is the Norman style and finish of the nave. Indeed, there is more Norman work in it than in most I have seen, and therefore to my taste, as you know, none the less attractive. The venerable verger and I would have consumed much time in lingering, in talking Cathedral-Art, had time allowed. But I was compelled to leave him, long before weariness came to either of us, get my breakfast, and be off to Shrewsbury, distance fifty miles.

The country continued much the same, the high hills and mountains that had thrown themselves down from Wales on Monmouthshire receded, and the lands were level or gently rolling, though sometimes almost without premonition high ground would appear

and speedily again withdraw, making the scenery quite varied ; grass and cattle still prevailing. I stopped at Shrewsbury. Leaving my satchel at the station, I walked out and spent several hours in visiting the town.

It is situated on the Severn, which in a broad curve encloses the greater portion of the place, making its site a striking one, as the land rises from the river and gives the city a commanding look. You may be sure the people who founded England's Rule, would not let such a site remain without a castle, and the valley of such a river in the midst of such surroundings remain without an Abbey. A Castle crowns the height, but it has been for a number of years occupied as a residence, so that strangers cannot see the interior, and can only admire its outer walls and battlements and towers, built of reddish stone, as they domineer the scene. Nothing is left of the old Abbey but the Church, which is well-preserved ; some distance off, what seems to be a covered Gothic domed pulpit, standing alone, but in a good state of preservation. It is in a private yard, but the owner lets it stand. The Abbey Church which I visited, is on the opposite side of the river from the Castle and the main portion of the town, though a considerable part of the latter is built on the same side and is connected by two bridges—one, ancient and massive, of stone, the other only, a foot-bridge and modern.

I walked over the place and talked to the people and visited some of the old churches, looked as I passed at the quaint houses which were evidently in England, a prevailing style of architecture in their day, but which modern improvements are pushing aside. Yet whilst this is generally true, I observe some recent, very handsome timber houses in imitation of their neighbors heavy with age, and in recognition of their picturesqueness if nothing more. I then walked around the town on the river banks, which was pleasant enough ; the day being fine and the temperature that of Indian summer—the hazy atmosphere not unlike it. A portion of the walk is improved with the taste of the landscape gardener, and ornamented especially with an avenue of Linden trees—they call them here, Lime—now very large and beautiful. This walk has the title of St. Chad's Walk or Quarry, the latter because stone was once quarried there.

Whilst here I fell in with some English gentlemen, who walked with me the whole distance. They were cultivated men, and we had much conversation about English matters and American, too. I

wish I had time to give you these talks. They are always occurring, and are among the most interesting episodes of my travels and very instructive. I have found the English ready and willing to communicate if properly approached. Without a single exception, my advances have been politely and cordially received, and, as you have seen, attentions often tendered without solicitation.

Having exhausted Shrewsbury, I returned to the station and was soon on the road to Chester, which I reached at half-past five or six o'clock, p. m. I at once came to the hotel at the head of this letter—a good one—and, having brushed up, went forth to see the city or as much of it as I could before night fell.

I visited the Cathedral first. When I arrived they were holding afternoon service. The music was good, and the time-worn walls and arches played their part in rendering solemn the anthem notes. Soon the service ended. I took one of the vergers and together we examined it, looked at the ancient and the restored work and the monuments—among them one to Dr. Pearson, the author of “Exposition on the Creed.”

I had observed, as I approached the Cathedral, a modern edifice erected near and in front of it, cutting off much of its view. I asked the verger what it was? He replied it was King's School and recently built. I asked him who was responsible for the outrage of thus spoiling the Cathedral, its close and view? He said Dean Howson, the Incumbent; that when it was built much opposition arose, and one gentleman of means offered to give two or three thousand pounds to buy another site, but the Dean was headstrong and accomplished his purpose. I told him I had read the Dean's and Connybeare's joint “Life and Epistles of St. Paul”—an elegant book; but, since seeing this, I doubted whether he had anything of consequence to do with the work. Certainly, whatever be his education, he has no culture, and execrations will follow him for this great outrage. The world was all around him in which to put his school instead of maiming this venerable structure with this product of his vicious taste or obstinacy, or both.

When I left the Cathedral, I ascended the walls and made their entire circuit; for, you know, Chester was a walled town and the walls have been preserved, now enclosing without a break the original city, a circumference of two miles. Soon after I started I was joined by a citizen, who, I at once learned, was a Scotchman, now

living here. We got into a conversation, and, becoming interested, he continued with me, pointing out objects of note. The town has outgrown and gone beyond the walls, and they now run through the midst of the city the greater part of their length, spanning the streets by arched ways, which are utilized as gates.

During our walk the rain held up; but it gave every evidence of coming down again, and I would not be surprised to find it raining in the morning.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN, IRELAND,
Thursday, September 20, 1883.

Here I am in the Capital of Erin! I arrived this afternoon not long before dark, and came forthwith to this hotel, where I am comfortably fixed. But you must know how I got here.

I told you yesterday something of Chester and its walls. These were as much as I could see before night came, and I had to postpone further sight-seeing till this morning. The town is not large, and it does not take long to exhaust it, but it is one of the most interesting little places—not only in Great Britain, but probably in Europe. Not that it has great sights to show you, for it has not, but in it are preserved the ancient houses and things as they stood hundreds of years ago; marking the habits, habitations and modes of life of England's people in days which have long since passed into history and legend. The newer portion of the town has gone beyond the old and laps with its recent structures the ancient and famed fortified city of Chester, whose life runs back to Roman times, as its name implies. Here are memorials of that vigorous race who took with a strong hand the best of every country that came under their conquering arms, and turned it to the advancement of their own power and comfort. A portion of their work is now pointed out constituting a part of the present walls, which are as an entirety of more recent date.

This morning I had several hours to spare and walked over the old town, visiting especially some of its interesting places—ancient and modern. I found it raining, as I anticipated, when I looked from my window upon getting up, and it continued to do so during the greater part of the day. But this did not prevent my walking in the least, for the distances were short, much of the way under cover as I will presently tell you.

I visited the Market and the Town Hall, which are modern—near

each other and occupying one side of a square, opposite the Cathedral, which occupies another. The Market and Market-house are both creditable. The Town Hall is more than creditable to so small and poor a place as Chester. Its venerable life and history brought wealthy friends to its aid, and by their help they were enabled to build so imposing an edifice. I aroused the warden and he took me through the interior, and showed me things new and old. What time or force have destroyed of its original memorials, they have preserved in some manner on canvas or stone, and whilst adapting the interior to modern uses, remind the native and stranger of how large a rôle Chester has played in the nation's history. The man was intelligent and we had much talk. As we came out, I looked across to the Cathedral and there stood Dean Howson's "Outrage" running to the street in front, abutting up against the western front of the ancient pile, shutting out completely the view of the north transept and leaving the Cathedral in a recess, spoiling utterly its western façade. The warden and other citizens said the sentiments I have expressed were those entertained by everybody.

I then strolled through the curious streets for which Chester is famous. They are the ancient and original thoroughfares of the city, said to have been Roman roads and paths, and cross each other at right angles. I have seen nothing like them on my travels, nor do I think there is anything like them in Great Britain. They look as if they had come down with the centuries. The houses are of brick or wood, the latter framed, as I have so often described them. On the pavement there are stores, booths and shops, as in any other town or on any modern streets, but above these shops there are recesses, which together form an arcade, through which you walk above the shops and stores below, from street to street. Upon these arcades are also shops and stores. The houses are often of several stories, the upper, along which the arcades run, are supported by columns of various sizes and styles, according to the taste of the architect or the weight to be sustained. The junction of these singular streets is called the "Cross."

I wandered through their arcades on both sides, amusing myself with the curious structures, some of them marked by a quaint inscription or device. One, the Palace of the Earls of Derby; one, the Bishop's Palace; one, called "God's-Providence,"—timber houses—looking very ancient. These terraces or arcades are reached by steps

at the ends of the streets or where they are crossed by side streets, or at convenient distances. And this is what I meant by saying I walked, regardless of weather.

I then visited the Phoenix Tower, built upon the walls, which the lateness of the hour prevented yesterday, where Charles I. stood and witnessed the defeat of his army on "Rowton Moor;" and then went to St. John's Church, one of the oldest in the Kingdom, which once was very large—now in masses of ruin. A portion of the nave, of heavy and grand Norman architecture, they have rescued and repaired, and now use for church purposes. Thus the morning sped.

At ten o'clock I was *en route* to Holyhead, eighty miles, to board steamer for this city. If you will follow me on the map, you will see that my road lay along the banks of the River Dee, on which Chester is situated, and the shore of the Irish Sea, passing Conway and Bangor, where we crossed the Great Tubular Bridge, the work of Robert Stephenson, over Menai Strait; then across the Island of Anglesea to Holyhead.

The rain continued off and on during our ride by rail, but did not prevent my seeing the water upon our right and the country on our left, of quite varied character, as we progressed. Sometimes it was level as far as the horizon extended under the rain and mist; sometimes the highlands and mountains would thrust themselves down much nearer, and as we approached Bangor became as jagged as Welsh mountains claim to be.

Though rainy, the day had been very calm, and continued so throughout the journey. The steamer that met us at the station at Holyhead was a good one, called the Leicester. The sea was gentle and inviting, and I mounted her deck with confidence, though it had been considerably shaken by my experience, you remember, from Ostend to Dover. All went smoothly, the strong big vessel ploughed the waters without roll or tremor, the air was quiet and mild, so we could comfortably stand or sit on deck. The rain ceased and the clouds in a measure drifted, and we sighted the Green Isle under happy auspices, and landed safely at Kingstown, the port of Dublin, which latter place, seven miles distant, we reached rapidly by rail. I took a cab and came to this hotel, not long before nightfall. I had talks with Irishmen on the train and steamer, but have not time to detail them.

SAME HOTEL, DUBLIN, *Friday, September 21, 1883.*

To-day I have devoted to seeing Dublin—the pride of Irishmen—what Damascus was to the Oriental. When you talk to one of them, especially if he has not been beyond Erin's confines, you will soon perceive that he has no idea that the world contains such another city, or that Phoenix (*Phanix*) Park has a rival.

So soon as I could get into the bank—Royal Bank of Ireland—where I had ordered my mail to be forwarded, I went to inquire for letters, which I was quite sure awaited me. The bank does not open till ten o'clock—a late hour for me—so I had time to breakfast at leisure, take my shoes to be mended, worn out again by much use, stroll quietly on the streets, observing that my hotel is situated in front of one end of the city's best square—St. Stephen's—quite handsome and highly ornamented. I walked its entire length, and at its further or western end came to Gresham, the chief business street of the city, which runs north and leads to one of the finest open squares, on the eastern side of which stands Trinity College, with its imposing building and grounds; on the northern, the Bank of Ireland, occupying what was formerly the old Parliament Houses, converted into banking purposes. In the square which these structures partly enclose, stand the statues of Grattan, in the attitude of the orator, and the equestrian statue of William of Orange; and in the College enclosure, on either side of the entrance, the statues of Burke and Goldsmith, both good—worthy representatives of supremacy in their respective spheres.

By this time, the hour of the bank opening had arrived, and I went in and received the following letters, I need not say with how much pleasure: One from Charles, September 5; two from Taylor, September 2–9; one from Mary, September 4; two from you, August 23 and September 7; and one from Mrs. Nelson, August 30, written from Fincastle. I was delighted to hear that all were well. I wish I could look in upon you. It seems now a long time since I started on my busy tour; every day and waking hour of which have been crammed with incident, as you have seen. I forgot to mention a letter received from Lewis Huck, enclosing one from Bishop Wilmer. Tell Lewis I thank him for his kind suggestions. He is right. I will write to him when I can snatch a moment, or if I do not, tell

him we will advise when I return home. I will answer Bishop W.'s letter, too, so soon as I can. His intentions are first-rate, his judgment this time at fault, though I thank him none the less for his high opinion of me and my influence.

After leaving the Bank I visited the old Houses of Parliament, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland. Do not confound the Royal Bank of Ireland, where my letters were forwarded, with the Bank of Ireland. The former is opposite to the latter in another building, and is a different Institution altogether. The only room preserved intact is the Hall once occupied by the House of Lords. This is only used occasionally, and its decorations, paintings and statuary remain. The site of the throne is occupied by a statue of George III., and the walls are still hung with two pieces of tapestry—one representing the Battle of the Boyne and the other the Siege of Derry.

I then went to the College and looked into its public apartments—the lecture and examination-rooms, the dining-hall, the chapel, the library and the grounds. Whilst going through I fell in with a young man on the same mission as myself. He told me he was from Denver, Colorado, a lawyer by profession and Thompson by name—had come over to spend a month or two in Europe. I invited him to go with me to some other points of interest, which I selected as more important for him, as he was soon to leave for England, to which he acceded cheerfully, and we visited the building called the Four Courts, where the chief tribunals of the country are held—Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Chancery and Exchequer—besides other minor courts. To reach it, we walked up the quays along the banks of the Liffey, on which it is located. This river runs through the city, not now navigable, and is spanned by many bridges of different styles. The Four Courts is on the north bank. Only one Court was in session—that a minor Bankruptcy Court—all the others closed in vacation.

We then visited Christ Church Cathedral, sometimes called the Church of the Holy Trinity—a very ancient edifice lately restored by the expenditure of immense sums, and now in elegant repair. Its crypts are uncommonly impressive, of very massive work, and as firm as when built centuries ago. Then, not very far, we went to St. Patrick's, which Dean Swift has made famous by his incumbency. He is buried in this Cathedral, and a stone marks where his body lies in the nave, and on the wall near by a slab tells that

Mrs. Hester Johnson, his Stella, sleeps by his side—both their troubled lives ended, for the venom of his life was surpassed by no reptile which has a poison-tooth.

Here my new friend and I parted—he returning to the hotel to make ready for his departure across the Channel, and I to wander further alone.

I walked on the river bank, and observed the numerous bridges and the houses which line the quays on either side—highly creditable to the city. But I ought to mention that, in going to and from St. Patrick's, I passed through one of those thoroughfares which gave me a foretaste, I doubt not, of that poverty and filth which will greet me many times on my travel through Ireland. The contrast between these sights and the Cathedral itself is striking enough, for that has been repaired and burnished till it shines with lavish lustre.

I then went to the Town Hall, where I saw a handsome statue of O'Connell and one of Grattan, both in marble—two men whom the Irish people delight to honor. These are in the Rotunda. In the Hall above is a full-length figure of O'Connell in his robes as Lord Mayor of the city, and several other Irish celebrities. Thence I went to the Castle, or what is left of it, having been, by new structures, converted into a palace—the town residence of Lord-Lieutenant Spencer, who happened to be there on official business and kept me waiting awhile before I could be shown into the rooms, as he was occupying some of them in the reception of officials and deputations. When he came out he mounted a handsome blooded animal in waiting, and rode off to his home in Phoenix Park, accompanied by a guard of seven or eight. Whilst waiting several gentlemen and ladies from Belfast came up and we went together, shown through by a good-looking girl. I will not weary you with an account of what I saw. You have been with me through so many palaces of greater import. The chapel, which we also visited, was quite a handsome affair, but the verger bored us much by his silly loquacity.

I then returned to the hotel and hired an Irish ear to take a drive. I wanted to ride in one of the machines. The day was so propitious I thought it wrong to postpone an examination of the Park. These ears are, *sui generis*, two wheels, one horse, generally carrying four persons seated with their backs to each other, their feet hanging or supported by a step over the wheels, so that, unless you turn slightly, you are riding with your side to the front. When the driver has a

full car he sits, face front, immediately behind the horse, his passengers, on either side, behind him ; but if he has only one passenger, he sits on one seat and the passenger on the other. They are uncomfortable things to ride in to a novice. You are constantly under the apprehension of being thrown from your perch ; but a little experience relieves you of this, and you soon feel more at ease. I held fast at first ; but by the time I got back, my seat was quite comfortable and secure. My driver was smart, but a totally unprincipled Pat. Not bothering myself with his morals, he afforded me much information and amusement as we rattled along in jaunty style.

We drove first to Phœnix Park. Pat's account of it to me on the road was enthusiastic, and never having seen any other, he would have been awfully shocked had I said there was another in the world to be named in the same breath with "Phanix." His enthusiasm only added to the amusement which his brogue afforded. He kept me well-informed of the sights by the way and in the Park. The immense shaft there, to Wellington, spoke for itself and appeared, towering high, long before we reached the enclosure.

Pat showed me the spot where Cavendish and Burke were killed, and much deprecated the deed. It was visible from the Palace through an opening in the trees, and the Lord Lieutenant saw it perpetrated, but thought some persons were engaged in a friendly tussle. The Park was well stocked with deer, which were laying down or walking about without the slightest apprehension, and what will interest you to know, the grass is so strong and thick-set, you are allowed to ride or drive *ad libitum* over it where you please. We drove across it to witness a game of cricket of the Lord Lieutenant's get up in front of the Palace.

We then passed on and visited the Zoölogical Gardens and Cemetery at or near Glasnevin, where an immense circular tower or shaft has been erected to the memory of O'Connell, and where also Curran is buried, his remains covered with a far more graceful tomb—an imitation of the classic one of Scipio Barbatus. We drove back by the Nelson monument and others which I shall visit again, it being too late for me to see them, and through Aungier Street and looked at No. 12—the house where Tom Moore was born, a very respectable structure to be born in—four-story brick, now used in the lower story as a grocery. And so ended the day.

To Charles: I was glad to learn from your letter, that your visit

to Taylor and our old home was so pleasant. I wish I had been there, but I hope I will be next time. It was some consolation however, to know my letters took my place and afforded you entertainment and kept me in mind with you, whilst I wandered in such far countries. I am glad you enjoy these hasty Letters of my travels. They are written so hurriedly, that I do not remember what I have said or how I have said it. I only know they have been the rapid jottings of rapid movements—to those who want to know my goings and comings and take an interest in everything, however trivial, that may befall. Give my love to all, and my congratulations to Charlie and Mary on the birth of their infant, and may God bless them and theirs. I will close this letter now and mail it here.

With much affection,

F.

[No. 43.]

DUBLIN, IRELAND, *Saturday, September 22, 1883.*

My Dear Mary,—

I mailed a letter for your mother to your uncle Taylor to-day, in this city (No. 42).

That letter will give you some account of my doings among the Irish, and the curiosities which Dublin has to show. No common city, is this Dublin; but not equal in importance to the idea attached to it by the average son of Erin. I see no work here from which wealth can grow. The situation of Dublin upon a non-navigable river prevents the possibility of its becoming a commercial emporium, and some of the Irish gentlemen with whom I have talked say that the city is poor and getting poorer, and deprecate the political disturbances which prevail. Yet certainly in Dublin there are evidences of wealth, either past or present, or both. You will readily recall the objects which I have visited and of which I have written to justify this conclusion.

But of Ireland and the Irish I can as yet deliver no opinion. I am trying to obtain an insight from day to day, and probably when

I have finished my circuit I will be able to tell you something of a people whose history has been so touching.

This morning I went to the Bank to see if any more letters had come, but only received a paper. No more will reach me now till my return from my tour through the Island, when I hope for another cheering budget. I fell in here with a gentleman whom I met on the train from Chester to Holyhead the other day—he gave me his name, but I have forgotten it—who insisted upon walking with me and showing me some of the curiosities, though my knowledge of them was as great as his. So soon as I arrive in a city I master its topography, and feel then independent and can go where I list. But it was courteous and polite in him, and I so expressed myself in return.

We went and crossed what was formerly Carlisle, now O'Connell Bridge—after the great Daniel—which is not only the finest bridge over the Liffey, but one of the finest anywhere. Near its northern end stands the splendid monument to O'Connell—a colossal figure in bronze, on a commanding pedestal, with his cloak about him; below, numerous bronze figures representing every pursuit in life, recognizing and paying homage to his worth; and still further below on projecting pedestals female figures, also colossal, representing the Genius of Ireland. A short distance beyond is another statue,—of Gray, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*; and further still in the same (Sackville) street rises the column which bears a colossal statue of Nelson.

I here bade my new friend good-bye, then took a street car, and went—three miles—to Donnybrook, known in history and romance as the site of Donnybrook Fair, where in the olden time many pates were cracked and many noses bled. The ride was pleasant, aided by another fine day. I sat upon the top of the car and enjoyed the air and scene. We passed through a good suburb; indeed, Dublin extends unbrokenly to Donnybrook. Some years ago these Fairs were prohibited by law, they had become so outrageous in their proceedings. The neighborhood is so quiet now you would never infer the fierce, but transient, wrath which Pat with his shillalah once stirred up amid those scenes. The ground on which they were enacted is now an open field, well set in grass, and as peaceful as a churchyard.

I forgot to mention before I went to the Bank, it being too early, that I visited the Museum of Trinity College, which I neglected

yesterday, and on my return from Donnybrook I visited Dublin Museum and the National Gallery, on Leinster Lawn, opposite to Merion Square, on one of whose sides stands the house where Wellington was born, a four-story, substantial looking edifice, constituting one of a long row of buildings of like character and structure; and then to the College of Surgeons, fronting on St. Stephen's Square, where they have a Museum. But I have not time nor space to tell you minutely of the outside or inside of these places.

I took lunch at one of the restaurants, and in the afternoon wandered through the streets, big and little; through St. Stephen's Square and looked at the people, wandering, many of them, like myself, or sitting in their door-ways, or plodding to or from their daily toil. In the poorer streets, the Irish can be as dirty as any people in the world, and some of them as ugly. In the better thoroughfares or in the Parks they present as clean a face and as good clothes and as handsome persons as any country you may visit. The Irish women can equal any race I know—with fresh blooming faces and tidy figures, which I have not seen surpassed; or with ugliness and filth pitiable to see. In the Park and on the street I have been struck with the number and style of their well-bred horses, and the easy and graceful manner in which they are ridden. In proportion to population, I have seen more horsemen here than in England and better horses.

CLUB HOTEL, NAVAN, IRELAND,
Sunday, September 23, 1883.

You will wonder where Navan is. Look at your map and you will find that it is a town in the County of Meath, north-west from Dublin. I hesitated whether to go direct to Drogheda, or come this way and ride into the country, and see and visit objects of interest in the neighborhood. I determined finally on the latter.

On reaching the depot and observing two good-looking men, whom I took for Catholic priests, inquired their opinion of my ability to hire a conveyance here, at Trim or the Trim Junction. They advised me to come on here and I would have no difficulty. One of them told me he was the Parish Priest of Trim and his companion was the Bishop of Meath. They were polite and gave me good advice. I came to this place, thirty-two miles. On inquiring of some gentlemen in the car, I learned that my choice was between two hotels—

one other and this where I am now writing. This is sustained by the hunting gentry, who assemble to pursue their sport in this vicinity.

I was well satisfied from that circumstance that this was the best in the town, as those gentlemen, from constitutions invigorated by their pursuit, generally have noses only inferior to their hounds, and stomachs their equal. So I came and made no mistake, for I have not been at a more quiet, genteel, well-ordered and good-feeding Inn this side the water.

So soon as I had taken my room, I requested the landlady to procure me a carriage. None could be had but an Irish car, which I have already described to you. Nothing else is used here for hire. I was averse to taking so long a drive as I proposed in such a trap, and the landlady kindly sent out to try and borrow a dog-cart from the priest; but he was not at home and I was compelled to take the car. It was a good one, with a broad seat, and in it I travelled very comfortably. Indeed, by the time the drive was over, I could balance myself like an expert, and felt quite easy and safe.

I drove first to the celebrated Hill of Tara, six miles south-east of Navan. Moore's lines have made the name of Tara familiar to all English-speaking people, and have aroused the tenderest sympathy and sorrow that Tara's Harp should hang "so mute on Tara's walls;" but Tara has a real history, as well as poetic. Here was the centre of Ireland's power. Here the kings lived in state, and were crowned on that sacred stone which I first told you of as being in Westminster Abbey, on which for generations English monarchs have been enthroned and which is the legendary Palladium of England's power; which was taken from Scone to London by Edward I.; which had been taken to Scone from Dunstaffnage, where we saw the place of its deposit and safe-keeping, and to-day, if you had been with me, you would have seen the mound from which it was taken to Dunstaffnage, and on which Irish kings for centuries have been installed in power. Such a stone is worth preserving, especially when we remember that before these offices it furnished a pillow for Jacob's head at Bethel. Here, too, their kings were buried.

Tara is a remarkable site. The land rises to it by gradual ascent from every point of the compass, and, when you stand upon its chief mound, the eye takes in a vast area stretching to every point of the compass, beyond the reach of vision. A people could not have chosen, by possibility, a more commanding site on which to crown

their monarchs or to bury them. There are no stone ruins here—only earthen mounds and hillocks. It has been suggested that in that age the houses were of earth or mud, and covered with timber. Time has converted all into simple Tumuli; but these Tumuli are extensive, and they pretend to show where the Great Hall stood, where the Palace, where the Throne, where the Coronation Hill—all simple conjecture, I fear. This we know, that their eye was faultless in the selection of a site for beauty and majesty and commanding extent of view.

We then drove across the country over a good road, due west to Trim—eight miles. This is the county town, though not so large as Navan. We sighted it some miles off by its ruins, of which it has a greater share than any town I have ever seen. This neighborhood is full of history and legend, and has been the scene of events both in ancient and modern times, worthy of remembrance. Here the Duke of Wellington lived in his younger days—four miles out of town stood Dangan Castle, the home where he passed much of his earlier life, and between it and Trim, Laracor, where Swift and Stella lived and where he had his home and little charge of ten or twelve, and where he sharpened his pen for its long and fierce warfare.

As we approached the town we were met by the ruins of which I have spoken. First the naked walls of the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul—then the remains of St. John's Priory, sometimes called Newbury, surrounded by a graveyard looking very ancient. Then St. Patrick's Church repaired and fitted up for use. Then the yellow steeple towering in scraggy ruin high over surrounding objects, and supposed to have been a part of St. Mary's Abbey, founded by St. Patrick—built and used for a signal station in those unquiet times. Then across the Boyne, the immense ruins of King John's Castle looking as though they would survive in strong romantic interest many more centuries.

You will wonder how the town looks with these ruins around and within it. Pitiable enough, a poorly place, with mostly one-story houses, inferior at that, making the impression of pinching poverty. So does the country itself which I have traversed, almost entirely in grass, which grows with marvelous luxuriance and vigor, which make the horses, cattle and sheep, of which there are great numbers, appear, by their size and fat, sleek and happy looks—the aristocrats of the land. But the country is thinly settled, even in this county of

Meath. Large domains, as in England, abound, which look comfortable enough, but the habitations of the masses are almost invariably one-story mud-houses, with thatched roofs and dirt floors, in the more lowly of which the poultry and pigs seem to be not unwelcome visitors; but I must reserve my conclusions yet awhile. They have a monument to Wellington in one of the streets, much like the one to our Confederate dead in size and structure, which seems, you can conceive, perishable enough by the side of the massive ruins.

We then returned to Navan—eight miles—making a detour to visit the ruins of Bective Abbey. These are imposing too, and in their appearance seem to have answered the purpose of Monastery and Castle. The walls are high and immensely thick to resist attack, and it is said are connected with the ruins of Trim, three or four miles distant, by a subterraneous passage. Surely the power of the church must have been enormous in those days, and the population much greater than now, to have constructed such works. The huge pile is mantled with ivy, which in its vigorous life has not only covered the face of the walls, but hangs in festoons from its battlements and towers.

We then drove back to Navan in time to visit the ruins of a Castle not far from the suburbs of the town, and thus ended the day.

I returned at six o'clock, after a ride of twenty-five miles, and took a nice dinner, which the landlady had prepared for me. The weather had been good for my purposes, though on my return threatening to rain, which came down heavily an hour or two afterwards. I travel here in constant apprehension of a shower. I have been fortunate so far, though I fear I will have it to-morrow.

I send you some sprigs of the Shamrock, gathered on Tara's Hill. You see it is something like our clover in leaf; the root is different.

MONROE HOTEL, ROSTREVOR, IRELAND,
Monday, September 24, 1883.

The same question, doubtless, will occur to you which did in the heading of yesterday's letter. Where and what manner of place is Rostrevor? I will tell you.

When I went to the station in Navan this morning, I fell in with an Irishman of intelligence, and we had some conversation before the departure of the train. I told him I was on my way to Drogheda

and thence to Belfast, and how I proposed to utilize my time upon my arrival in the former place. He said he knew the country well, and I could not do better; but begged leave to suggest a different route to Belfast from the one I proposed, and marked out that I am now taking and which my letter will unfold. The advice so far has been good.

I came to Drogheda by rail, seventeen miles. So soon as I arrived my friend offered his services again to help me. Said he knew the car-man in Drogheda, and would go with me and hire a good car, horse and driver, which would insure me a pleasant ride. I accepted his services and he fulfilled his promise. I engaged the man to take me the route which my letter, if you will follow me, will show.

Whilst he was on his way to his stable with me to get his "machine," I made him conduct me to Father McEvoy's, one of the Catholic priests with whom I travelled, you remember, for a day or two in Scotland. I had a most enthusiastic reception from the Father, and all sorts of pressing invitations to stay; but I told him I had only time to stop and shake hands with him, that I had not a moment to delay. I sent the man on to fix up his trap, and Father McEvoy left his breakfast unfinished, against which I strongly protested, and said he would walk with me. He took me to St. Peter's Protestant Church, standing on an elevation, which Cromwell fired, and destroyed in it more than two thousand lives at the time he captured Drogheda, in 1649; when it is said the blood of the slaughtered ran down the hill from the church into the streets of the town. A cruel fellow, was that Cromwell, when human life seemed to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his purposes!

By this time my car was ready. I invited my Catholic-priest friend to join me. He said he would but for an engagement, and was truly sorry it so happened that he could not. I bade him good-bye, and we parted with mutual good wishes.

We went first to the celebrated ground of the decisive Battle of the Boyne, when William III. settled himself on the English throne and shattered fatally the fortunes of his worthless father-in-law. It is two miles from town. A shaft stands upon the spot to commemorate the victory; a place that ought to be marked, for few have caused such destinies, both to Church and State; worthy likewise in itself to be visited on account of its great beauty.

We then passed on to a place called New Grange, where an ancient

cave was discovered, with entrance and walls faced with stone, under a large natural mound, whose object is not certainly known, belonging to a time so far back that it has neither history nor tradition. Then on to Slane, now an indifferent town, once of considerable import and one of the chief cities of Ireland, near by which there are the picturesque ruins of the Hermitage of St. Ere, the first Bishop of Slane, who was consecrated by St. Patrick in 514.

The most interesting thing to me, however, was the commanding site the ruins occupied and the view I had from them; only second to that I had from Tara, though different altogether. Here, the outlook is from an abrupt and distinct elevation, and the horizon seems to be bounded by mountains, which gradually decline to the base of this. In other words, the lands seem to rise from the base of St. Ere mountain till they are terminated by the mountains or high lands, crowning the horizon as with a rim. Tara, on the contrary, seems to be the culmination of the surrounding country, which, from its majestic summit, appears to sink by gradual degrees beyond the reach of the human eye. That Hill of Tara is a captivating place, though its Halls are deserted, and its Harp silent!

We then drove back to the Battle of Boyne Monument, and, turning east, visited the ruins of Millifont Abbey. They are not nearly so interesting as many I have seen. There is no single portion worthy of much attention; but the whole are attractive, because they evidently once covered so much ground, and because they show the taste of their architects in choosing for their site a spot that once must have been a charming vale before the trees were destroyed and the hand of the spoiler came.

Thence to the ruins of Monasterboice Abbey. The Abbey itself is a mere mass, to which no interest attaches. The most attractive object here is one of the ancient Round Towers built of stone, ninety feet in height, seventeen yards in circumference at the base, diminishing gradually to the top. It is in an old graveyard, in which, among the graves in its different parts, stand three highly wrought Runic crosses, said to be the most perfect in Ireland—the largest twenty-seven feet high, covered with inscriptions.

Thence to Dunleer, a station on the railroad, where I took a ticket to Gorach Wood, another station farther north on the road to Belfast; here, instead of going direct to that city, I changed cars and came south-east, *via* Newry and Warren Point, to this place—distance from

Dunleer probably thirty miles, and situated on Carlingford Lough or Bay.

I will mention that the Irish call Lakes "Loughs" as the Scotch call them "Lochs," and you have seen them from my Scotch letters apply the word to both fresh and salt water—the latter being what we would call "Bays," or inlets of the sea or estuaries. We would call this sheet of water on which Rosstrevor is situated "Carlingford Bay."

The country over which I have travelled to-day has varied at different points. After we left Navan, on to Drogheda and thence in the drive, it is rolling—the undulations of that character which, whilst not sudden, yet lift you on their swells to elevations that command from time to time extensive views. As we approached Dunleer the Mourne Mountains appeared in the east, and, after taking the rail, it was not long before we were in the midst of their spurs as we pass along on the west of Carlingford Lough and the Newry River, which flows into it.

The view of the town of Newry in the valley on the other side of the river is very pretty. We went some distance beyond it before we changed cars, and then came by an almost parallel road back again on the east side of the River and Lough, through Newry and Warren Point before reaching this place, as I have hitherto said. On the ride there were no special objects of interest to be seen save an Old Tower, standing by our side on an island in the Lough, a short distance from Warren Point. Newry is situated on the river of that name, near its mouth, where it flows into the Lough—a small stream, yet deep enough for sea-going vessels, and they tell me it has a good deal of trade with our country in grain. Warren Point and this place are on Carlingford Lough—both considerable summer resorts, with excellent sites upon the Lough, rimmed with the Mourne Mountains. My journey by steam ended at Warren Point. I came on thence by tram, distance two miles, on the shore, reaching here at six p. m.

The country from Navan to within the neighborhood of Monasterboice Abbey was principally in grass. Thence on, there were large areas in grain, oats and wheat—the former in considerable quantities—and also roots, beets, turnips and potatoes. Indeed, I saw nowhere in Great Britain more in cultivation and of better quality.

The day has been splendid. Our own sky could not surpass the

one which hung over me to-day in the deepness of its blue or in the grace with which the clouds scudded across it, and the temperature was as mild as spring. I doubt whether Ireland often experiences such a day. Not many such occur in this sea-girt island. Whilst I write, I hear the wind moaning and sobbing through the masts and cordage of some ships anchored immediately below my window, presaging storm.

I will close this letter now, with much love to all. Will mail it at Belfast.

Affectionately,
F.

[No. 44.]

IMPERIAL HOTEL, BELFAST, IRELAND,
Tuesday, September 25, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I finished Letter No. 43, to Mary, and mailed it to you on my arrival here to-day.

I left Rosstrevor, on the top of a coach, this morning, for New Castle, eighteen miles, at ten o'clock. The coach only had seats of that sort—like a band-wagon; it had no covering; travellers must take the rain, when it comes, and be thankful it is no worse. The people of this country are so used to moisture they don't mind it, and infer strangers are equally regardless.

You remember I said in my letter of yesterday that whilst the weather was so delightful that day, the wind last night sobbed and moaned as though sounding the good weather's requiem. When I rose this morning the sky looked so ugly that I thought the good weather was sure enough dead; but by the time the stage started another day was well begun, with as bright a promise as yesterday, which was fulfilled till we arrived safely in New Castle, our destination by stage.

The scenery accorded with the weather, as we speeded over a fine road, ten or twelve of us on top. The bright sky helped us to enjoy the landscape and the sea. We travelled the whole way skirting the coast, the sea sometimes immediately by us, and sometimes by a slight turning inwards of the road thrown off towards the horizon.

On the other hand, the Mourne Mountains bounded our view ; now coming down nigh to the road, now receding ; now bare and rocky, and now cultivated almost to their summits. The scene varied, continually presenting new views, and justifying my friend's advice to take this route on my northward journey.

The country continued to be cultivated in grain and roots in large areas, the crops good, and those with whom I talked were rejoicing in their harvest—the first good one for many seasons. They seemed to think, however, that labor was fast leaving the country and going to America, and a continuance of emigration in such numbers a few years longer would so strip the country of laborers as to compel them to cease altogether the production of grain and turn the entire land into pasture.

They said, too, the agitators had done much to demoralize and dissatisfy the laborers, though this (North) was not the section where the demoralization and dissatisfaction most prevailed. That was greater in the West and South.

I reached New Castle at two o'clock, where I was detained for half an hour for the train to Belfast, distance thirty-nine miles. New Castle, Rosstrevor and Warren Point are Irish sea-coast Resorts ; but it seems to me, that where it rains so much, such places would hardly ever be in demand. To-day, whilst we were, at I have remarked, blessed in the weather, every now and then on our ride a little cloud would throw a few drops into our faces, and we were only pleased they were not more numerous. Soon after our arrival at the station a heavy rain came down, which, had it occurred fifteen minutes sooner, would have ducked us well. But the clouds dashed this shower upon us, then fled, and the ride to Belfast was as beautiful as that of the morning. The same character of country and production continued.

On my arrival I came to the hotel, engaged a room, and then walked over the city as far as I could before nightfall. There is not much here of which to write. It is Ireland's chief manufacturing and ship-building place, and has been an active, prosperous, enterprising city—now containing more than 200,000 people. It is well built and presents a modern, busy air. It has an Albert Memorial, several Banks, a Custom House, a Linen Hall, an Academic Institution, a bronze statue of Henry Cook—all of which I saw, but which it would be consuming your time, without profit, to describe ; a number of manufactories also, which I did not see, nor want to.

Belfast is an enterprising town materially, but I need not have crossed the Atlantic to see that. I have seen such many times by crossing Mason and Dixon's Line. Yet I by no means underrate Belfast; it is by far the most business city in Ireland, and quite a handsome one withal.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, LONDONDERY, IRELAND,
Wednesday, September 26, 1883.

One who has knowledge of English history need not, as in several of my resting places, inquire where Derry is, for its Siege is one of the most renowned incidents and the endurance of its people one of the most heroic events of modern times. Ireland has no city so historic as Derry. For whilst other places have something to tell or something to show of what they have suffered or done, none can present anything to compare in fortitude and success with that single achievement. But I must begin the day's journey before I speak of its close.

I was up and had breakfasted and was off by six o'clock from Belfast to Portrush, distance sixty-eight miles, *en route* to the Giants' Causeway. On the train I engaged in conversation with a gentleman sitting near me, who, in the course of it, learning my purpose, told me he was going in that direction, had been there many times, and would advise me what course to pursue. He was a drummer or commercial agent, or whatever euphonious name those gentlemen have now adopted, and had lived in New York three or four years, but the climate did not agree with him, and he was compelled to return to Ireland; since which time he has married, and he supposes has settled in Ould Erin "for good." He gave me his name as Thomas Todd, and now lives in Belfast.

My intention was to stop at Portrush, distance seven miles from the Causeway, and run to it on the train, returning to Portrush to dine, and then make a fresh start on my journey. He advised me to go on at once to the Causeway, where there was now a good hotel, whose keeper he knew, and where I could take my time to visit the curiosity, and be furnished with a guide and boatman. I took his advice and profited by it. To this I was the more strongly induced from the character of the weather. It had been raining heavily during the morning—so much so, that I could see little of the country from

the train, and, there being no sign of cessation, it was better for me to go to the spot and take advantage of every favorable moment.

As I have before remarked, this thing of the weather is one of the troubles with which the traveller in Ireland, as well as in Scotland, is ever attended. No one can tell from day to day—I may say, even from hour to hour—what sort of weather will prevail. The old and weather-wise have no more wisdom on that subject than the novice. The morning may open fair, with promise of a good day, and, in a few hours, the sky be overcast and the rain come down, or the morning may lower heavily, yet bring a day that may turn out all sunshine. You may be enjoying the brightness and see no sign of cloud, and, in a few moments, clouds may fly across the heavens and drop enough of water to wet you to the skin. So the traveller in Ireland, as to weather, moves under constant apprehension.

Before we reached Portrush I saw no hope in the sky. Yet, on our arrival, the rain ceased, the sun looked now and then through the rifts of the clouds, and our ride to the Causeway could not have been more delightful—looking towards the sea upon our left, heaving gently against the rugged coast. We travelled five miles by steam train to a place called Bush Mills. On the way we passed the ruins of Dunluce Castle, near the road and in full view, situated on a bold projection from the rocky shore, and more remarkable for its site than for itself. The ruins, whilst not very massive, are quite extensive and bear part in the history of the coast warfare; but I will not write more concerning them, for whilst I am not weary of visiting such places, I doubt not you are of reading of them.

When my new friend reached Bush Mills, he said he had business there, but would get on the one-horse Irish car and go with me to the Causeway Hotel, that he might aid me; which he did. He introduced me to the hotel-keeper, who speculatively had a guide and four boatmen ready to accompany me. The sea from the hotel looked placid enough; but the wind was from the south and the clouds promised more rain. The hotel-keeper and guide said I could venture in a boat to visit the Caves, and row or sail along the coast and look at the wonder. Frequently it is impossible to do so. The sky may be bright and things lovely above; but the waves may roll in from a recent near or distant storm, and prevent a boat from venturing. Sometimes the surface may appear smooth and peaceful, whilst a ground-swell may be coming in—the result of disturbance

distant, both in time and space; but the recent quiet weather had allowed his Majesty to rest, and the winds then blowing, coming from the south, were kept from his surface by the high and bold cliffs and headlands of the Causeway, and it was as yet unruffled. The clouds, however, promising more rain, I took my slouch hat and waterproof. Both were needed before my return.

We walked to the seashore, half a mile, and then four stalwart Irishmen took my guide and myself into the boat, and pushed out to sea. We first visited the two Caves—both very striking, formed evidently not by aqueous but by volcanic action: the hard basaltic rocks were not smoothed, but preserved their sharp and angular points, impregnable to the attack of the waves. So it was with the entire formation of the Causeway and its surroundings, though portions of both have been subjected to its flow for centuries—how long, no man knoweth.

The sea was so quiet that we rowed safely and easily into these Caves, and enjoyed them in perfect rest, for the water had not even a ripple upon its surface. The larger was exceedingly grand, its high and deep recess most impressive. The guide said, in a storm, when the waves come from the north and dash furiously in, the roar rises above the beating of the ocean against the outer rocks and has a sound entirely its own, approaching the sublime. This I could readily infer. As at such places everywhere in this country, there is somebody to earn something, somehow. Sure enough, a little boy jumped on board and offered to fire a pistol that I might admire the reverberation, which I was not heartless enough to refuse to hear, and pay therefor a modest consideration.

We then rowed along the coast for three miles or more, and enjoyed the magnificent scene; these basaltic columns assuming various appearances; now bearing resemblance to the pipes of a huge organ; now to a monster loom; now to a gateway; now to gigantic chimney tops; now to causeways; now to amphitheatres, in comparison with which the Coliseum itself must yield; now to bold headlands reaching in various shapes their imposing forms into the sea, one of which more clear cut and grander than the rest, looked like the well-preserved ruins of a Grecian temple. But like all such things, descriptions can only give you a faint idea.

We returned by sail, the wind being favorable, and stopped at the Causeway itself. The guide and I got out, letting the boat return

whilst we walked over the Causeway, and admired the wonderful thing. The formation is the same as that I told you of at Staffa. Fingal's Cave is superior to these eaves, but this Causeway and the other grand formations are superior to anything at Staffa. The same formation extends on the bottom of the sea to Staffa, which is some fifty or sixty miles distant.

The legend is, that Fin MacCoul, the Guardian Giant of Ireland, was threatened by the Scotch Giant with a drubbing, if he was not afraid of getting wet in wading over. Fin accommodated him by building this Causeway, by which the Scotchman walked over dry shod, and was well thrashed by Fin. The Causeway being no longer needed, as the giants are all dead, sank into the sea. This is quite as plausible a cause of the origin of this singular curiosity, as that given by some scientific men of our learned age of other equally curious things.

My guide and I wandered some time looking at the columns, how nicely they are joined; as closely as a most skilful joiner could do it. Each column of however many sides, from three to eight or nine, fitting closely into its neighbors, over whose truncated surfaces you walk—presenting sometimes a convex and sometimes a concave face, for the ends of these columns fit into each other like ball and socket. We visited the Giant's Spring, where an old fellow was willing for a consideration, to corrupt the pure water with his own mountain dew; he insisting that both were greatly improved thereby.

We then returned to the hotel. During our investigation it rained off and on, but not so as to interfere with us in the least. I was well protected and the view was not materially impeded. I then dined and soon after started for Portrush by the same mode of conveyance. I took a ticket to Londonderry, distant forty miles. But when I reached a place called Coleraine where I had to change cars, I found I would be detained some two or three hours for the train to Derry. So soon as we arrived in Portrush from the Causeway, it began to rain and continued the rest of the evening. It was pouring when I arrived at Coleraine, but that did not prevent my walking out to see the town. At the appointed hour I left for this place, which I reached at half-past seven, and thus ended a stirring day.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, SLIGO, IRELAND,
Thursday, September 27, 1883.

Look at your map and you will find Sligo on the western coast of Ireland. I was up early this morning and walked over Londonderry before breakfast, and raining though it was, visited the ancient walls, the Cathedral, the bridges, the column and statue surmounting it, of Rev. George Walker, the fighting parson, who was chiefly instrumental in making the siege of Derry so renowned.

The site of the town is admirable, and the view of it from the bridge and from the wall striking, especially at the spot where the memorial column stands, rising from the river on a bold bluff. There are evidences here too, of thrift—Derry seems to be living not on fame alone. Situated on Lough Foyle, vessels of considerable size come up to her, and she has some trade. But I am informed, and if I have not already done so, will mention it in this connection, that there is not a city in Ireland increasing in wealth and population: rather retrograding in both. The shock of American competition and thereby, also, the withdrawal of a great market, has hit Belfast, one of the most thrifty, a heavy blow.

The day has been another Irish day as to weather. Whilst I was walking in Derry the rain came and went in fits—now pouring heavily; now in sheets of mist, driven by gusts of wind like smoke; then suddenly stopping; lighting up as if about to clear, and as quickly repeating its watery behavior. So it continued during the day, till we approached Sligo, when it ceased, with a cool wind from the west. This falling weather, though, has been accompanied with mild temperature.

I left Derry by rail at ten o'clock a. m., and reached here at four p. m., passing on the way Strabane, Omagh and Enniskillen, towns of no great import and containing nothing worth stopping to see. I am now making my way to the Lakes of Killarney, and Cork, and travelling by such routes as will enable me to see the country as thoroughly as possible; as I have generally visited other countries through which I have journeyed, for I never expect to see them again. Should I ever take another tour, the world is too large for me to revisit those portions of it where I have once been.

The country, after leaving Derry, along the banks of the River

Foyle and including its whole valley, which stretches on either side and rises into Highlands, is remarkably beautiful and well cultivated in grain generally, oats and roots. I have seen no section, even of England, which presents greater wideness of good cultivation and thrift; and the houses and surroundings are in accord. This continues for some miles, but as we approach Enniskillen there is a change; the large area of cultivation ceases and Ould Ireland's self began to appear, both in habitations and style of cultivation. Beyond Enniskillen, towards the west, we come more into the country of the Bog and Peat, and then approaching nearer and nearer the gusty Atlantic the trees begin to disappear, until the landscape only shows fields of grass, bog, mountains and highlands, sparsely covered with grass or rough with exposed fixed rock or loose stone. The few trees are bent in their growth, inland from the coast, as though bowed before some inevitable and constant current. The mere scenery is something fine, but its beauty or picturesqueness do not invite as to a home.

On my arrival, I walked out and visited the ruins of an old Abbey near or rather in the town, the River and Lake Gill, the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, as things now go handsome and costly enough, and the town generally. It contains 10,000 people, is well located, the River Gill flowing through it with a rushing current; a comingling of good houses, both business and dwelling, with those filthy Irish huts which make us wonder how out of such habitations can come such healthy-looking men, women and children.

CRUISE'S ROYAL HOTEL, LIMERICK, IRELAND,
Friday, September 28, 1883.

This has been a day of long travel, tolerably in distance, and by reason of the slowness of trains and stoppages, longer in time. I started from Sligo early, six o'clock a. m., and reached here at half-past nine p. m., travelling 194 miles. If you will refer to your map you will observe that by the zig-zag route I took I was enabled to see a very large part of Ireland, both inland and on the sea-shore. Though Sligo is on the north-western coast, I reached a point not far from places I touched towards the east soon after I left Dublin, going north. From Sligo I struck south-east, passing Longford to Mullingar, near the centre of Ireland, distant fifty miles; then turn-

ing slightly south-west, to Galway, on Galway Bay, seventy miles on the western coast; then coming back to Athenry, a junction, and turning almost due south to this place on the River Shannon.

Not long after leaving Sligo it began to rain again, and continued to do so, off and on, till I reached Galway. But the clouds were high and did not prevent my seeing the country through which I was passing, which is mostly grazing. As we progressed more and more into the interior the area of the bogland increases—now in little patches, and now covering many acres with its rough and savage face. I was told that, like our coal measures, it varies in depth from two or three to twenty-five, thirty or even forty feet. It is almost invariably covered with heather, the only thing which seems to flourish on it, not available for cultivation or pasture, save when the heather is burned off, the cattle and sheep will eat its young shoots. The surface of the country also becomes more level or gently rolling towards the centre of Ireland.

When I reached Mullingar, seeing a crowd, on inquiry I found a Stock Fair was going on. I should have liked to attend, but the train did not stop long enough to enable me to do so; and even if it had, the rain was then pouring in torrents.

After a short stoppage, we moved on towards Galway, which we reached at two o'clock p. m., distance, as I have said, seventy miles. As we approach the sea the country becomes wilder and poorer: vast areas, at first in bog, then nearer to the coast, limestone rocks, fixed and loose, in such quantity and number as to present a wild and desolate scene. Scarcely any trees adorn the rugged landscape, and the few here and there are bent from the ocean, showing what blasts are ever coming from its waters.

The country is divided into many fields, large and small, fenced with stone, well laid up in piles, gathered from the land, still leaving it rocky; and altogether, instead of relieving, only adding to its inhospitable appearance. This is the County of Galway. When I reached the city, a short time before the rain ceased, and having two hours prior to the departure of the train for Limerick, I had full time to walk over it and note its peculiarities. Like most of these Irish towns, there are some fine structures; but alas! there are many hovels, which indicate great want of industry and thrift, or great unavoidable poverty and distress. Of the latter, Galway presents its full share. I visited the public buildings and Cathedral, .

none of which need delay me in describing, and Queen's College, a new institution, upon the suburbs, highly creditable in its structure and appointments.

There is a class of fishermen here called Claddagh, who seem to live a sort of independent life, occupying a portion of the town near the harbor, and enjoying their own rule. For the first time, since coming to Ireland, beggars have importuned me, presenting such a squalid and poverty-stricken look as to bear down resistance and to force charity for simple pity's sake.

From Galway I returned to Athenry Junction, as I have already said, and then turned south through the counties of Galway and Clare to Limerick. The same character of country prevails which I have already described as belonging to the former of these counties, and every now and then on either hand what I think I have not hitherto noted, some old ruins of Castle or Church or Abbey, showing the marvellous power which one day prevailed here to have erected such and so many structures in the midst of such apparent poverty-stricken surroundings. Athenry rivals Trim in the number of its around-lying ruins.

During the whole day I was making acquaintances, as they would get off and on the cars at the various stations, and had much talk with them upon matters relating to Ireland. But I will not now express any conclusions; would rather wait till I have more facts and observations. One of them, a good-looking, respectable man, told me he was a brother-in-law of Father Burke, the famous preacher- orator, who made such a stir in our country a few years ago. I think his name is Fergusson. From Athenry to Limerick another Catholic priest and I became very friendly, and talked for several hours, taking supper together at Ennis, the county town of Clare. He was, he said, a member of the Dominican Order, and gave his name as Rev. C. M. Condon, O. P., St. Saviour's, an intelligent, cultivated, pleasant gentleman, with whom I had much discourse concerning Ireland and the Irish.

When I reached Limerick it was raining heavily. I took a 'bus, came to the hotel at the head of this letter, and was very shortly fast asleep. I will mail this in Killarney. With best love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 45.]

RAILWAY HOTEL, KILLARNEY, IRELAND,
Saturday, September 29, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I sent to-day from this place a letter to Taylor (No. 44).

In coming from Limerick here, you will find, upon looking at your map of Ireland, that I have traversed the whole breadth of Limerick County and a large part of Cork, due north and south to Mallow, and thence due west to this place, through another large part of the last-named county and a portion of Kerry. Limerick is regarded as one of Erin's best counties. I found it a great improvement upon Galway and Clare, of which I gave you a rapid account in my last letter. The lands are gently rolling, and whilst a large area is or has been in grain, much the larger part is now in grass.

Most of the grain in this southern portion of Ireland has been secured, being further advanced in season than the northern and middle sections. Consequently, the late rains do not bring so much apprehension to the farmers hereabouts. The same character of soil and country generally continue on to Mallow. Stopping to change trains and having an hour to spare, I walked into the town and surrounding country, and found it beautifully located in a region much better wooded than Ireland generally is, and in an amphitheatre exceedingly attractive. It is a place of resort, and, from its looks, ought to be popular.

From Mallow, almost due west to Killarney, the country for a time appears the same, though, from mile to mile, letting down into an inferior region, till at last the western part of Cork and the eastern part of Kerry assume the appearance which belongs to much of Galway and Clare. Bog and marsh take the place of the grass in Limerick and the northern part of Cork. This bog gives the county a wild and inhospitable look, as I have before written, when it shows its knobby tufts of heather and sobby intervals of puddle, and, as you can imagine, not improved by the cutting of the turf. The landscape then is converted into the shape of a vast brick-yard, for the peat is cut into rectangular blocks and put in piles to dry for use. Such is the scene over a large area. Scarcely any trees :

where the bog and marsh do not prevail, the limestone projecting until it is as rugged as our Shawnee hollow, and the people as sorry-looking as the country.

As we approached Kerry, the mountains began to show themselves in the west and south-west, which mark the vicinity of Killarney, and give its Lakes that fame and put them in the category of those curiosities that travellers mark with letters of gold as among the charms which entice men so far from home. Now they stood forth finely, for the rain had ceased for some hours and the sky gave promise of brighter weather. It is hard for the rain to stay away from Ireland, surrounded by influences that induce it; but with it thus, the air continues soft as spring. That marvellous Gulf Stream tempers the blasts as they come down from Northern snows and ice, and robs them of their chill, but surrendering in the act a portion of its own warmth, they weep the struggle out upon the nearest land.

Before leaving Limerick this morning, which was not till ten o'clock, I had breakfasted and walked over the town—situated on the Shannon, which flows through and divides the town with a current worthy of the largest river in the British Isles. It is a commanding and imposing site, and the city itself is not unworthy of note. It has been more important than it is now, and, from the number of excellent houses in it, has seen better days, though at present the streets—the business ones being wide—present a stirring aspect. The streets of less note and the smaller ones upon the suburbs show those ugly sights of people and habitations which I have spoken of several times since I have been in Ireland; but I must not be unjust to Ireland by appearing to single her out in this manner. What cities elsewhere do not obtrude the contrast between the well-to-do and those pinched by poverty?

There is a new Cathedral here, which is worth seeing. There is an old one more so, around which hangs the enchantment of a Legend. Its tower contains some bells which were the work of an Italian artisan, who lost his three sons in the wars of Francis I. and Charles V., and these chimes were the only solace the poor artist had, and they cheered him in his melancholy hours. The Convent for which he made them, becoming poor, was compelled to sell them. The artist did not know whither they had gone, but, in his longing, wandered far and near to find them. One day in his search, after

having visited many countries, he came up the Shannon, and, as he approached the city, the Cathedral met his eyes, looking from its commanding site down the river toward the sea, and its chimes rang out the evening call to prayer. The sad wanderer recognized the voices of his beloved bells, and they went into his heart and broke it. The traveller who does not believe this touching story had better stay at home, for all the good his travels will ever do him.

On the train I met another Catholic priest. This time he was from America—from Ohio, he told me—but Irish born. He also told me his name, but it has escaped me—Hughes, I think—and lives in the suburbs of Cincinnati. We had much pleasant chat.

So soon as I arrived I came to this hotel, near the station and a short distance from the town of Killarney, which is a mile or two from the Lakes. After taking my room, about four o'clock, I walked to view the town and its new Cathedral, of which the people are very proud. It was market-day, and such a sight! The town was filled with people—men, women and children. The houses as well as the people seemed to have been gathered from the worst suburbs of the cities of the world—rag, tag and bobtail. The town and its accompaniments seemed to be set here to show, by clear-cut contrast, the beauty of the surroundings.

I was in the crowd before almost I was aware, and then came down-right begging and the tender of services—another form of begging, more genteel and winning, in the most persuasive Irish accents I have never seen elsewhere approximated. One little drunken Pat fastened himself to me, and insisted upon my seeing their “Big Cathadral!” That was what I had come to see. So Pat went with me without being invited, jabbering the while in his rich brogue. I could hardly keep him quiet in the “Big Cathadral,” he was so anxious to serve me and entirely forgot the sanctity of the place. As we were walking away another Pat (No. 2) came up and asked me “If I wanted to be confessed?—for if I did, he would get me a praist!” This inflamed my Pat (No. 1) desperately, for he looked upon me as his special property, if not his plunder. He exclaimed, “Confessed, the divil, and don’t you see the gintleman is from Ameriky and is looking at the Cathadral?” And intimated that he believed Pat No. 2 wanted to take possession of me, and rob him (Pat No. 1) of his sacred property acquired by prior occupancy. He soon relieved me of Pat No. 2 by this show of fight. I found Pat

No. 1 was very valuable, and as I had to return through the town was equal to a guard of armed men in keeping off the impeeunious crowd, and I was not troubled again so long as he was by my side. So soon as I was out of the town, I paid Pat and got rid of him. He was a funny chap and reminded me in his looks of Charles' Pat, save that he was by no means so mild-mannered, but as pugnaeious of his rights as a bull-terrier. This ended my evening's incidents.

SAME HOTEL, KILLARNEY, *Sunday, September 30, 1883.*

You would be much edified and entertained if I could transmit to you in written words, to-day's scenes and incidents.

Parties usually start in the morning of every day, from the different hotels to make what is called the "tour of Killarney." Such an expedition I did not want to make with a crowd. It is so varied that one must have it to himself, to linger or hasten at his pleasure. I therefore spoke to the proprietor last night, and requested him to have a guide, Irish ear and boatman ready for me early in the morning, that I might have a full unbroken day for my enterprise; this he promised to do. But it being Sunday, I was somewhat delayed in their getting ready, and I did not leave the hotel till twenty minutes past nine.

I started with my guide in an Irish ear: both he and the driver proved to be respectable, well-to-do, intelligent Irishmen. We had an admirable little horse, and he carried us to and into the Gap of Dunloe at a spanking gait—eleven miles over a smooth road. The route was through the town of Killarney, where I was yesterday, and the northern side of the Lower Lake, with it, sometimes in and sometimes out of sight. Then turning almost due south entering the far-famed Gap, which is formed by the Macgillyeuddy Mountains on the west, and the Tomies and Purple Mountains on the east, and beyond which last lie the Upper Lake, the Long Range and the Muekross or Middle, and Lower Lakes.

This Gap is a wild, desolate hollow; its wildness much enhanced by the bogs which show themselves here and there, and the rocks that hold absolute sovereignty over the scene, allowing no trees and not much grass to grow, and by four lakes or tarns at about equal distances through its length, expansions of a stream called the Loe. One of these lakes is named the Black Lough, where St. Patriek is said to

have banished the last snake, and my guide said his snakeship was now in the bottom of the lake alive and vigorous in an iron box, and longing to be out and avenge himself upon St. Patrick's people. I think this Gap surpasses in gloomy grandeur, the Valley of Glencoe, of which I wrote you in Scotland.

So soon as we appeared in the Gap, the beggars flocked about us, springing up as if from the rocks and bogs—men, women and children, and pursued us with importunities and streaming hair as we sped rapidly on in our car. I ventured to give them something, but the guide strongly advised me not. My driver made his horse move the faster, that I might not be annoyed. But I determined I would not be controlled by them. When the car had gone as far as it could, we had to walk the rest of the distance, four miles to the Upper Lake, where we were to take the boat that had been sent up for us from the Lower Lake.

I got out of the car and bought some little things made of wood dug from the bog, and took a taste of the *Potheen* urged upon me by two women, and at the same time treated my guide. *Potheen* is a mixture of goat's milk and Irish whiskey. The women carried a bottle of each, that you might mix it to suit yourself; and every now and then one would appear with her two bottles and some nicknacks for sale. As I walked leisurely, enjoying the scene and temperature, for it was a lovely day, I would be startled by the sudden salutation and appeal of a child or woman jumping out from some nook where my coming had been awaited. I told them I could not drink so often, it would "make drunk come." "Oh, no, your honor, no drunk; a mere drap will do ye good." I had reached the southern outlet of the Gap, and was admiring the lights and shadows as they played in the Black Valley, another gorge which comes from a gloomy-looking mountain on the right to meet the Gap, when I was startled by an appeal immediately behind me, and found it was a woman who saw us more than a mile off and had hurried to meet us in her best dress with her *Potheen*. So, when nearing the end of our walk, another sprang before us with similar suddenness. I gave them all something, in spite of my guide's advice, and received far more than its equivalent in thanks. Should the blessings heaped upon me to-day in the Gap of Dunloe fructify, I would be the happiest and most fortunate and successful of men.

This course I am sure was right. It would not have done in a

city or a crowd, for there I would have been overwhelmed ; but in such a place as Dunloe, through which I was passing rapidly, with some small sums of money, I sent to-day a portion of the sunshine I was myself enjoying into a few weary hearts and sorry homes.

On the roadside in the Gap, we came by the house where Kate Kearney lived not many years ago, noted the world over for her surpassing beauty. The story goes that she received offers of many hands and hearts from those above her in station, but she preferred one of her Irish blood and humble life, and so lived and died in her cabin in Dunloe Gap. Her grand-daughter was standing in the door as we passed, but neither she, nor the cabin, nor the sign-board, indicating a house of refreshment, were sufficient to induce delay. The beauty of Kate has not survived in her descendants ; nor did the habitation show that they had risen above the sphere in which Kate began her humble life.

As we leisurely strolled on I could see the Gorge, and turning now and then, look up and above it, either way. The wind swept through it, a miniature of the Alpine passes of which I have written so much, and once a cloud passed rapidly and sprinkled us as it sped. We found the boatmen waiting for us on the Upper Lake, two sturdy sons of Erin, decent and respectable withal, who rowed us through the Upper Lake, the Long Range, the Middle and the Lower Lake, a distance of nine miles. The Upper is a regular Mountain Lake, two and half miles long by three-fourths of a mile wide, the bare and rugged mountains bounding it on either side. Its waters flow through the Long Range a distance of more than two miles with rapid current, so much so that immediately before we passed into the Middle Lake, under an ancient bridge, the boatmen rested upon their oars and let the boat shoot.

Here we landed, and went into a cottage and enjoyed the view of the Middle Lake from one of its windows. When we reached the Lower Lake, which is much the largest, the wind had risen somewhat and was blowing in our teeth ; it required strength to force the boat against it. Here the scene opens, and the mountains letting down, the outlook is entirely changed. The Lakes have islands, which are numerous, and greatly add to their charm. Every one, large and small, has a name ; and around them hang the aroma of a legend or tradition, with which my intelligent guide beguiled the time as they, one after the other, came in view.

We rowed to the celebrated island of Innisfallen, in the Lower Lake, whose history dates back more than 1200 years, when the "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed; where, too, now the ruins of the Abbey stand in which they were written, of whose loveliness—"Sweet Innisfallen, the Fairy Isle"—so much has been said in prose and verse, especially by Tom Moore in his mellifluous lines.

Here we found a crowd collected to witness boat races, one of which came off whilst we were there. I enjoyed, far more than the boat race, the enthusiasm of Hibernia's sons and daughters, as they cheered the contending crews and greeted the victors. We landed and I strolled over the beautiful island, the interest of course enhanced greatly by the story of its life. We then rowed to Ross Island, and my friend, the driver of the morning, met us with his ear for a further drive.

I here left the boat finally, and left also mementoes with the oarsmen, which was not too much for the faithful, pleasant manner in which they had brought me through Killarney's Lakes, yet enough to make their Irish hearts glad that we had met.

After visiting Ross Castle, ascending to the top of its ruins and obtaining a view of the Lakes and surroundings, we drove to Muckross Abbey, crossing a short bridge to reach the mainland. Our pony seemed to be as fresh as ever, and made the wheels of our ear hum as we whirled over the smooth road. The Abbey is the domain of Mr. Henry Herbert. The Castle we just visited belongs to the Earl of Kenmare, whose New Castle stands near the town of Killarney and overlooks the Lakes and country far and near. The ruins of the Abbey are small in comparison with many I have seen, but the location is of that fascinating character which gives us so high an opinion of their architects and occupants, and excites the pleasing emotion which makes us feel that not to have seen it would have been a source of sorrow.

We then drove on to the Torc Cascade, which comes from the Torc Mountains—a small thing not unlike Lowdore, though I think superior to it, had it a poet to make its waters poetical and rhythmic in words. The view from its mountain, to the top of which a pathway has been cut, is very superior to the Falls, whence the Lower and Middle Lakes can be seen around their entire circumference, with the adjacent country, and from which it was hard to come away—the

evening now hastening to close a day so lovely in itself and so full of images that will not soon fade from my memory.

We reached the hotel a few minutes before nightfall. Here my driver and guide, who had rendered me efficient and agreeable service, and I parted—the current from their palms to their hearts being stimulated into an enthusiasm which brought down Irish blessings on my head. They told me on this drive much concerning the condition of the country and its sentiment—how the land was mainly held and owned by Lord Kenmare, and how he lived in England, and how scarcely any landlords do live in Ireland; how the rents are spent abroad and the country growing thereby poorer from year to year; how the absence of these landlords withdraws their interest for and in the country, thus destroying sympathy and allowing a feeling of bitterness to grow whose final serious outcome no one can tell, and much more of Ireland's affairs, of which I will try and give you my conclusions after awhile. And so ends a day among the scenes of Killarney.

ROCHE'S ROYAL HOTEL, GLENGARIFF, IRELAND,
Monday, October 1, 1883.

This day has been one of constant movement, but not nearly so full of incident as yesterday. I left the Hotel at Killarney this morning at half-past nine o'clock in the coach-car, and arrived here at six, p. m., stopping an hour at Kenmare to feed, change horses and rest—the distance forty-two miles, over a smooth road and through striking mountain scenery every mile of the distance. At first we travelled the same road I traversed yesterday, in the afternoon, on my trip to Muckross Abbey and the Torc Cascade and Mountain, and thereafter along the eastern side of the Lakes, having views of them nearly the whole time; some very beautiful as they lay below us, and before we bade them finally farewell from the summit, whence a retrospect gave us a splendid survey of them all—Upper, Long Range, Middle and Lower Lake—as they stretched in continuous line towards the north, glittering in the sun, with their rim of picturesque mountains in light and shadow. It was a most lovely vision.

Kenmare is half-way—a town of not much import, situated on the Kenmare River. On the stage I fell in with an English lawyer and

we had much talk, for he came through with me and occupied the same seat. He knew Benjamin and told me much of his success at the English Bar, and how his supremacy was conceded, and how he won his crown of eminence by universally-acknowledged ability. We had talk upon a variety of other subjects, which I have not time to detail. His name is Harrison, and that is all I know.

When we reached Kenmare, he informed me he had heard the Commissioners were sitting under the Land Law, fixing the question of rent between the landlord and tenant, and proposed we should go and witness the proceedings, to which I cheerfully acceded. I was willing to forego my dinner to learn something concerning the mode of procedure under this vital law. We went to the Court-house where they were sitting, three Commissioners, and heard one case opened. The tenant was put upon the stand and stated his rent had been raised from year to year from thirteen to seventy-five shillings per annum. The object was to show how onerous this was, and for the Commissioners to reduce it. Unhappily, I was compelled to leave before the case was ended, and I did not learn as much as I wanted.

When we reached the hotel the time had not quite arrived for departure of the conveyance. Mr. Harrison and I walked on a mile or two until overtaken. From Kenmare the scene continued the same, wild, rugged mountains with scarce a tree, here and there a little lake or tarn in some mountain hollow; here and there too, a bog in its original state, or converted into the brick-yard appearance of which I have spoken.

The weather when we started promised well, and the knowing ones said it would so continue, and my English friend said his pocket barometer proclaimed it would be fair. But you know I said that Irish weather disregards wiseacres and barometers alike, and is a law unto itself; so it proved to-day. Little showers now and then dashed themselves into our faces, and after awhile a pelting rain beat down upon us, as though the elements were enraged at our effort to forecast them. It happily did not last long, and happily too, not relying on predictions, I put on my water-proof and took my slouch hat in my pocket and defied the storm when it came.

Some miles before we reached Glengariff we saw the hotel in the distance, located on an arm of the Bay of Bantry—a very imposing site. When we arrived at the Eccles Hotel, said to be the best, my friend having telegraphed ahead obtained a room, the rest of us were compelled to come on to this—a mile further, and I bade him good-bye!

As far as I have seen I do not think I have been worsted by being forced to come here, it seems to be a good house, and my window commands a view of the bay studded with islands, and bordered by mountains with outlines clean-cut and graceful against the evening sky, rendered brighter and fresher by the recent storm. The scenery from Killarney here has not been overrated, and Glengariff with its environments has few rivals on any coast.

This morning before I left Killarney, my guide of yesterday hearing me express a desire to see some thoroughbred cattle of the Kerry stock, drove a few of his—two bulls and three or four cows—to the hotel for me to look at. They are very small, black, but well-formed, much smaller than the Alderney. They are said to be good milkers; they seemed to me to be too small for other purposes. As I was mounting the coach to leave, my guide, boatman and driver all came up to wish me good-bye and God-speed! and expressed their gratitude for the liberal manner in which I had recompensed them yesterday. I was fully rewarded by this manifestation of so rare a virtue.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK, IRELAND,
Tuesday, October 2, 1883.

I was up by six o'clock this morning, and by seven was *en route* to Bantry, situated at another point on Bantry Bay, twelve miles from Glengariff. The ride was a delightful one, rarely, if ever, out of sight of this beautiful bay. The road skirting the coast almost the entire distance, the sky at first threatened rain, but did not execute the threat; the air was mild and gentle. The whole journey was attractive, so much so, as to beguile the time. We arrived at Bantry before any weariness was experienced. I do not think I have seen anywhere in Great Britain or Ireland finer scenery. The mountains sometimes creeping up into the grand with their well-defined and varied outlines.

But the land itself is poor; the mountains, indeed the entire country, stripped of timber. The bog meets your eye almost everywhere, in greater or less area, from the valleys even to the tops of the mountains. As we approached Bantry we saw a rain pursuing us from the mountains we had passed. Our driver put whip to the horses, and in a fair race beat it to the station. It vented itself upon the train after we were safely seated.

At Bantry I took train for Cork, distance fifty-seven miles, where I arrived at half-past eleven. The journey was through a rolling country, a good deal in grain, much more in grass. As we approached Cork and came in sight of the city, and the valley of the Lee, which flows through it, the country assumed a richer appearance, and claimed recognition for its scenic attractiveness, though it showed that want of attention which I have observed and commented upon as so common in Ireland. Does this proceed from scarcity of labor, which has been drawn to our country, or from that apprehension on the part of the landlord and that disorganization upon the part of the laborer which ever grow from political unrest?

So soon as I arrived in Cork I came to this hotel, simply taking my room; hired a car, which brought me from the station, and drove forthwith to Blarney Castle. The day continued fine, the road was good, and the scenery equally as good as the weather and road. I drove out one way, and came back another; the travel for some distance in the valley of the River Lee; then across elevated ground to the valley of its tributary, the Shournagh, where the Castle stands. The owner of the property has a handsome new edifice near by, and keeps the whole in order, with a park and outlying ornamented grounds, so that the old and the new add much to each other. On our drive over the high grounds we had good views of both, and Blarney Lake, each object surrounded by or embowered in trees, more numerous and of greater size than you usually see in Ireland, and making a beautiful landscape. I went through the ruins of the Castle and to its top, and looked at the Blarney Stone, constituting a portion of the cornice and fastened to its place with iron rods; but did not have the hardihood to try to kiss it, as so many of my countrymen do, and succeed by each holding the other's legs whilst he projects himself over the wall.

We then drove back to the city another route. On the drive to Blarney I passed through different parts of Cork, and visited nearly all the objects of interest it had to show—Queen's College, Churches, among the latter the celebrated Shandon Church, made known far and wide by the lines Father Prout wrote upon its chimes:

“The Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.”

So soon as I reached the city I drove to the bank, drew some funds, then to the station, and in a few moments was on my road to Queenstown. I spent an hour or two there in looking over the town and the magnificent Harbor, said to be the finest in the British Islands, and one of the most beautiful in the world. Queenstown is situated on the side of the hills, as they rise abruptly and steeply from the Bay on its northern side, and from its streets you have a good view of its islands and harbor. It is like a huge basin, whose rim no artist can rival in variety of outline or color.

I returned to Cork by steamboat, thus giving myself an opportunity of seeing the River and Bay to full advantage, which well deserve the praises that are bestowed upon them: reaching the landing towards nightfall. The evening I spent partly in visiting an exhibition of Ireland's products: highly creditable, but of not much interest in itself to me, as I have been surfeited with them in America. With tenderest love for all, I will close this now.

Affectionately,

F.

P. S.—On the boat from Queenstown another Catholic priest and I made good friends, and we had, to me, much profitable talk of Ireland and its people.

[No. 46.]

MORRISSEY'S HOTEL, CAPPOQUIN, IRELAND,
Wednesday, October 3, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I mailed in Cork a letter for your mother, addressed to your Uncle Taylor (No. 45).

You will find Cappoquin twenty-five miles due north of Youghal, on the Blackwater, the head of navigation of that river. Youghal is thirty miles from Cork, and is located at the mouth of the Blackwater.

To-day's experience has been one of those which often comes to the traveller—anticipating but little pleasure or profit in the morning, the day closes with memories full of both. The rain was

pouring down when I rose. It slacked up, and I walked out in Cork after breakfast to familiarize myself more with the city. Whilst walking it began again to rain, and in such volume that I retreated to the office of a lumber-yard, and waited till its fury was over. I continued my walk then and visited places of interest I had not seen; but there was no single object which I need trouble you with describing. The town is nothing remarkable in itself and its buildings, though some of them are handsome—the new English Cathedral, Queen's College, the Custom-house. None of them, after what I have seen in my travels, need detain me. The River Lee divides before reaching the city, and flows through it with two currents, which are spanned here and there by bridges. A bronze statue, to Father Mathew stands in one of its chief thoroughfares, as plain in its execution as the Father himself was simple in his life. The place is said not to be growing—maybe growing back, as is the fate of poor Ireland's cities and country as well.

At half-past ten a. m. I left by rail for Youghal—the rain coming down still heavily and fast, the sky and wind betokening, as the English say, a “nasty” or a “dirty” day. I hesitated whether or not I should go on direct to Dublin, and not turn aside and visit some spots of great interest and beauty; but I concluded that I had better carry out my programme, and trust to the good fortune that has hitherto attended me. Everyone with whom I talked prognosticated ugly weather for the whole day and any indefinite time longer; but who is wise enough to foretell Irish weather? Not to be profane, “its ways are past finding out.” Sure enough, before we reached Youghal, there were signs of the clouds breaking, and, soon after we arrived there, they scattered themselves and only furnished ornaments to the deep blue sky as the sun journeyed across it. So continued the rest of the day, giving me weather suited to my travel through the lovely scenery of the Blackwater.

So soon as I reached Youghal, having several hours at command, the boat not leaving for Cappoquin till three o'clock, p. m., I walked to see the town, its sights and surroundings. I went first to the old church and the house where Sir Walter Raleigh lived once upon a time. Whatever is connected with this extraordinary man is of interest, and things and incidents are associated with him here which have grown into importance to our own country, to this country and to the world.

On my road to the Raleigh House, not far from the hotel, I inquired of a young man, who not only told me where it was, but insisted on going with and showing it to me. He opened the gate and went into the enclosure, surrounded by a high stone wall. I told him to stop—these were private grounds and I would not intrude. He said the property was owned by a gentleman now in the Foreign Service of England, but his mother was at home in charge of the house—an old lady—and he knew she would be glad to see me. Before I could restrain him, he had gone to the front door and knocked. Soon a servant-woman came. He told her what I wanted. She went at once and soon returned, and said mistress would be glad to see me. I walked in, and a nice-looking old lady met me with a hearty greeting. I told her who I was, and that no one could desire more than a Virginian to see the house which Raleigh occupied, and where he lived when he introduced the use of Ireland's national plant and of the "fascinating weed;" for this is the house presented to him by Queen Elizabeth on his return from Virginia, and where he first imported and grew potatoes on Irish soil, and taught to Christendom the use of tobacco.

I was shown the plat in the garden where he first cultivated the root which is now the chief food of Erin. It is not yet decided whether it has been a blessing or a bane. I was shown also the four myrtle trees enclosing the spot where he whiffed the smoke of the Virginia plant. Here, too, he received and entertained Spenser when he was writing the "*Faerie Queene*," and perchance the gifted spirits discussed its "pure well of English undefiled" amid the fumes of the enchanting drug—a meeting which has thrown around the spot a charm quite rivalling that which the meeting of Drummond and Ben Jonson has given to Hawthornden.

The old lady showed me through the house, which is preserved as when Raleigh lived there—the same three-pointed gables; the same projecting square, instead of bowed, windows; the same massive walls of stone, from four to five feet thick; the same wainscoting in the rooms, panelled in oak from floor to ceiling; the same exquisitely-carved mantels—one great fireplace black with age, but otherwise unmarred, only improved by time. She had many other old things—pieces of furniture, pictures and ornaments—which she showed me. I had a pleasant time, greatly enhanced by the hospitable reception she gave me, and the cheerful manner in which she

opened to me the contents and treasures of the venerable house. Her name is Hennessey, and the place is now called Myrtle Grove from the perfection of that shrub, which grows on the premises.

My new friend then went and brought the sexton, and showed me the church adjoining the Raleigh mansion, hundreds of years of age, a portion of which has been restored and repaired, and is now in use. There are also old tombs and stones, some historic, some covered with uncertainty. Here is the grave of the eighth Countess Desmond, who grew to be one hundred and forty years old, and, for aught we know, would be living now but for a fall she got from a cherry-tree, which Raleigh had brought to the country and planted with his own hands, and into which the old lady had venturously climbed. The sexton told me he had been both soldier and sailor, and, on one of his cruises, landed at Norfolk in our State. I lingered at the ancient place a good while, having the time to spare, and then returned to the hotel, my polite friend escorting me and bidding me good-bye.

After I had dined I went to the landing and embarked on a little steamboat for a sail up the Blackwater River, one of the most celebrated for its scenery in the British Islands. The boat was, like their cars, with an entirely open deck, made for fair weather, which Ireland, as you have seen, does not usually have—an Irish bull. But it suited this afternoon uncommonly well, for by this time the weather had settled and promised all a traveller could wish. I was not disappointed either in weather or scenery. The wind blew somewhat, but was not uncomfortable, and nothing occurred to mar the beauty of the voyage. I remained on deck, and the captain came and made himself agreeable to me by pointing out the objects of interest as we ascended the river, and did not allow any to escape his comments. The whole twenty miles was enjoyable. The river might almost be called a river of lakes, for in its flow they are constantly spreading themselves out, the current linking them in a chain of unbroken beauty.

On either side, the banks present a variety of scene in themselves, rendered more attractive and varied by the succession of structures by which they are ornamented. Now an ancient Castle or Abbey ruins, covered with ivy, or standing grimly with its broken walls; and now a modern edifice, striking by contrast. He was acquainted with the history of both old and new, and the traditions or legends which clung around the former, and however improbable, when

told in their presence, quite filled them with life again. How from an opening near the base of one which stood close upon the river's bank, the bloody Lord used to throw his victims into almost unfathomable water; and how the owner of one of the new and handsome castles went to the old one, a little while ago, and put an end to his own life, that the new might have a legend as well as its ancient neighbor; and many others, of which I have not time to tell, but which whiled the time and made the journey short.

I knew of the Mount Melleray Monastery, three or four miles out of Cappoquin, on the slope of the mountain, and visible for miles as we sailed up the river. The Captain urged me to go and visit it; that the boat would get in before nightfall, and long enough before dark for me to make the trip with ease. So soon as we landed I took a car and told the driver to go at once to the hotel, where I secured a room, left my baggage, and drove on. We had a fast horse and went up the mountain in rapid style. As we rose, the scene expanded, and with the setting sun, was alone worth the expense and fatigue and trouble of the ride.

The order of Cistercian Monks took up, fifty years ago, some barren land upon the mountain, and have converted the wilderness into cultivated fields. Around these have grown up school-houses, where the rich are educated for pay, the poor for nothing—until it is now quite a settlement. They practice the most rigid rules of the order; the members number seventy-five, thirty of whom are priests, and subject themselves to privations which recall mediæval times.

When we reached the door, my driver insisted I should see within. I was rather averse to imposing thus, but like my Raleigh House friend, he insisted that I would be welcome. He rang at the front door; a cowled monk came. My driver explained my object; he cordially invited me in, and apologized for not being able, from the lateness of the hour, to show me so well the objects of interest; took me through, showed me the farming operations, which evinced thrift and care; the refectory and the dormitories, than which a hermit's could not have been plainer or more frugal; the chapel; the cloisters through which members of the order were silently walking—some in black, some in white, all cowled. My attendant told me they ate no meat, had only two meals a day—a small one at two o'clock in the morning, when they rose for their devotions and the labor of the day; dinner at two o'clock p. m., these constituted their daily fare. They

never spoke, were always silent except on duty—some attended to the farm, some to the garden, some to the school; but all worked like laborers with their own hands.

I was very much entertained, especially when I saw the large amount of work they had done, and the order and system everywhere prevailing. It was nearly dark when I left, and quite so when I reached the hotel, and thus ended the day.

RYAN'S HOTEL, THURLES, IRELAND,
Thursday, October 4, 1883.

The whole day, as to weather, would remind one of our own. The sky deep blue, across which clouds were drifting lazily. My journey required such a day, to be thoroughly utilized and enjoyed.

By a few minutes after seven o'clock I was up, in Cappoquin; had breakfasted, and was moving by train to Waterford, thirty-nine miles. The country was, as usual, principally in grass, and the scenery attractive. I had the whole compartment to myself, and therefore had no talks; as usual, found my own company companionable. We struck the River Suir some distance before we reached Waterford, which is situated upon its banks. It is here quite a large stream and floats, as I could see, vessels of considerable tonnage.

I had an hour or two before the train left for Tipperary. I had my satchel taken to the station across the river, reached by the only bridge which spans the stream, and storing it there, recrossed and visited the town. Its main street extends for probably a mile on the river. I walked this and returned by zig-zagging through the place, and making so many turns, was oblivious of time and distance; and when I came to myself, was so far from the station that it required my quickest gait to reach it before the leaving of the train. There was nothing worthy of particular notice. Whilst some business appeared to be transacting, like most Irish cities and towns, the place seemed to have known better days, and presented no signs of growth or prosperity.

The ride to Tipperary was through a pretty country mainly in the Valley of the Suir, with high hills entitled to the name of small mountains on either hand, but so far off as to enclose a wide and fertile region. Little grain was cultivated, nearly all in grass. The country too, showed the same condition of things as the towns and

cities, as also most of the country I have seen elsewhere in Erin—decay from former, more prosperous times. Vast amounts of labor and money have once been spent, for the fields are numerous which had been once enclosed with stone, with hedges and with earthen mounds sometimes surmounted with hedges, most of which are now in a state of decay. The stone fences were broken, the mounds in many places crumbled, and the hedges dead or needing the knife. Ireland has evidently seen more prosperous days. When I reached Tipperary—fifty-two miles, I hired a car and engaged for a drive across the country to this place, twenty-five miles. I could have come by rail, but I wanted to diverge that I might visit the interior of Tipperary County, regarded as one of Ireland's best, and some curiosities esteemed as among her greatest. I had abundance of time, it being only two o'clock, the roads smooth and the weather most inviting.

My route had been, as I said, from Waterford along the Suir, passing Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel and Cahir, towns of some import, but not containing anything of sufficient importance to induce me to stop. My driver was smart and well acquainted with the country, my horse was equally smart upon his feet and the road good. We made no delay.

I first, on my journey, visited the ruins of Athassel Abbey, to reach which, my driver took me through a private property lately owned by a French Count, now dead, who had spent great sums of money on the Castle and grounds, at present lapsing into decay. We then, having inspected the ruins of the Abbey, as usual beautifully located on the river side, drove on to the Rock of Cashel, distance, by the road I came fifteen miles from Tipperary.

This, after Tara, is the most interesting site in Ireland. It was once the home of kings, not imperial like Tara embracing the rule of all, but only the kings of Munster. It is totally different from Tara. I have described that. This is an aeropolis springing imposingly from the plains, whence an extended view of the surrounding country is obtained, reaching over a fertile vale to the distant highlands bounding the horizon, at whose base, on one side, lies the town of Cashel, on the other the ruins of Hore Abbey. The summit is crowned by ruins among the most imposing either in Ireland or Great Britain.

As you approach from a distance they are very impressive, nor is

this impressiveness diminished when you climb the heights on which they stand, and walk within and around them. They were built both for worship and defence, and protected as they have been and are, by the government from further decay. You have before you distinctly, all the parts and their purposes—a Castle, a Palace, a Cathedral, a Chapel, a Vicar's Choral House, a Round Tower and a great stone Cross surrounded with graves old and young. One of the wealthy men of the neighborhood has erected another massive cross, purporting to be a copy of an ancient one which stood there in times gone by. I could have lingered here a good while, but was compelled to hurry on to reach another point of interest—Holy Cross Abbey, before dark.

I hired a fresh driver and horse, the distance being ten miles. As we came I had a view of the Rock of Cashel with its ruins, which I wish I could paint in words, as they stood high up in the evening air.

Several miles of rapid driving brought us to the ruins of the Abbey—called Holy Cross because they treasured there a piece of the true cross, given by one of the Popes to one of the kings of Ireland; a large and interesting ruin on the Suir river, in a good position as usual, and preserved by the government from decay. I went through it, but sorry I have not time to say more. We then came on here and before nightfall I was lodged in this hotel.

WHITE'S HOTEL, WEXFORD, IRELAND,
Friday, October 5, 1883.

Again I made an early start, and was under way by a little after seven o'clock to this place, *via* Maryborough and Kilkenny. The first point I made was the former of these places—forty miles, passing through portions of the counties of Tipperary and Queen. The country continues good as I have before described it in Tipperary and a portion of Queen; we then struck the marsh and bog and the lands were evidently inferior.

At Maryborough I changed train. After a short detention—not to my regret, for there was nothing in the place worthy of observation—I came on to Kilkenny where I stopped to look at the place and take the next train, and as is my custom, left my luggage at the station whilst I strolled around. It is handsomely located on the Nore river, which runs through the town. Kilkenny is ever

associated in our minds with cats, which fought away everything but their tails, and when its name is uttered the funny legend only comes to us with it. But it is a place well worth visiting, and as you approach, the Castle and the old Church and towers stand out in bold relief and entice you to stop and see them.

I walked over the town, which contains ten or eleven thousand people, and in my walk took in what Kilkenny has to show. I had plenty of time—three or four hours. I went first to St. Cannice's Cathedral, located conspicuously on the northern side of the town, rendered more conspicuous by one of those ancient Round Towers found in almost every part of Ireland, which stands near to the Cathedral walls and leans slightly towards them—like that of Pisa, beyond its perpendicular. I got the woman who has charge of the Cathedral and we went through, examined some old tombs and monuments and admired the restoration of the building, now used for religious purposes.

After satisfying myself here, I visited the Black Abbey Church—small, but very old—and St. John's, in another part of the city, and, on my walk to and fro, the new Catholic Cathedral, and admired from without the Castle, which stands at the south end of the town, and has been restored by the Marquis of Ormonde, who owns it, and which, with its massive and elegant towers, I think, equals anything of the sort I have seen. It is partly covered with ivy, and presents a royal appearance as it springs above the town—so massive, yet so graceful. It fronts on one of the streets, whilst its grounds, surrounded by the typical high stone wall, extend along the river bank and out of the town into the country. On the opposite side of the street stand the stables of the Marquis, also of stone—so large and imposing, that I took the building for a public edifice. Yet I was told the family are rarely there—live in London. Another case of absenteeism so common here, and which, above all else, is pressing Ireland to death.

I then walked on the river banks, under the shadows of the Castle and its massive enclosure walls, which have been highly improved and rival any walk, I know, in rural loveliness. I then amused myself in lounging through the streets, refreshed myself with some Kilkenny milk and pies at one of the shops, and concluded that the cats are not the chief thing the city has to show or talk of, but

rather that it is altogether one of the most interesting and attractive places of which Ireland can boast.

At the appointed hour I took train and came on to Wexford, fifty-nine miles, where I arrived not long before dark. I walked out after securing my room, and wandered through the town and enjoyed its narrow, quaint and crooked streets—in many places not wide enough to admit the passage of a wagon—the main thoroughfares lighted with gas. Whilst walking the hour arrived for the people to come out, enjoy each other's society and the evening, which was fine. It was interesting to see how they flowed in from the side streets—men, women and children—and the air was filled with "the rich Irish brogue" as they crossed and recrossed each other on the way. I was again forcibly struck with the beauty of these people. I have never, in any country save Yucatan, seen so many good-looking girls, young women and children, and, in their simplicity, without ornament or art—not alone the bloom of health which belongs peculiarly to Ireland, but with bright, intelligent faces. I enjoyed my night stroll in Wexford greatly, and regretted the necessity of returning to the hotel that I might have some rest before the early start which to-morrow's journey will require.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN, IRELAND,
Saturday, October 6, 1883.

Here I am in Dublin again, having made a much more thorough tour of Ireland than is usual with travellers and seen everything of interest she has to show. If you have followed with even one-half the enjoyment and enthusiasm with which I have travelled, the object of my Letters has been attained. From day to day, as you have seen, I have been moving in apprehension of bad weather, and yet, whenever it was necessary or important that the clouds and their contents should absent themselves, they seemed agreeably to do so. At the same time, you have learned from the record I have kept how uncertain Ireland is as to weather, and generally how moist. This has usually resulted well, for whilst on any occasion when good weather was indispensable for seeing, it came often beyond expectation or conjecture; at other times it came with such import as not to allow us to conclude that the Gulf Stream and the Arctic would permit Ireland, contrary to Nature's laws, to live in perpetual

sunshine. My experience, as stated in my Letters, has given you an idea of the weather as well as of the curiosities of this now much-talked-of and most interesting country.

But I must begin my story where I left off. The day has been a busy one. I have been in motion from daylight till eleven o'clock p. m., and have had great variety both of travel and experience. You will find the points I visited on the eastern shore or a little inland, celebrated for their scenic interest, yet not beyond their deserts.

By 8.40 a. m. I had breakfasted in Wexford and was on my journey by train to Arklow, also on the coast, forty-four miles. The country was well cultivated, and presented a better look than many parts I had visited. Here and there we would sight some ruin, of which Ireland is so full, telling how much more densely populated she once was, and how much more important than she is now. One particularly at Ferns, not far from the road, showing the remains, mantled with ivy, of a once proud castle and family, leaving only a wreck and a name.

When I arrived at Arklow, I left the train and hired an Irish car to carry me to Wicklow, visiting on the route spots among the most delightful in Ireland, and which poets have made the most famous—the Vale of Avoca, the “Meeting of the Waters,” the Vale of Clara, the Vale of Laragh, the Valley of Glendalough, the Seven Churches, Annamoe—all of which are made by the River Avonmore and its confluents; and crossing the Vartrey River, which forms the Devil’s Glen, and leads shortly into Wicklow, an entire distance of forty-two miles, every section of which is a continual beauty.

My driver was intelligent and knowing. The weather was right, the last few nights have brought frost, which had touched the leaves, and the temperature was gentle, like that of our Indian Summer, save that there was no haze, and the sun shone brightly amid drifting clouds, making a day worthy of such an excursion. I started early, so as not to be hurried.

Soon after leaving Arklow we drove into the Vale of Avoca, the River Avonmore being designated by that name, after the “Meeting of the Waters,” made by the conjunction of the Avonmore and one of its confluents, the Avonbeg. About half way from Arklow to this spot, at what is called the Wooden Bridge, there is another Meeting of the Waters, made by the junction of the Avoca and another affluent, the Aughrim, giving rise to the question which Meeting of the Waters

Moore intended, when he wrote those pretty lines that have drawn so many pilgrims to the "Sweet Vale of Avoca." On being applied to, he responded in such a manner as to leave the impression that he did not know himself. How can a poet know what he means?

As to the aforesaid "Meeting," there is nothing particularly attractive or curious or wonderful in itself, whether applied to the one or the other: two streams gently mingling their waters and flowing on peacefully together. It is their surroundings which render both so attractive and worthy of the poet's pen. The meeting of the Aughrim and Avoca is where four lovely valleys come together like the spokes of a wheel, and standing on a bridge which spans one of the streams, your eye turned in any direction rests on charming pictures. The meeting of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg, to form the Avoca, and the beginning of its "Vale," on which high hills look down—one of them crowned with Castle Howard, and all with the little valleys they embosom and the lights and shadows which they harmoniously combine to make—Moore might have positively said he meant, when with an allowable poetic license he wrote:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Not troubling ourselves with which Moore meant, the loveliness of this Vale no one will dispute, and in passing through it you seem to escape from the wretched poverty which meets you at so many such scenes and places in Ireland. On either side stand the Castle and domains of two Irish Lords—Lord Wicklow, on one bank of the Avoca, and Lord —, on the high hill which overlooks the other. The Vale, too, is better wooded than any portion of Ireland I have seen, and contrasting with the generally barren hills increases its effect.

From Castle Howard and its "Meeting of the Waters," we drove up the river, thence on called Avonmore, through the Vale of Laragh; strange to say the river which forms it not yet being allowed to give its name. The scene is still fine, but not equal to Avoca. On reaching the little village of Laragh, we turned westward up the Vale of Avonmore (the river now giving its own name), to the two small lakes, the sources of the Avonmore, called the lake and its valley, the Vale of Glendalough. On and above the lower lake are located the ruins of the Seven Churches of St. Kevin, and an Irish Round Tower;

the Churches now in ruins, the Tower in excellent preservation and a striking object in the landscape, standing in a graveyard amid the ruins of the Churches.

These ruins are small, showing that though the Churches were numerous they were scattered and feeble. The charm is more in their location and the mystery of St. Kevin their founder. He was a hermit and either feared or hated the female sex. One beautiful creature, Kathleen by name, fell furiously in love with him and everywhere followed, offering to suffer penance for him in this world and the next. He fled as from a fate, and made his home in a hole in the beetling rocks which overlook the Upper Lake. She pursued him to his hermit cell, and one morning he awoke from spiritual dreams and seeing her at his feet, in wild frenzy tossed her into the "gloomy wave." Moore has made a poem of it you know.

"Sternly from his bed he starts—
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!—
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.
Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!"

When I had reached the Lower Lake I left the car and walked among the ruins and on the southern side of the lower lake, and taking a boat with an oarsman rowed out into the upper lake and inspected St. Kevin's cell. The boatman wanted me to let him help me to reach and enter it. But "*Mauvais Pas*" came to me, and the ungallant fear of meeting Kathleen in the "gloomy wave." I asked one of my boatmen, an old man, what he thought of St. Kevin's cruel work? He said there was not a word of truth in it. As we moved along, I had my Guide-Book with me and read him portions of Moore's poem, and asked him how he could answer that? He said the story was never heard of there, his father told him, till Tom Moore and Walter Scott and such fellows came and got up the whole thing among themselves. He did not believe one word of it.

The Lake is a perfect mountain sheet of water, and the mountains rising up immediately from the shore, the Lake being small, give the water a black, gloomy look, enhanced by the glorious sunshine, which make its shadows deep and grim. I walked back to the place where I had left my car. Whilst I strolled, the driver fed his horse. Immediately I was besieged by old women beggars, some of whom,

I think, followed it as a profession and not from want ; but I got rid of them in the speediest manner possible by giving them something, and receiving benedictions largely out of proportion to the amount bestowed.

We then drove back to Laragh village, and thence on to the Vartrey River valley, which makes what is called the Devil's Glen, as it passes towards Wicklow. On reaching it we went through the village of Annamoe, beautifully located, surrounded by gently-receding hills, near by which a mill is pointed out where Sterne was near losing his life when a young man, as he says, "in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was running, and being taken out unhurt." His little body must have been as tiny, as his brain was curious and subtle. It would have been a sad thing for Lawrence to have been washed out of life there, for what would we do without Unele Toby, who had not then been born ?

I walked through the Devil's Glen a distance of two or three miles, my ear going around and meeting me at the other end. It was a pleasant walk, but I saw nothing to remind me of his Satanic Majesty. If he was there the now-rippling and now-dashing waters, the foliage, lights and shadows of the gorge under a favoring October sun made him assume angelic smiles. Out of the Glen into Wicklow was a fit ending, with its surroundings, for such a day.

I had time to walk over the town, of which there is nothing in particular to write, to wander on the sea-shore, to return to the hotel, take supper, have some talk with two commercial men, one of whom came on with me to this city, go to the train by eight o'clock p. m., *en route* for Dublin, where I safely arrived, as I have already told you, thus ending my tour through Ireland.

I am sure, however imperfectly or clumsily I have written, in my exceedingly hasty Letters of Ireland and her people, country and affairs, they have not been devoid of interest. How could they be to anyone who knows her history and her fate ? Full of genius, it has gone to adorn the Empire's story, not her own. She has many spots unsurpassed in their way, some unrivalled ; and little though the Island be, around her borders, almost without a break, there are scenes of exceeding attractiveness, one helping on to another as the tourist moves. This you have seen, if you have kept with me. The interior, or much of it, loses that interest, and in many places is far from enticing.

She is not though, as things now go, a country of great material resources. She has no timber, no coal or minerals to make her rich. With her seasons, she cannot compete with us in grain, and should her lands be turned to grass, how can she rival us in the grazing of cattle? Her population is diminishing in both city and country. Wherever you go, you see evidences of poverty and decay.

Her greatest curse is Absenteeism. The land is held by those who do not live upon the soil. Their palatial houses are here, shining in the midst of hovels, that are a standing shame; whilst the proceeds of the labor of her people are spent abroad. The Landlord cannot know the condition of his tenants, much less can he sympathize with them in their poverty. The consequence is, that things have gone on from bad to worse. I have no question that the distress of which we have heard is real, and the complaints well founded. The Landlords could have remedied, probably, the evil had they been at home and known of it. But it was not to the interest of the agents and middle-men to do it. The grievances became so great that the British Government had to listen, and the agitators wrested from her the Land Law, which in effect weakens the tenure of property, if it does not go like a Damascus blade to the very heart of England's present form of government. When I talk with Englishmen they seem not at first to see it, so confident are they of England's strength; but they have never failed before our conversation ended in admitting my conclusions to be right. So that little Ireland is now, perchance, unconsciously playing the greatest game upon the stage of history.

The Land Law does not satisfy. The genius evoked must have its day, and its leaders must move on or be themselves trampled down. There is no rest for Ireland. Before the waves settle they will have crossed the Channel and dashed against Castle and Throne. Time alone can say whether their walls, which have stood so many storms, can stand this. Gladstone, of whom I spoke when in London, impelled by his own momentum, will soon head the Irish movement as he now leads the Liberal. Though the Premier of the British Government, he seems to have no fixed principles of governmental policy to guide him;—indeed seems to have no convictions upon any subject. Gifted with great talents and marvellous command of language and ability to use it to stir the crowd, he has no genius for statesmanship and is far from being the man England needs in this,

one of the greatest crises of her history. With his superficial qualities, he cannot, whatever his aim, be the substantial friend either of England or Ireland. He seems to be unconscious that whilst with rounded sentences he is professing to uphold the British Empire, he is enacting laws which will ultimately destroy that wonderful fabric, because they are in direct antagonism to the fundamentals of its organization, and will in the end, alas ! bring no peace to unhappy and misgoverned Ireland. To revolutionize is not, by any means, always to reform. Gladstone, it seems to me, is unfit for the great rôle he is trying to play. Great Britain wants now, above all things, a Great Man. In her agony she calls for him : but he does not come ! I must stop ; my pen and you are wearied.

SAME HOTEL, DUBLIN, *Sunday, October 7, 1883.*

I write this early in the day. This afternoon or evening I will go *viâ* Holyhead to London. I wrote my bankers several days ago to retain my letters, so I am debarred from hearing from you for a few hours. A great loss ; but it was well I did so write, for this being Sunday, I could not have received them here.

I shall go from London to the Continent, and cannot say exactly when I shall sail for home ; but will continue to send, as hitherto, an account of my goings and comings, and keep you all ever by my side. I now think I will take passage about the middle of November, but that depends on the weather of Germany ; for if I find it impossible to travel with profit I shall, of course, not lose my time, and will return sooner.

I had great trouble in reaching this conclusion. When I think of Taylor being by himself and worried with my business, as well as his own, I feel as though I will never take again so long a tour, and that I am seeing these, to me, absorbing shores for the last time. I therefore ought not to hastily go back and leave unseen so many things, now so nigh. It would be a great loss of time, to say the least, and a few weeks more Taylor can stand, with the knowledge that they will be the last.

You must continue to write to me till first of November. It is hardly worth while to write after that time, as I may not receive your letters. I will continue to write, as I have done, and keep you advised of myself and doings ; and maybe, should I find the weather

too harsh on the Continent, you may greet me at home before the appointed time. With tenderest love for all, in haste.

Affectionately,

F.

It is very well I have reached Dublin, for the weather looks ugly now and the day has been rainy and unpleasant.

[No. 47.]

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND,
Monday, October 8, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I sent you, for Mary, Letter No. 46, mailed yesterday in Dublin. After I had finished it I lolled in my room and rested generally, and then strolled out and wandered on the streets; looked at the people, especially at the girls, to see what confirmation I might find as to my ideas of Irish beauty, and was not dissatisfied with the search. Then I took dinner, and soon after went to the train, and by half-past six p. m. was on the road to Kingstown, seven miles; thence to Holyhead, sixty-five miles by ocean steamer, and then to London by all-night rail.

This I was not averse to, because I had been over the route, both land and water before, and the night trip saved me so much time, which, to a traveller like myself, is very precious. The sea was calm and the big ship pushed through its waters without any motion, save that of progress. Under such happy conditions the scene of Ostend—Dover was not to be re-enacted. I hope will not be again, as I have to cross that troublous and troubling track twice more before I am done with these travels.

This time I took a first-class passage through, that I might arrange better for a night trip. On the ship I had a cushioned lounge; the four hours of passing sped rapidly, and I freely conversed with my own thoughts.

When I took my seat in the train that was to bring me to this city, the compartment, which accommodated six, only contained

four passengers, three others besides myself, which gave to me two vacant seats to make a bed of, which I accordingly did, with my satchel under my head for a pillow. The conjunction was not unfriendly, and I never slept more soundly or refreshingly. What a flexible and adaptable system I seem to have. I never weary greatly, and when I feel somewhat fatigued a few moments' rest refreshes and invigorates me. This is a good constitution for a traveller.

When I awoke the daylight had come, and on looking out of the windows I recognized Old England in the landscape; for what other country in the world can present singly, in groups, in rows, such royal trees?

I arrived in London between six and seven o'clock a. m., took a cab and came at once to this hotel. I had had so much sleep on my way that I did not feel the need of any more during the day; so I breakfasted, and first, to me the most important of things to be done, turned my steps towards my bankers to hear tidings of yon all. It was too soon for the bank hour when I started, so I leisurely wandered along the streets—the Strand, Fleet, Ludgate, Ludgate-Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside—and mused upon the passers-by. How many generations have done the same, and wondered as they wandered?

I got the letters and papers, speedily returned with them to my room, hurrying with the same avidity to devour their contents as the "ratherish unwell" and gentle Elia many a time did, through the same crowded thoroughfares, to feast upon some musty tome he had taken from the dust and cobwebs of a booth. I can name the Letters, but can scarcely tell you of the pleasure I derived. One from Charles, September 15; two from Mary, September —, September 14; one from Margaret, September 17, and two from you, September 16 and September 23. I took a hansom during the day and drove to see Lucy, as requested, but though after a long drive to the suburbs I found the street, I could not find the house. I enquired of several and was told the lady with whom her father said she lived did not reside there now. A shop-keeper said she once did, but had moved away some years ago. My labor was in vain. What the meaning of the mistaken direction is I am at a loss to understand.

To Charles: I am truly glad you enjoy my Letters so much. I fear you value them too highly. If they have the virtue you ascribe

to them it is not in themselves, but in the objects and scenes which glimmer through them. For whilst my mental vision is so strong that no object I ever witnessed in the travels of a lifetime is not present to me, as on the day I saw it, I cannot recall the manner in which I have told you of persons and places on this present tour, which you seem to think so accurate and lifelike. In the glow of recent sight they glanced along the pen and put themselves in words before you, but whilst they survive, to me the words have passed beyond my memory to recall. I only know how the scenes and incidents have stirred the mass of a gathered knowledge which has lain as dead in the cuddies of my head and heart so long, and as I moved from point to point, here and there, the dry bones of the choicest spirits who ever made their home on earth have started into Life.

I fear you have undertaken a serious task to copy them. I wrote them, not for myself, but for the pleasure of you all. I would not publish a book for any worldly gift. But if the printing of these Letters will give those pleasure for whom they have been written, they shall be printed, with the maledictions on anyone who should thereafter publish them, which Shakespeare pronounced upon those who should disturb his bones. You are right, I cannot tell how in the busy moments of most industrious travel, I have found time to write, any more than Ned could tell how he put the chessmen right to win a victory. Tell Mittie she is, of course, correct in the word—Studley not Sudley Royal. The *t* ought to have been there and I thought it was, the wonder is, not that I dropped one letter, but rather that I have not dropped them all. You must give my love to Julian and Essie, Charlie and Mary, kiss the babies for me, every one.

To Taylor: I am truly sorry you have so much trouble about a tenant for me. But you must not let it bother you. I have no doubt things will come right, and one will be on hand when the time arrives. I have taken passage in the Pavonia, a Cunard steamship, to sail on the tenth of November, but with the proviso that I may transfer sooner or later to some other vessel, should I so desire.

I cannot now tell what the weather may be on the Continent; my travel, of course, will depend on that. But I will continue to write as usual, and you will hear every few days, and know accurately from time to time not only my doings, but my intentions; and if you tire of my being away, send me word and I will the sooner end my

wanderings. But as you have doubtless seen, I am so travelling now, that I need hardly re-visit any country I have traversed, for I have gathered up this time their contents nearly clean.

I would, with the greatest pleasure, start again from London now, for another swing, could I but look in upon you for awhile, and have you around me whilst I told you what I hoped to see and write you of.

SAME HOTEL, LONDON, *Tuesday, October 9, 1883.*

I have not much to write you of to-day's experience, unless I should describe things of which I have written hitherto; this would be a useless waste of time, though the great city assumes so many phases, that there is not a day you could not go out and walk its thoroughfares and see something new and strange. As the Life of four millions of people pulsates, it must send currents through its main arteries, which bear upon their bosom materials for a volume every hour.

London, as she loves to do, for these two days, has been bathing herself in a fog. Not of that thick kind which only London can survive in, and which it is said you can cut with a knife, if it be sharp enough, but of that thinner sort which hides the sun and makes the noonday seem like twilight.

The air was balmy and it was pleasant to walk. The city still is evidently full of strangers, this hotel is crowded and as the crowds go, crowds come in to fill their places. The agent of the steamer line told me that my countrymen would be going back for a month yet. I hope when I am ready they will have gone, and I may have elbow-room upon the ship. Few things on travel are more unpleasant than crowds. They fill the avenues, and make you wish that when you go abroad, many others had stayed at home. On this Tour I have not been so inconvenienced. I travelled through Switzerland before they came; through Scotland and Ireland after they had gone.

I should have left for the Continent this afternoon, but was detained by my tailor. He made me a suit of clothes, it turned out a misfit and he had to alter it, which took him till too late for the train. I fear I shall never find a tailor to fit me any more—will always be in “misfit.”

BELLEVUE HOTEL, BRUSSELS, BELGIUM,
Wednesday, October 10, 1883.

Here I am, more than two hundred miles from where the last lines were written, and across the waters too, so timidly regarded by those who do not often go down to the sea in ships. I arranged my matters yesterday and this morning by half-past seven had breakfasted and was *en route* by train to Dover, seventy-eight miles, thence to Ostend, seventy miles by boat, thence to Brussels by rail, seventy-seven miles, which last place I reached at five o'clock this evening, and at once came to this hotel, regarded as among the best in the city.

I left my trunk in London this time, bringing only my satchel with my "things" upon my back, save change of undergarments. My experience is, that this is the way to travel, and especially so in fall and winter, where by reason of the temperature you do not need to change so often. I have nearly always been without my trunk and have never travelled far with it. Sending it on by express to distant points before me and overtaking it now and then as I moved. But now at present, proposing to travel in so many countries, I may be bothered in getting it across the lines and through the custom houses, and thus annoyance and delay impede my goings.

I have told you of the country from London to Dover, as I have traversed it several times before, travelling to and fro. I will not now repeat, but will simply say the scene was somewhat changed. Vegetation was the richest green before; now by reason of the approaching winter the green is mingled with those colored by the Frost's skilful touch, and it is hard to say which is the more beautiful.

The sea was quiet to-day, and I sat and read and thought without the slightest qualm. I hope the issue joined with Neptune's majesty on my trip before will be the last battle of my sea-faring life. He gained a thorough victory over me then, and there is no use in his trying it again. I throw up the sponge, and hereafter acknowledge his supremacy, whenever he pleases to assert it, without on my part any argument or dispute.

When we approached Ostend I went on deck to see, for whilst the sky was overcast the air was pleasant. The scene was very different; there was still the handsome range of houses, making a most

imposing sea front, but the brilliant Life I saw then, I still regarding it as the most so I have seen, was gone. Its very brilliancy when in Season gave to it now the more sombre and deserted look. The Great Hall was closed, and its portico and galleries boxed in to keep out the winter weather, which has its perpetual habitation so nigh upon the North, and the inhabitants who seemed to be so happy in their tasteful homes on the sea-shore, had shut them up, too, and fled.

On landing we were delayed but a few moments to shift passengers and baggage, then came on direct and rapidly here, only stopping at Bruges and Ghent a moment or so. The country I have told you of before. You remember I crossed it as I ran from Liège and Spa to Ostend, when hurrying from the Continent to finish my survey of England and visit Scotland and Ireland. The whole distance from the sea is level, save the very slightly rolling character it assumes as you recede further inland. You remember from this place on, the undulations become more and more pronounced, till towards Liège and Spa the scenery is quite varied and striking.

In the whole distance, as I travelled, the people, men, women and children, were at work in the fields, cultivating or getting in the present crops of roots or preparing for the coming ones of grain. Almost every acre was utilized, and it seemed to me that the supply of turnips, beets, mangels and cabbage would have filled the markets of the world. These are an industrious and thrifty people, and they force all the household to work—children, cattle, cows, horses and dogs; each and every one must put their hands or heads or shoulders to the hoe or plough or wagon. And yet statistics show that poverty prevails. It must be because the soil will not support its population, especially when its products are brought in competition with other vaster and more favored lands; for the expense of tillage here is great, I should think, requiring labor and expense to keep the soil drained for cultivation. Some portions of Belgium are among the most densely populated of any countries in the world.

After lunch, or dinner, or something to eat, whichever you please to call it, I walked out and looked around me. I found my hotel favorably located, facing the Park Royal on the one side and the Palace on the other, the former being ornamented with trees and flowers, enclosed with high iron paling-fence; the other an open Platz, around which are many Public Buildings and Hotels, and in whose centre stands a bronze Equestrian Statue of Godfrey de

Bouillon, of Crusading Fame, who was the first King of Jerusalem, and a native of Brabant, a province of Belgium, in which Brussels is located.

But soon night closed on me ; as I walked the gas was lighted in the streets, and by it were my first views of Brussels. And here I may remark that I feel most sensibly the loss of seeing-time I am losing by the shortening of the days, five or six hours at least. This is very serious to a moving body like myself. Now, instead of eight o'clock p. m. the hour of five warns me that the night is coming and I must stop. And so in the morning, I cannot be up and see a town before breakfast. These clippings at both ends make my days short and my seeings comparatively few. But whilst this is so, the travelling weather has improved. No heat now, but such temperature as makes motion a delight.

I walked through the principal business street of the city, which is long, narrow and crooked, and in sections has many names instead of one. As its principal thoroughfare of shops and stores it contrasts strangely with other streets in the city. But I suppose it was the thoroughfare before Brussels put on such sumptuous airs ; things are hard to change when once set. It was full of people and the shops aglow.

When I had seen it I came back, and was soon happy and oblivious of Belgium and her Capital.

SAME HOTEL, BRUSSELS, *Thursday, October 11, 1883.*

This morning I found the day so fine and promising, I determined to drive to Waterloo and postpone further investigation of the city till my return, for should the weather change I can see it better than I can visit a scene like that of Waterloo.

My object in going there was not alone the Field of the Battle, but that I might see the intervening and surrounding country, more closely than I could from the rapidly-moving train, and see, too, the people's modes of life. There were three ways open to me, one by train, one by stage coach and one by private conveyance. I determined on the last. For though largely more expensive, it was the mode for me to see and hear, and the continuance of those delightful journeys in Great Britain and Ireland, to which I shall revert with the keenest pleasure till my dying day.

Remembering I was in a foreign country and ignorant of its tongue, and finding I could not get a driver who could speak my own and the country's language too, I determined to revive my Parisian experience and get a courier. Whilst there, it was done more for variety than use: here it was of value, for I wanted to learn things of which Guide-Books can give no knowledge, and one's learning does not avail.

So I hurried up matters, and by eight o'clock had breakfasted and with my nice carriage and pair, and driver, and my courier, a respectable and intelligent man, by my side, was on my road to the famous field, fourteen miles from Brussels.

Our way was through the Rue de la Regence, one of the finest streets, by the new Palace of Justice, a splendid edifice now building, then along the Avenue Louise, two miles, also one of the handsomest thoroughfares set with trees, then through a portion of the city's outside park called Bois, being the greater part in forest, and then by direct route to Waterloo. This last is paved the whole way with Belgian blocks. You can infer how hard, rattling and disagreeable it is. I made my driver get upon the dirt road by its side, as better for everybody and thing—driver, passengers, horses and carriage. But it was difficult for me to keep him there. For had not he for years, and his father before him driven on those stones? How then could a stranger beat into his Belgian head, that the side road was the better?

When I arrived in the town of Waterloo, then and now an unimportant place, two or three miles distant from the field, I stopped and went into the church not far from the road. On either side of the doorway as you enter, are, in chapels as it were, Memorials—in one, a bust of the Iron Duke in marble, and around him on the walls, tablets to the English, whilst on the other are tablets to the Belgian and Prussian officers and men who fell that day.

Driving on we visited Hugomont, you know the Key of the English plan of battle, against which Napoleon hurled, time and again, his hitherto almost resistless forces, and each time was driven back by British valor and endurance. The old houses of the country place, for it is nothing more, are standing now as then. The dwelling-house, the out-houses and the fences all of brick. The marks of the bullets on and through their walls have never been repaired, but left as they were made more than sixty, nigh seventy years ago. There

too, are loopholes opened in the fences by Wellington's orders, and the old well into which the bodies of the dead were thrown and where they are now heaped.

We then drove on to the Mound and Monument, piled up on the site of the main line of the British army, and where the Prince of Orange fell. It is an immense conical mound of earth gathered from the battle ground, on which stands a granite pedestal supporting a bronze Lion with defiant air, looking towards the field where the fate of the great Disturber of the Nations was sealed. The top is reached by between two and three hundred limestone steps. I walked up and enjoyed the scene. The field of battle was before me like a map, and the spots which have become so well-known to the world—Mont St. Jean, La Haye, Belle Alliance, Hugomont were plainly there, where the ambition for Universal Empire went down. But when I had placed the sights and events, the day was delicious, I dismissed them all and looked only upon the fields with every acre tilled as far as the eye could reach,—the landscape rolling in big billows far away on every hand, till the sky came down and met them. It was a scene to be remembered!

My driver, in the meantime, was feeding his horses at a hotel situated near the base of the Memorial Mound. We went down, and I treated both driver and guide to lunch; and in an hour or so we were on our road back to Brussels, returning through the entire length of the Forest Park, thus avoiding the Belgian pavement and enjoying the seeing of the Fashion of the Capital, on horseback and on wheels. During my drive I made use of my courier to talk to men and women, from whom I learned something of their farming operations and habits of life. The not knowing the language is an impediment to moving with thorough profit through a foreign country.

On returning to the hotel, at three o'clock, I started on foot and walked till nightfall, visiting the Cathedral first, not far from the Rue Royale, which bounds the western side of the interior Park. The chief objects of interest here are its numerous and elegant stained glass windows, and its pulpit of carved wood, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; the canopy representing the Virgin holding the Infant Jesus by the hand, whilst he puts his foot upon the Serpent's head—one of the boldest and finest works of the kind I have ever seen. I then went on up the Rue Royale and visited the Botanical Gardens at its farther end, and could see from it well how

the city lay, this street running along a crest which divides it from the upper and lower portions of the town. Half way between the Cathedral and the Botanical Gardens stands what is called the Congress Column, erected in memory of the establishment of Belgium as an Independent Kingdom in 1831, and surmounted by the statue of King Leopold. From the terrace on which it is located there is an extended view of the lower city. A system of Boulevards stretches around and through the city, set with trees, with sidewalks and roads, both for horsemen and carriages, a distance of nearly five miles; and again through the heart of the city runs two other Boulevards, all truly splendid thoroughfares. The city has extended beyond the circular Boulevards, and wherever I went I saw evidences of substantial growth.

I visited the Palace de la Nation—Legislative Assembly—fronting the North side of the interior Park, a striking edifice. The Assembly is not now in session. I then strolled through the Park itself, listened to the music, enjoyed the statuary and flowers, and the people—men, women and children; but saw no beauty like that I saw in and around the wretched habitations of Erin the Green. So I wandered till the gas was lighted in the streets, observing many things, places and people that I have not time to write of.

To Charles: I don't think, in the hurry of my last letter and in my paragraph especially to you, I mentioned how much pleasure I had in reading what you said in your letter about your improved health. I am truly glad to hear it. If I could I would gather up the healthful breezes I meet with and throw them to you with my pen, so while you read the marks it makes upon the paper you would through them inhale the invigorating air of the lands I visit.

I have much more to say to each and every one of you, but I must close and send this off by the morning's mail; all sorts of kind wishes and love going with it.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 48.]

HOTEL ST. ANTOINE, ANTWERP, BELGIUM,

*Friday, October 12, 1883.**My Dear Margaret,—*

This morning I mailed a letter to Taylor in Brussels (No. 47).

I had a good deal to see in that city before leaving, and therefore started early. By the time I got through, I had walked over the place and seen everything it had to show.

I told you of the continuous Boulevards which circle and run through the city. I determined to pedestrianize the most of them and visit on my way objects of attraction. I walked the length of the Rue de la Regence, which I had done before, passing the new and elegant Palace of Justice they are now building and striking the Boulevard de Waterloo, going thence into the Boulevard du Midi, visiting in it the Museum of Antiquities, and thence into the Avenue du Midi, which, with the Rue du Midi and the Rue Neuve, run entirely across and cut the city into nearly equal parts.

On this walk I visited the Academy of Fine Arts, just upon the way, and the Mannikin—a curiosity of a Fountain off the Avenue and Rue du Midi, and at a corner where two small streets intersect. It represents a boy, nude as Nature, doing what Charles remembers little Key Daingerfield insisted on doing at the White Sulphur Springs once upon a time with perfect innocence, but to the horror of older ones present having him in charge.

Mannikin is a great favorite with the people of Brussels, and on fête days he is dressed up in costume and plays his part in the festivities. He has a different costume for each one of these days, and the civil authorities have appointed a guardian for the little fellow and pay him a salary of two hundred francs a year. A short time ago an old lady bequeathed him one thousand florins. The figure is admirable and has the bearing of perfect satisfaction—that he is “doing bully,” smiling as he does it.

Then, a short distance further off, one of the Markets of the city; then the Hotel de Ville, where the city officials have their offices and the business generally of the Metropolis is transacted—a very old handsome structure, with a lofty spire and with a vast number of

Statues of the city celebrities filling niches along its walls, and ornamented within with Statuary and Paintings of famous men and events. It stands upon a square, around which are other ancient buildings of the Guild. In this square the bloody Alva had twenty-five of Netherland's nobles beheaded. Along the same line, by the Theatre de la Monnaie and still further by the Martyr's Monument, erected to the memory of those who fell in the war with the Dutch in 1830, and on to the Place des Nations, where the Rue Neuve, the street in which I have been walking, intersects the great line of Boulevards around the city.

Returning, then, by the very handsome Boulevard recently constructed, which runs a little to the West and nearly parallel to the streets I had traversed and bearing three separate names in its course—Boulevards du Nord, Anspach and du Hainaut—and also entirely across the city to the circular Boulevard on the South, as it had started on the North, I visited the Halles Centrales, the great Market of the city, and was struck with its variety and excellence, as I was with the smaller one just visited.

Hearing an auctioneer's voice across the street, I went over and found that he was selling to the highest bidder pieces of various kinds of fresh meat—the first thing of the sort I ever saw. Then I went to the Bourse or Exchange—another handsome and most expensive building. All these things of which I have written cost vast sums of money, and Brussels must have it to enable her to put them where they are.

I then went to the Library and Museum of Natural History and also of Painting. That of Natural History is finely gotten up, with great variety of animals well preserved, having a small map of the world near each specimen, the habitat of each marked in red. I reserved these to the last that I might the more leisurely enjoy them. They are near the centre of the city, not far from the hotel.

I lingered long in the Picture Gallery. There are a great many paintings, both ancient and modern. The Flemish School is numerously represented. They are curious and startle you sometimes into laughter by their queer conceits, and sometimes into other and quite graver emotions by the absolutely real and tangible manner in which some deeper thought or feeling is thrown upon the canvas and personified.

The pieces of Rubens are quite numerous, and again, in some

respects, disappointed me. In the whole collection there was not of his one good female figure or face; but the men were sometimes exceedingly striking and the grouping powerful. With faults (who has not some?) he had wonderful genius, both in strength, delineation and compass of conception. His fertility of design and capacity of execution have been surpassed by no painter before or since—throwing off in a few days a production now the treasure and admiration of the world. But I must not discuss Painting—I am not competent to that task. Don't regard the lines I write as criticisms, but only as impressions made upon my mind, hurriedly enjoying.

I have seen Brussels quite well and thoroughly. The claim she puts up to be called Little Paris is not ill-founded, and Belgium might not improperly be called Little France. They have in general the same language, the same monetary system, the same modes of cultivation of the soil, and it strikes me the same apparent relation to each other in physical aspect that the Isle of Wight bears to England—one being, as it were, the miniature of the other.

Brussels numbers 170,000, and is, for its population, probably the finest and most brilliant city in the world. When you go about it you are astonished at its many manifestations of culture and wealth. Its Boulevards, its Parks, its Public Buildings, its works of Art, all in fine condition, and giving evidence not only of past and present wealth, but of substantial and rapid growth.

The King has two Palaces, one near the city and one in its heart, close to the hotel where I stayed. He is now away, and I could have visited, I was told, the one in town; but I have seen so many Palaces and there being nothing special about this, I felt no desire to go there.

I left Brussels by train, quarter before three p. m., and reached here in an hour, twenty-seven and a half miles; drove to the hotel, secured a room, and walked out into the city. The country continued level, and cultivated as I have described that from Ostend to Brussels; not so rolling as that around Waterloo, which grows more so as it trends towards Liège and Spa, which I have described to you in former Letters. Near this hotel is an open square, in which stands a statue of Rubens; and still further on, the Cathedral, whose lofty spire towers above everything else in the city, and was for me a landmark as I strolled through the crooked streets. It contains three of Rubens' greatest works—the Descent from the Cross, the Elevation of the Cross, and the Assumption.

The sky was overcast and the evening so dark that I determined to postpone visiting them till to-morrow, that I might see the paintings better. Further still, stands the Hotel de Ville, an old building. I visited that, but it was torn to pieces, undergoing repairs, and had not much to show.

I then walked down through the narrow, crooked streets to the Quays. Whilst inquiring the direction in my very poor French, a young man passed, and addressing me in English, somewhat better than my French, said he was going in that direction and would accompany me. As we walked, he told me he was a native of Antwerp, but had lived some years in America, and had travelled for a firm in New York and had been a good deal over the States. We had some pleasant talk as we went. I found the Quays, like the Hotel de Ville, undergoing repairs. They had torn down several blocks of houses along almost the entire river front, and were opening up what, when finished, will be worthy of any city.

The River Schelde is navigable from the sea for almost the largest ships, and Antwerp is the most commercial of Belgian cities. On the contrary, Brussels is on a small river called Senne, a tributary of the Schelde, but is of such little import that the chief branch of it which formerly flowed openly through the town has been arched, and now over it passes the brilliant system of Boulevards of which I told you. I walked leisurely about the straggling streets of Antwerp back through the city to a Boulevard which runs in a kind of semi-circle, the River being its diameter.

By this time the gas was lighted in the streets and I came back, had my dinner or supper, or whatever you choose to call it, went to my room and soon after to bed.

NEW BATH HOTEL, ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND,
Saturday, October 13, 1883.

After breakfast this morning, half-past eight o'clock, I started in Antwerp for a busy day. My hours of work, as I have stated before, are shortening and the winter creeping on with uncertain weather; and I have to move more rapidly and work more diligently, if that were possible, that I may complete my plans upon the Continent as I did in Great Britain and Ireland.

I made myself familiar with the place and then started upon a

tramp, and before I returned to the hotel had traversed its surface and seen everything it had to show a stranger. I walked to the South-east on the Rue Nationale and the Rue du Peuple recently opened and improved, and struck the line of Boulevards of which I spoke near this South-east beginning, and then followed them—Du Sud, de l'Industrie, des Arts and Commerce—each running into the other, and making a continuous street, with double ways and lined with trees. This has been recently laid out, and already many beautiful houses have risen and are rising along its course.

Some objects of interest are on it. Others, off on other streets, on either side. The new Palace of Justice is on its right, quite a substantial structure. Not far off, on the other side and from the Boulevard, are the Equestrian Statue in bronze of King Leopold I. and the Botanical Gardens. Further upon the right stands a Statue of Leys, one of Antwerp's great painters, and behind it the City Park—a triangular piece of ground, highly ornamented with water, trees and flowers—and at its further end, still proceeding along the Boulevards, stands a fine Statue of Quentin Massys—another painter of whom the city is very proud, who, in the beginning, was a blacksmith, in which trade he greatly excelled, but turning painter, became so famous that they call him one of the Masters. If the figure be like him, he had a vigorous, intellectual face.

Continuing I came to the Zoological Gardens, on the right and some distance from the Boulevard. I turned off and paid it a visit, and it was worth it; but I have seen so many of these places on my travels, you doubtless are tired of hearing of them. I will not describe it any further than to say that, whilst I have seen larger and more varied collections, I have seen none with better specimens or better cared-for. As usual, I was attracted by the monkeys and the eagles, of both of which there were many specimens—the one because they are so funny, and the other because they are too regal to be funny.

Pursuing my walk I came into the heart of the city again and, as I strolled, looked in upon the Churches—among them St. Jacques, which is fine of itself and, by reason of its many tombs, is a splendid Mausoleum. Its stained glass windows, its numerous paintings by famous artists, its carved oak pulpit, but above all the Rubens Chapel, where his body lies and, on either side of him, his two wives, whilst over the altar hangs one of his own works, representing the

Virgin and the Infant Christ worshipped by male and female saints, which bear the likenesses of himself and family.

I then visited the Bourse or Exchange, which is a beautiful Hall ; but the edifice is so shut in by other houses, that the Hall itself is all we have to admire ; then to the Cathedral, whose outside I spoke of yesterday, with its towering graceful spire reaching high over any other thing in the city, with its chimes of ninety bells. The inside is not so full of many magnificent things as St. Jacques ; but there are three pictures by Rubens, which for generations have made the old building the artist's shrine, viz., The Descent from the Cross, The Elevation of the Cross and The Assumption of the Virgin. The two former are certainly wonderful, especially the first. While they engage the attention of the skilled, the most ignorant are held by that wondrous power which Genius anyway or how exerts. In these, too, he has put the likenesses of himself and family—his two wives among them—and whether it was that they were beautiful and he took their portraits, or that his affection for them stirred his imagination to give its richest product, certainly I have not seen in his works before, any at all adequate and worthy ideal of female beauty. The Assumption he painted in sixteen days. I mention this to show the vigor and prodigality of his genius.

I was struck, too, here with the pulpit of carved oak, as I had been with those of other churches in Belgium, and with some of the stained-glass windows, and could have lingered longer and enjoyed the building and its contents.

Outside of the Cathedral, before its main entrance, there is an ancient well covered with an iron canopy of open work, wrought by Quentin Massys, when a blacksmith. It is most skilfully done, and from the few works of his in painting I have seen, the Anvil lost more than the Easel gained. In the hurry and rapidity of writing, I forgot to mention that before I reached the Cathedral, I had, after leaving St. Jacques, visited the Museum of Painting, and spent some time in its Galleries ; but I cannot stop to give you the slightest idea of the things I saw. This is one of the difficulties in writing of such places. Every great work would consume a letter, even to name the figures and their grouping. In travelling in the country I can, with running pen, dash off a line or two, which will put before you some faint idea at least of what my eyes take in. But in Museums

I can only tell you I went and saw and came away, wishing I could have lingered longer.

As I was going into the Cathedral, a respectable old man saluted me, and tendered his services in showing me its sights. He spoke English brokenly, but so as to be understood very well. I usually avoid these guides, preferring my own book and thoughts; but he attracted me by his manner, and I let him come, and found nothing thereby to regret. After we had finished with the Cathedral, there was one more place I wished to visit—the Museum Plantin-Moretus—the house where Plantin set up his printing office in 1555, more than three hundred years ago, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Moretus. We found it closed, but my old guide, knowing the person in charge, rang the bell. He came and showed me through, and a more interesting place I have rarely seen. They must have been wealthy men, for the house is large and finished in every room, from top to bottom, in heavy carved oak, and the furniture is of the same material and finish. Here, too, they had the implements of their profession—types, engraving tools, library—everything as when they carried on the then not-long-invented Art; the dwelling portion showing that they were patricians in their day, and lived worthy of their rank.

This ending my investigations, I returned to the hotel and prepared to move, and by three o'clock had bid farewell to Antwerp, and was "booked" for Rotterdam.

Before getting finally out of the old city of Antwerp, which is in a great measure interesting, because it is quaint, I will remark that this characteristic is rapidly disappearing under the hand of progress and improvement, so called. Wherever I went I saw evidences of this. The old houses on the river front will soon be gone, and the narrow Quay be succeeded by a broad and spacious Esplanade. Along the recently-opened Boulevards houses are going up, indicative of wealth and a desire for show, and new streets are cutting through the heart of the city, regardless of the crooked lines of their predecessors, over which so many generations have trod. Antwerp will soon not know herself, and without losing her commercial advantages will aspire to rival her metropolitan neighbors in brilliancy.

The country from Antwerp to Rotterdam is flat. For a short distance hedges seem to have been adopted, but they soon disappear. Much of the country, however, is apparently in poor cultivation, in

comparison with what we saw in Belgium, and is grown up in thickets and small forests. As we approached Holland the landscape began to assume the characteristic of a dead level, and so on to Rotterdam; water in sight all the time; the railroad built upon a mound and a continuous canal to drain it on either side, and filled with water, ever oozing from the saturated soil. The fields are trenched over their entire surface, and at short intervals cultivated—the trenches filled with water. The day had been a delightful autumnal one, and the sun had been warm; and as it descended, the moisture rose like smoke from the damp soil, and before it set, a fog prevailed.

As we neared Rotterdam, bridges were built over the rivers and arms of the sea, longer and shorter, as the site required, and looking from the window as we moved, no doubt could have existed in the mind of any one who had read of Holland that we were traversing its soil.

We crossed the River Meuse or Maas, on which Rotterdam is situated, on a massive and elegant viaduct, which runs through the city like an elevated railroad; and from its station had to descend two flights of steps to reach a level with the town. I came by omnibus to this hotel, which fronts the river, and my room looks out upon it. It was night when I arrived; the view was fine from my chamber window, the moon almost full, shining brightly above and before me, and lighting up the river covered with ships, and uniting to present me a beautiful scene. I thank them for it and bid them both good-night.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND,
Sunday, October 14, 1883.

In Rotterdam this morning I was early up and abroad, walking over the city and finding out its contents.

It was too soon to get into any place of interest, therefore I pedestrianized its Park, situated below the town, on the river. And here I had an admirable illustration of how this land of Holland has been rescued from the sea. The Park is very pretty, and is but a basin, whose rim prodigious labor and large sums of money have built, as it has made a rim for this whole wonderful country to keep old Ocean out. I saw how they are building to extend the Park; with cribs of willow wicker-work, filled in and then faced with stone. Along the inner river, as you walk, you look down upon fine mansions below

your grade. It seems to me, to live in one of them, would keep me in constant apprehension that the river and the sea would come one day and claim it as their own.

I then came back into the city and continued my walk, visiting St. Lawrence Church, a big old thing—and that is all about it; the bronze statue of Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, does very well; Boyman's Museum, containing pictures principally by the Dutch masters, and having the characteristics of which I have several times spoken in other letters. These are nearly everything which Rotterdam can show of its possessions that would make a stranger halt. But I have walked its streets and seen how its area is divided between land and water, and how sturdy and persevering people have built a city, and with its very walls stayed what one would otherwise regard as a resistless tide. I conclude that its greatest curiosity is itself. With its more than 150,000 inhabitants, it seems to be about equally divided between land and water.

The ground between the portions which are of water is built up in streets—of course on piles—and united by drawbridges; for nearly if not all these water channels are navigable. The ground itself is alluvial—most unsuitable for the foundations of houses. Whilst this condition of things makes Rotterdam a great commercial center, its buildings and extensions must consume much of its commercial profits. And when you walk the streets the houses show the uncertainty of their foundations in their fronts, great numbers being out of plumb, and inclining back or forward. Some I saw I should fear to live in.

With such a home and such materials, what wonders have these people wrought! Their history, in their struggles to hold this home and work with these materials as their judgment dictated, is among the most heroic of which we have any record in early or later times. Their absolute wealth, wrested by hard industry, is probably unequalled, and their genius has made a School of Art claiming to rival that of Italy. And so they are working now, as their fathers worked before them. Rotterdam itself speaks for them more loudly than anything else they have to show.

By one o'clock, p. m., I was off in train for this city—The Hague, distance fifteen miles; every mile a Dutch scene; country flat as a pancake; water flowing, or more frequently standing, in canals on either side the railroad track; water in trenches across the fields; no fencing, bridges, or otherwise; little cultivation of grain or roots—

mostly in grass, with sheep and cattle, principally cows, many of them feeding in the fields, clothed with a linen covering as we blanket our horses; houses one story, standing with their red tile roofs neat and trim, but plain as a pike-staff; windmills dotting the landscape, with their gaunt arms stretched to catch the wind: people looking happy but earnest, as if there was work to do, Holland to be saved, and, that she may save her people, "expects every man to do his duty."

I reached here and had my room before two o'clock, and forthwith went out "to see." I visited the Museum of Painting, more especially to see two or three of Rembrandt's works and the famous Bull picture of Paul Potter, which was carried off by the French and regarded as one of the finest in the Louvre. It did not so move me, and one only of Rembrandt seemed to deserve its fame—The School of Anatomy. I am beginning to think that often applause is bestowed on a work simply because it came from the hand of some great Master, when in reality it is nearly worthless, having been dashed off without that study and labor which Genius must bestow, however dazzling and gifted. This is all I have time to say of the contents of this Museum, though there were other things that interested me. I then strolled through the Park, which lies opposite to my windows. I could see the deer wandering leisurely and crowds of people as they moved to and fro; but I did not look at them long in this bird's-eye manner. I went and mingled with them, and drifted with the throng into a distant part of the Park where there was music. The evening was bright and thousands—men, women and children—were there, and a good opportunity was afforded of seeing Holland's best, middle and worst. I must say there was nothing striking in the exhibition. I did not meet one single pretty or handsome woman and but few good-looking men. They were small and indifferent in appearance, and did not seem as if they possessed that vigor of character which has made their country what it is. I then took a tramway and rode to Scheveringen, the sea-side of The Hague, where its rich and fashionable do congregate to recreate and gather health.

The ride is three miles, and the entire distance through avenues and villas, and the place itself is much the same. The sea-front is only remarkable for the enormous work which has been expended in banking and paying out the sea. It is sand, sand, sand! Not an

attractive place to look at, save the sea as it pulsates before you. I came back before nightfall. I write in great haste. With much love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 49.]

HOTEL DES PAYS-BAS, AMSTERDAM,

Monday, October 15, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I sent off a letter to your Uncle Taylor this morning before I left The Hague (No. 48), addressed to your mother.

I arrived here from The Hague at half-past ten, a. m., distance thirty-eight miles. The day opened the reverse of yesterday. It was raining hard when I rose, and continued to do so on the journey and for some time after my arrival here. This, however, did not stop or seriously impede me. The country was Holland itself—flat as a table, intersected in every direction by canals and trenches filled with water, sometimes ugly, with a green scum upon its surface and looking malarious. There were several in the compartment with me, and at a venture I tried them in English. I found two of them spoke it very well, though natives of Holland.

And here I will mention in parenthesis how many of these people speak our language. In wandering through the streets and making acquaintances I find that probably one-half respond in English—not first-rate, but still English, and are always gratified to answer my inquiries and pleased at my compliments on their knowledge of my tongue. These gentlemen in the train gave me much information. The canals or trenches frequently divide properties and are as line fences, for they have no others here, and they also in the summer and fall produce sickness—not like the moisture of Ireland, where, they told me, malaria did not come.

The whole country from The Hague to this place was in grass and well stocked with sheep and cows, particularly the latter, whence comes our Dutch cheese; these cows, many of them, as I have before observed, covered with linen cloths to protect them. The windmills on every side lifted up their arms defiantly, inviting any Don Quixote

who may happen by to try his valor; but in vain. These people are too busy with Life's stern realities to be fighting windmills.

Upon arrival, I came to this hotel, and having taken a room started in the rain with an umbrella to see the city. I visited several Museums of Painting, and found some of Rembrandt's works—one or two finer than any of his I have seen. I observe these things when very fine become more attractive to me, and I linger longer; and so it is probably with any one. They creep with subtlety into our soul, and like Nature's beauties, after awhile unobtrusively take possession of us, this power growing almost imperceptibly. But a general traveller can never hope to do more than glance, for their name is Legion now, and he might as well attempt to analyze each human face he meets, as to halt for any length of time before the pictures which crowd the Galleries; but with short experience this glance will tell him that more than ordinary genius has been at work, as a look will reveal the beauty of a passer-by.

I visited the Exchange and some Churches of no import, and looked at the Palace, having no desire to go in—I have seen enough of Palaces—unless there are about them the memories or mementoes of some man who honored the Palace more than it honored him. Raining heavily still, I returned to my room, waited awhile and the clouds dispersed, and the bright afternoon was utilized in visiting the Exposition of All Nations, now going on. I did not care to go, but went simply because it was here; though no regret followed the determination. It is large and creditable. The bronzes alone would have paid me well for my trouble; they were numerous and original, made in this city, and so enticing to me, that had I means of sending them home or carrying them, I would have made myself a bankrupt then and there. But I cannot tell you what else I saw. Recall Philadelphia, and put quotation marks.

Then I went to the Market, covering an open square, where great numbers, especially women, collected in cotton tents and booths, expose their commodities for sale and invite custom. Then the Fish Market, not far off, which was as dirty and stinking as anybody's market of a similar kind ever is. And then the Docks and Wharves, where this energetic, enterprising and plucky people are still massively building their amphibious city, asserting and maintaining an equally divided Empire over Land and Sea.

Amsterdam, like Rotterdam, has nothing to show a stranger half

so interesting as itself. The city is altogether built on piles, and looking along the line of the best streets you see the houses inclining backward or nodding over the way. To give you some idea of the angle of inclination of some of these structures, I singled out one three-story and ran my eye up its wall from base to roof, and whilst it was square with its neighbors on the pavement, at the third story it was advanced from twelve to fifteen inches; yet its occupants living there as though there was nothing to molest or make them afraid. I would feel a little anxious in some of these houses. They have tied, in many cases, cornices, façades and chimneys with iron rods to other portions of the wall or to the roof; certainly with much consideration for those who walk the streets. And yet these people live and, with conscious security, transact business in them, industriously moving through the town on pavements or in boats, building two cities when others build but one, and making their influence felt wherever commerce goes.

I gave you some idea of the site of Rotterdam; this city presents about the same division, as to land and water, and with its population of more than 300,000 and its vast wealth, satisfies me that I am right when I say, that Amsterdam has nothing to show so interesting and wonderful as itself.

I forgot to tell you that I crossed, on the train at Leyden coming here, the stream they call the Rhine—a narrow, sluggish thing, having not one characteristic of my old friend with whom I journeyed so long and so far and with such delight last summer. I told my new-made acquaintances that it was a shame. The Rhine had formed their country with the materials it has in countless ages brought down from its upland home, and they have robbed it of its waters and called them by other names—the Maas, the Waal, and Holland's Diep—and reserved its own world-renowned title for a wretched stream which has no resemblance to itself.

I ought to have told you that The Hague is the political, as Amsterdam is the commercial Capital of Holland. The latter grows by virtue of its own energies; the former from the drippings of Holland's Treasury; and it presents thereby a good appearance. There are many showy houses and villas in the place, indicating wealth and culture.

BRITISH HOTEL, HANOVER, GERMANY,
Tuesday, October 16, 1883.

Out of the Little Kingdom of Holland into the Great Empire of Germany !

I left Amsterdam this morning at nine o'clock, and arrived here at six p. m., distance 254 miles. I was on a slow train, and as you see, it took me all daylight nearly to make it, for when I came to the hotel the gas was lighted in the streets. It rained ~~continuously~~ off and on during the day, but the clouds were high and did not, with the rain, obstruct the view of the nearer country as we travelled.

Your map will show you my route was almost due East, passing through Amersfoort, Zutphen, Rheine, Minden : the first two places in Holland, the last two in Germany ; and through the Dutch Provinces Utrecht and Gelderland, and into the German Province of Hanover. And you will see too, by the number of miles, I have ceased to travel in little countries, now making distances somewhat worthy of our own land. You will find, should I continue my travels in the Empire, much more of my time will be consumed in moving from point to point ; not that I object to this, for it is the country I came to see as well as the cities—a thing which most travellers seem to entirely disregard or overlook. I want to find out what it is that keeps alive and so invigorates this German Empire, one of the greatest that Europe has known.

After leaving Amsterdam and through the Province of Utrecht, the country presents much the same appearance which I have already described as belonging to Holland, its people and their pursuits. Nearly the entire journey, certainly largely more than half through Gelderland, was anything but attractive, sometimes it was under water, sometimes it was marsh, sometimes it was brush and scrub, sometimes it was sand lying on a level or in dunes as the rivers and the sea left it, when they retired from the scene long centuries ago. And it gave me a higher idea than before, of the Race which has triumphed so nobly over obstacles apparently insurmountable.

When we passed into Hanover it is much the same for some miles—the same flat, uninteresting and unproductive area. After awhile this changes, the country becomes more undulating, the population more numerous and the land more susceptible of, and

consequently better cultivated. For some miles before arriving here it becomes attractive—though the population is evidently large, they do not generally live in villages. The farmers mostly live in separate houses and curtilages.

The houses, too, are almost without exception good and in good repair, showing thrift and neatness. There is no ornamentation or show about them whatever. Of one story, the roof coming down to the lintels of the doors and windows, and rising into a tall peak; built sometimes of brick, sometimes of stone, sometimes of frame filled in with rubble and plastered; the timbers of the frame work showing on the outside. This is almost invariably the style, and being in such fine order, scattered broadcast over the landscape, give to the country and its inhabitants a solid, substantial appearance, as though they live in comfort but not luxury.

The land, too, is well cultivated, and all the family, men, women and children, seemed to be afield ploughing, sowing, harrowing, securing the roots, hauling in; the rain did not stop them, they worked on, regardless. Some of the houses, though of the same style, are very large, as large as our largest barns and not unlike in architecture. On inquiry I learned that these houses embrace all the buildings a farmer wants: in the loft of the high peaked roof, to store the products of the farm, in another portion of it, he and his family live, in another is housed the stock, the latter appearing to be as neat and tidy as the former, generally characterized by those qualities.

The country, too, ceases to be a dead level, and becomes rolling, in the distance mounting into hills, and every acre, save that in forest, cultivated. Hanover, its capital, of the same name, as you approach, presents by no means an unattractive appearance.

To-day only one or two of my fellow-travellers talked English, and they so indifferently that though they wanted to converse, and were polite in the extreme, were so embarrassed in the effort that I had to discontinue the attempt to communicate with them in that tongue. My day was therefore consumed in thinking and looking at the people, places and country through which I passed.

At a town called Löhne I had to change trains. I was trying to make one of the guards at the station give me information with regard to the proper car and train for Hanover, which having some difficulty in doing, a German, plain man, volunteered to do so, in

English, for me. I got then into conversation with him. He told me he had lived in Montana for twenty years, and had come back to his Fatherland a year or so ago, simply on a visit and intended to return to the United States. He was a sensible man and gave me some information concerning the habits and modes of life of the Germans, which simple outside observation could not afford.

HILLMAN HOTEL, BREMEN, GERMANY,
Wednesday, October 17, 1883.

I need not tell you particularly where Bremen is. You have heard of it so often in connection with the Ocean Steamers which ply between it and so many of our Ports, and in connection, too, with the thousands of Germans who pass through its gates to fill with tides of immigration every Harbor in the United States. Your map will show you it is almost due North from Hanover, distance seventy-six miles.

Until I took train the day was very busy to enable me to see Hanover. I arrived there too late last evening to visit any portion of it, showing how much working time I am losing by the shortening of the days. It was a question whether I would hurry in Hanover less and take a later train, which would have brought me to this city after nightfall, or in speeding more there, I might have an entirely daylight ride and thus see the country. I determined upon the latter, and got off from Hanover at half-past one, p. m., by a slow train, stopping at all the stations and not reaching here till some time after four o'clock, when I came at once to this hotel.

.But the hours I so hurried through in the city of Hanover were very interesting, for it is an attractive place. Once the capital when its country was a Kingdom, it has preserved many memorials of its supremacy; now the chief city since its country has become a province of the Empire, it has kept abreast with the improvements of the times, and their blended merits make Hanover one of the cities which attract the stranger.

I visited the Museum, Theatre, George's Platz, where there is an indifferent statue of Schiller, Tivoli—a place of entertainment for the people of the city, of fountains, rockeries, gas and beer—the forest which extends along the east of the city nearly in its primitive state, as the forest near Brussels, of which I told you, and in it the Zoological Gardens. Then returning to the city on the train I walked

through its principal streets and out on its opposite part, along the Avenue of Limes which leads to the old Hanoverian Palace. This Avenue is a mile or more in length, with double rows of lindens, and on either side and along its reach are improved grounds, one being the Polytechnic School, late a Palace, ornamented with Statuary and works of Art, and at the end the aforesaid Hanoverian Palace—Schloss Herrenhausen—making it altogether a delightful promenade.

Then, coming back, I visited the Waterloo Platz in the city, where there is a bust of Leibnitz under a classic dome, a statue of Count Alten, of Waterloo-Hanoverian fame, and a lofty column erected “by the grateful Fatherland” to eight hundred Hanover troops who fell on that field. Then strolling through the old and new city—the former more interesting to me, with its quaint timber houses, some of them six and seven stories high, two or three of the stories being in the peaked high roof above the square, and sometimes three or four of the stories projecting each over the one below, as I have told you of in England, till in the narrow streets it looks as though the occupants of one could shake hands from the upper stories with their neighbors across the way. Some of these houses, too, were manifestly very elegant in their day, and occupied by wealthy and prominent people from the elaborate manner in which they are finished. Then, in other and newer sections of the city, the buildings showing how the Germans, whilst clinging to the old and throwing around it associations which make their social and domestic life so full of poetry, have also that practical turn which enables them to gather the elements of our later material civilization, and use them to advance their power and comfort.

Whilst thus wandering I found, by looking at my watch, that it would take faster walking than that I had been doing to enable me to reach my hotel, get my luggage and be at the station in time; but I thought I could do it, and succeeded. As our friend Levi Grim, when the Federal soldier told him he would give him one minute to get into his house, or he would blow his brains out, drawing his revolver to execute the threat, Levi replied, that the time was very short, but he thought he could make it.

The ride from Hanover to Bremen was by myself—there was not another passenger in the compartment with me. The morning, during my walk, was pleasant as the glow of a fresh autumn day could make it, until about the time when I found it would be

necessary to expedite my steps. The wind then blew up from the north and, in not much longer time than I am taking to tell it, sent down upon me as good a Scotch mist as the Land o' Cakes ever manufactured. This lasted me till I reached the hotel, had the porter carry my satchel to the station—a short distance—and I was seated in the car. It then cleared off beautifully and so continued, save a pelting shower for a few minutes, which came up like the mist and as rapidly spent itself. I rolled into Bremen under a clear sky, but with a much cooler temperature.

The country was level the whole distance—large portions of it very poor and desolate-looking, with pine thickets, marsh, sand, sometimes flat, sometimes in dunes, as Old Ocean had tossed them when the Earth was young. In one place I saw piles of turf cut or dug for fuel, reminding me of Ould Erin and many recollections of my recent travels there. Most of the region, though, was cultivated as I have hitherto described it—the laborer having converted it into productive soil by his own muscle and means.

I had an hour to utilize before dark after my arrival, which I did not fail to take advantage of. If the summer days were with me, I could have had two or three spare hours. This city was once fortified. They have destroyed the fortifications and, where they once ran, have made a Promenade, reaching around what was once the city limits and forming an arc of which the River Weser is the chord. The moat they keep filled with water, and the embankments they have ornamented and adorned with villas, handsome dwellings, gardens and walks, with here and there a windmill, which adds much to the picturesqueness of the scene. I had time to stroll and enjoy these for an hour or so, and concluded I had seen few such places to equal them in beauty. I then took dinner or supper or both in one, and, walking out again, found the night cool and crisp, with a sky without a cloud, the full moon paling the stars above and the gas below—a fair ending of the weather of a variable day.

STREIT'S HOTEL, HAMBURG, GERMANY,
Thursday, October 18, 1883.

This morning I got up, so soon as it was light enough, to finish Bremen before breakfast. I was the more impelled to do this early work because, though when I went to bed the sky was clear, bright

and calm, I was waked by the howling of the wind, blowing guns of the largest calibre, and making unpleasant sounds to one who wants good weather for his purposes. I thought there ought to be no delay upon my journey, lest winter come and put an end to my enjoyment before my programme be finished. I was the earliest up of the house, and when I went out there was no chill in the air, though the wind still blew furiously from across the German Ocean. Last evening I had walked along the Promenade of which I spoke to its terminus or the river. I now walked to its other terminus, likewise the river, the hotel being located near it about midway, my window looking out upon its water and trees. This portion was ornamented and as beautiful as that I traversed yesterday—here and there with Statues of eminent Germans.

On reaching the river I walked over one of the bridges—the upper—for though Bremen has two spanning the Weser and commanding a view of much of the city front, strange to say, it has no Quays or Esplanade; the houses being generally built on the river bank. It seems to me they could not do better than to follow the example of Antwerp, buy the houses there and open up the city by the river's course. The great business that Bremen does in freight and passengers is not here, but at its Port, called Bremer-Haven, forty miles off, at the mouth of the Weser. There the great Ocean Steamers come, and thence they go.

I then walked across the heart of the city to my hotel, visiting a number of interesting houses and Statues, some of them old and curious, and all crowded into one locality—the City Hall, the Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Cathedral, two Squares in the same vicinity—the Platzs where these structures are located, adjoining or in close contiguity to each other—Statue of Roland, the Genius of the City, of colossal size, and another of Gustaphus Adolphus, where the Market is held, and around which are many of those high-peaked-roof houses, that were doubtless very imposing and important in their day, belonging to Bremen's greatest and best. As I have often remarked, these are the spots and these the things which interest me greatly.

Having exhausted Bremen, I returned to the hotel, took breakfast, and by ten o'clock was on my way to this city, Hamburg, distance seventy-one miles. Bremen and Hamburg are both Free Cities. The Empire collects no import duties at the outer gates, but when

leaving either, to go into the interior, your baggage must undergo inspection of Custom-House officers ; so really I do not see that the being Free is of much avail. But my satchel has never yet had its sanctity invaded ; the officers have always taken my word for it ; I carry nothing contraband, and so it passed to-day.

The wind continued to blow, and was followed by the usual result, rain. During the ride of three hours it rained spasmodically, and I came on my arrival in it to this hotel. It rained so heavily for awhile after, that I remained in my room till it slacked. This was not hard to do, for my window is a front one, and looks upon a beautiful sheet of water a mile in circumference—the Binnen Alster—around which some of the city's finest mansions are built ; and beyond it, in the vista, another larger sheet—the Aussen Alster—with similar environments, which made it easy for me to be still and satisfied.

The country, from Bremen to Hamburg, is flat and sterile—sand, swamps, marsh, scrubby pines or growths as ugly, and bogs, with piles of peat again. It is not such the German Empire lives on, and from which it has grown and still grows so lustily. This kind of country seems to sweep around the north of Europe. The soil and general characteristics of Gelderland in Holland are not confined to that small country, but extend along the German Ocean's shore, and helped to give it the name, which the Roman historians used, of *Terra Inhospitalis*. The country improving in appearance, certainly in cultivation, as we approached Hamburg, was not so dead, flat and seemingly inhospitable.

I was not alone to-day as yesterday, there were three or four others in the compartment, all Germans. I did not know that any of them spoke English, till one, after we had ridden some distance, extended me an act of courtesy, using English as he did it. We, after that, had much talk. He had lived two years in the United States, and had been as far as Texas. This was eleven years ago. Since, he has lived in his native land. I got from him much valuable information concerning things about me, which my vision merely could not reveal.

So soon as the rain abated, I walked out and spent the rest of the afternoon inspecting Hamburg, visiting first the Exchange, that I might see the business men of this stirring and important city. I got there after the business of 'Change for the day was done, but the

crowd was still great, not having yet dispersed. I walked among them—a highly respectable body of men. I then visited the Church of St. Nicholas, which has a steeple, the third highest in Europe—Cologne, Rouen and this, 515, 492, 473 feet respectively, so my Guide-Book tells me, and then walked around the nearer and smaller sheet of water, of which I have spoken, visiting on my way the Museum of Sculpture and Painting and a poor statue of Schiller standing near the shore. The Germans, as you have observed, are very fond of illustrating and honoring Schiller with Bust or Statue, and with not by any means uniform success, often giving his face an expression of mingled peevishness and misery sorrowful to behold. I wandered till the evening was passing into night.

The wind continued to blow all day. In the evening about dark, Old Boreas seemed to have entirely emptied his bag and calm prevailed, strange to say with little or any lowering of temperature. I thought so many hours of blast from that source would surely bring more chill.

I will close this now. To-morrow I go to Berlin, where I am anxious to arrive that my mail may be received, which has been ordered to be sent there, and where I hope to hear from every one of you. With tender love.

Affectionately,
F.

As I am about to enclose this letter and retire, I hoist my window blind and a scene of so much beauty meets my eyes, that I must stop to tell you of it. The Lakes of which I have written already, divided one from the other by a solid ornamental Bridge are in full view. Around the nearer and smaller one are the handsome houses of the citizens, and before them the street and roadway with Avenue of trees the entire circuit. Beyond and over the Bridge lay the larger Lake, not in full view, but vistas opening more or less through the foliage. Around them both gas jets are sparkling, those spanning the Bridge of triple brilliancy. Little steamers are gliding here and there over the surface of the Lakes, and crowds of people thronging the thoroughfares glad to enjoy the calm and mellow air after the stormy day. The moon almost full, shines down upon it from a deep blue sky. The united waters of the Lakes pass through the city into the channel of the Elbe.

[No. 50.]

CENTRAL HOTEL, BERLIN, GERMANY,
Friday, October 19, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

Out of the Empire's Great Port into the Empire's Great Metropolis !

I left Hamburg this morning at eleven o'clock and arrived here at a quarter to six p. m., distance 178 miles. I rose early and breakfasted, that my sight-seeing in Hamburg might be finished. What had been already seen impressed me with its importance ; what I saw this morning heightened that impression. It is an old city, and has for generations played an important rôle in European commerce. It, with its suburbs, now numbers near a half million of people—of itself more than 275,000. It ranks fourth, in trade, of the cities this side of the water, viz., London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamburg. What I saw on its river this morning surpassed any show of commerce I have seen in Europe.

The Elbe was thronged with vessels along the city's front—steam and sail—till really it was a forest of masts. It has the advantage of Bremen, for the Elbe is larger than the Weser, and makes Hamburg its own port, not compelling it to resort to the mouth of the river, like Bremen. Yet as far as American passengers and transportation are concerned, I believe Bremen surpasses it. It is not like Bremen in having no river front for the convenience of traffic. It has quite a broad Quay or Esplanade, and I enjoyed my walk on it this morning greatly, looking at the vessels of every sort, thinking how near some of them and their contents brought me to my Native Land.

Hamburg, like Bremen, was once a strongly fortified city, and like Bremen, her fortifications have been turned into grounds of pleasure and health. Like Bremen, too, being flat naturally, these ramparts answer most admirably for giving picturesqueness and variety—far more than recent construction could have done—for in long years they have gathered soil and substance, more than mere sand lately heaped, and now not only look natural, but support large trees and luxuriant vegetation. They run much as they do in Bremen. I walked a portion of them yesterday evening and finished them this

morning, ending on the river bank in the lower part of the city, then walking up and on the front, observing the merchant fleet of which I have spoken.

Here, too, facing the river, among the many substantial and ornate modern houses put there in late years for business purposes, still stand ancient dwellings, looking like Webster's Veterans, as if they had "come down to us from a former generation." Very elegant, doubtless in their day, when the wealthy Burghers, good and religious men withal, without a question, who could and surely did see through their ample windows their rich cargoes come from the then uttermost parts of the earth, whilst they offered up their daily prayers. Like our good Confederate friend, F., preacher and stage-coacher, who involuntarily and invariably would halt in earnest exhortation, that his ear might catch the sound whether of a heavily or lightly loaded incoming or outgoing coach. Neither of them thought there was incongruity in practice, whatever in theory, between Religion and the "Main Chance." These solid Hamburgers, we are told, were very practical men in the days when their city was a power among the Nations, whether chivalrous or religious frenzy was in the ascendant.

The country through which I travelled was flat from Hamburg to this city, Berlin, and not by any means interesting. Vast portions of it were utterly worthless—swamps, bogs, marsh, turf digging, pine thickets, sand. Mile after mile presented this dreary aspect. There were but few inhabitants, and judging from the inclination of the trees towards the south, the winds coming from the Arctic regions have leaned against them heavily from their birth; and when the winter comes this whole region must be bleak and cheerless enough. The Empire certainly does not gather its strength from such soil as this.

As we approached Berlin the appearance of the country improved, not I thought so much from any improvement of the soil, but because more labor had been bestowed upon it. The city itself, as you approach it, seems, as it really is, to be built upon a plain, with not even undulations, much less hills; and wherever I observed that the soil had been disturbed, either by ploughing or digging, and any portion of it exposed, either along the road or near the city, it seemed to be almost entirely sand.

I rode nearly the whole day without talking—something quite unusual; but my co-travellers were Germans who did not know English,

or so slightly that it was painful and embarrassing for them to converse. There was one lady with a young man, her companion, who could only speak German. Another young man got in after we left Hamburg at one of the minor stations, who spoke English indifferently. So I had plenty of time to observe and think.

There was no rain to-day; but Boreas, who I thought had fully emptied his bag yesterday, partially filled it again during the night and, in the morning, began afresh that contest with the Sun which they have been waging these myriads of years. He squeezed out his blast across the plains and pursued us the live-long day; but, comfortably housed in the cars, I was not incommoded, save that my lady fellow-traveller, who sat at the other end of the compartment, would keep the window slightly open and annoyed me with a draught. But I took it she had *nerves* and could not ride in a close carriage, and I endured. On my arrival I came at once to this hotel, immediately across the street from the station and in the heart of the city—most convenient for sight-seeing. By the time I had taken something to eat it was too dark to go about, and so I went to bed.

I forgot to mention that, before leaving Hamburg, I mailed a letter to your address for Mary (No. 49).

SAME HOTEL, BERLIN, *Saturday, October 20, 1883.*

This is an enormous hotel, one of the largest in Europe—too big: like the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, bearing somewhat the same relation to the houses around it that the elephant does to other animals. These very large hotels have generally a cheerless appearance, but it does not seem so with this. Its custom is manifestly large. Guests are coming and going all hours of the day and night, and the lateness of the season does not seem to have checked the tide. Speaking of the lateness of the season, you must not think I am travelling at a disadvantage, for so soon as that occurs I will forthwith stop. The weather is better adapted to my mode of locomotion than the summer, for I have not heat to contend with in walking and as yet it has not the chill of winter. The foliage of the forest is colored by frost. I really believe, but for the frequent rains, it would have rivalled our own. As it is, the variegated foliage is not to be despised.

The first thing I thought of this morning, as you can readily infer, was letters from you all. I had ordered my mail to be forwarded to me here from London. I went to my bankers—Mendelsohn & Co.—and found the following, which I at once sat down in the bank and read: one from Dr. Mason, September 27; one from Charles, October 5; one from Margaret, October 2, and one from you, September 30. I need not say how greedily I devoured them. I seem to be, and am, a long way from home now, off here in the heart of Europe; but sitting in the Strangers' Bank, the faces and tongues around me strange, I felt near, very near, to each one of you as my eye ran along the lines.

To Dr. M.: I am glad you had so pleasant a visit to Taylor. I wish I could have been there to have gone out to the farm with you; but I will now soon turn upon my track and speed home, and then you must come again and we will talk about it. It seems a long time since I crossed the ocean. So many ideas have thronged and chased each other through my brain that it appears, notwithstanding my hospitality to new ideas, hardly ever before to have had so large and brilliant a company. I have no doubt you say, as you have to hear about them in these Letters, that you heartily wish that I would shut up the house and come home—you are tired of it. Give my love to Mary, and tell her I hope she is herself again—not sick much, I reckon.

To Charles: Tell Essie I am truly sorry the little boy has been poorly and glad that he is well again. I hope Louise is as lively as a cricket. You say you are busy copying these Letters. You have undertaken, I fear, a serious job. They should be printed *only for ourselves*. It is strange I have no recollection of the language or style in which they have been written, though my recollection of the scenes and incidents are as fresh as when they passed through and across my mental vision. I write so earnestly and rapidly that I suppose the flavor of them somehow passes to you in their transmission. Anyway, so you are pleased, I am satisfied. You can hardly appreciate how it enhances my pleasure to feel that I am giving it in anything like equal measure to you all.

To Margaret: Your letter was full of news.

But home and its affairs have been too much for Berlin and the German Empire, and are ready to absorb the Letter, you see. Making myself familiar with the plan of the city, I started when I had

read your letters, "for to see it." Unter den Linden and Frederick Strasse are the principal streets, and cut each other at right angles.

This hotel extends one of its huge sides on the latter, a few squares from the former, so that my location is favorable. Unter den Linden is the chief street of Berlin, and of which the Germans are extravagantly proud. It is a mile in length, wide and finished like the Boulevards of Paris, with double rows of trees, chiefly Linden : hence its name. At one end stands the Brandenburg Gate, which opens into a Park called the Thiergarten, something like the Arc de l'Étoile at Paris, surmounted by a Quadriga of Victory. The whole thing, however, not to be compared with that of the Gay City.

At the other end of the avenue are the chief structures of Berlin, Palace, Museum, Library, Statues. Near the Brandenburg Gate there are several Palaces too, situated on a Platz or Square immediately within it on the city side. I walked the length of the Linden, observing the street itself and the objects of interest on it, visiting the Aquarium and a gallery of stores, which extends from it in circular form and intersects one of the cross streets—similar to the arcades I have described to you in other cities. I then went to the Museum and Gallery of Painting. These are large and full of works, original and copies, ancient and modern Paintings and Statuary. The Empire and city have much exerted themselves in gathering here works of high merit, that Berlin may be no mean rival of Paris.

In front of the Museum, are Groups in bronze by German artists. The one by Kiss of the Amazon and the Panther, the other the Lion Contest by Wolff, both striking and elegant productions. Kiss, you know, was our friend Valentine's preceptor. I wish I could see Valentine to tell him of this and other of his teacher's works, which indicate such brilliant genius. There were many others I saw, which I would like to write you of, but to begin to enumerate would fill my Letter. I must, however, tell you of the impression I derived from the sight of the famous monument of Frederick the Great, of which you have seen miniature copies. I was disappointed, not in the details, for they are most carefully executed, but in the design and the impression it makes. In design, I do not think it equals our Washington at Richmond, or the Monument in Worms to Luther, which I wrote you of when there. Frederick, you know, sits with cocked hat upon his horse, and below and about him are crowded on horseback or on foot a host of his lieutenants. No ideas are then

and there expressed, but only figures of those who helped him to work his ends, simply executing his orders.

This is not so, either in the Washington or Luther Monuments. The figures in both, while performing the part indicated in those of the Frederick Monument, are the personation of ideas—Luther's, I think, the finer, for the personified are grander and more historic men. Indeed, had not the persons there represented lived and wrought generations before, Washington and his compatriots could not by possibility have appeared. And in execution; standing off, the figures on Frederick's Monument are crowded and look like miniature men. They are altogether too small in appearance, and the dignity of the work is sadly lessened.

Not so in the other two. The figures stand out nobly, and speak unmistakably the ideas each taught in his words and works. And could we put Washington on a better horse and broader pedestal, and have a better and more artistic figure of Henry, it would be a production, than which to see a better, we need not cross the Atlantic—unless Luther's may surpass it in those qualities which our country and age could not supply. This monument to Frederick the Great stands in the Unter den Linden, not far from the Museum and Palace, and is of bronze.

I then visited the Exchange, and going into the Gallery witnessed the assembly of Berlin's business men, to the number of two or three thousand, just as earnest and violent as any France, England or America had shown me under similar circumstances, their voices filling the big hall and resounding under the high roof like the voice of many waters.

Thence I went to the Hohenzollern Museum, where are preserved the memorials of the present ruling family, from the Great Elector down, including, of course, the Greater Frederick. I did not care much for any, save those of the last named. Anything which concerns that extraordinary man is of deepest interest. Here are suits of his clothing at different periods of his life, his child boots and drum, on which doubtless his young genius heard the "sound of battle afar off;" a mask of his face and head, taken after death, in which it is hard to conceive how so much wonderful power could have been enshrined in such a pigmy and insignificant casket; a likeness of him, where we saw how in life that power blazed from his prominent dark gray eye; and what was equally interesting, a wax figure of him in his cocked

hat and soldier clothes he had worn in life, evidently from his mask and portrait, a fine likeness, sitting in an arm-chair, where you can see of how puny stature was the man who filled so large a space in Europe before Napoleon came.

I then visited the Market and several of the Churches—one built by the Great Frederick, an exact copy of the Roman Pantheon. This ended my day's work.

SAME HOTEL, BERLIN, *Sunday, October 21, 1883.*

This has been a busy and interesting day, spent at Potsdam and its vicinity, among Palaces and Royal Memorials, leaving Berlin at ten o'clock and not getting back till after seven in the evening.

When I looked at the position of Potsdam and noticed the number of objects to be visited and their contents examined, I soon concluded that I could not accomplish it in one day, and profitably, without a courier, or commissioner, or guide, whatever term you please to use, who knew the "outs and ins," and could with his knowledge of them and their superintendents or keepers, pass rapidly from one to the other, explaining as he went and without the necessity of constant reference to a Guide-Book. It turned out to have been a most fortunate conclusion, not only in the general purpose I had in view, but in the individual furnished me by the Portier of the hotel. I found him a man of intelligence, a German of about fifty years of age, who spoke English well, having lived in England some years as a commercial traveller. Knew every Palace and house we visited, every object they contained and their historical connections and associations, and had read quite thoroughly the history of Germany, and was not ignorant of my own and other countries; by far the most intelligent Courier I have seen. In addition to this, he had met many Americans and had acted in the same capacity for them; among others John C. Breckenridge and Meiggs, late U. S. Quartermaster. He told me much of Breckenridge, of whom he saw a great deal during his stay here of several days in 1866. He said, of course, he was opposed to slavery and like most of his countrymen, on that account, sympathized with the North during the war; but since, having seen many from both sections, he was willing to admit that his mind had undergone a change, and the contrast in favor of the Southern gentleman was to him now, since he had met so many of them, very pronounced. He

was also Courier for the Emperor of Brazil when here, a short time after his visit to the Philadelphia Centennial. He had many things to tell of him and his doings, which I am sure were true from what I saw of his Majesty, during his stay in the United States, at that Exposition.

But I must proceed with my own doings. He arrived at the hotel at nine o'clock, but the train not going to Potsdam till ten, we determined to walk to the station, in a distant part of the city, and in so doing visit some portions of it I had not seen.

The day was good for our purposes. It was an October specimen, with some chill in the atmosphere, but not cold; well adapted to the rapid motion we made from point to point. We took train at ten o'clock, reached Potsdam at forty minutes past; found a carriage at the station, which we had telegraphed for, my guide thinking it better to do so that we might be sure of a good pair of horses and driver. I must mention my guide's name—Augustus Müller. He gave me his card.

Potsdam is sixteen miles from Berlin, situated on the River Havel, which here is really a chain of Lakes, amid scenery much better than the flat land on which Berlin stands; and which consequently, I have no doubt, the Prussian Monarchs years ago selected as the site of their home; and from time to time successive Rulers of that Kingdom have built new, or improved and added to the old ones, till Potsdam and its vicinity is a City of Palaces, some of them very costly and imposing, and all rendered more or less interesting by association with the famous Frederick.

Immediately after leaving the station in the carriage and crossing a bridge, we came to one of those Palaces where Frederick sometimes lived, and where are preserved his writing-desk and materials, and are shown his study and dining-room on special occasions—the latter small, with a round table in the middle of the room, the centre of which lowered into the room below that the food might be sent up or down, as upon an elevator. This was to avoid the presence of waiters when he and his advisers were discussing State issues. In front of the window, on the street, stands a tree, where every morning crowds gathered to present their petitions or complaints as he passed out, the trunk of which has been wrapped with canvas to save it from mutilation by the relie-hunters. Here, also, is the measuring instrument with which Frederick's father measured the height of his grenadiers,

and on the wall hangs a painting, with the old chap on horseback, reviewing these said grenadiers, stick in hand, with which he, now and then, belabored them and Frederick, too.

Not far off stands the church where father and son are enshrined—under the pulpit, in a crypt, the old man in a large marble coffin and the son in one of lead. The great Frederick's sword was on his, but the vandal Napoleon carried it to Paris and it has been lost. When he perpetrated the barbarous deed, it is said he turned from the coffin and remarked to his staff, who were with him, "That if the bones that lay there had been alive, they would not themselves be in that city." I expect he was right. Frederick and Napoleon! *Par nobile fratrum!*

We then drove on some distance to Charlottenhof, another Royal Resort for summer, plain and moderate in its style and proportions, but surrounded with beautiful grounds where, if such a thing were possible, the cares of Royalty might be forgotten; and near by, a Villa, an exact imitation of one at Pompeii, with baths and *atria*, apartments finished in the style of a luxurious Roman home, when the end so suddenly came to the doomed city. Some of the ornamentations are from the uncovered ruins. I have not seen anything more beautiful than this Park, or more interesting than this Villa for a long time. The grass was green and the foliage of the grove in which it was growing, under the autumnal frost, rivalled the rainbow in the richness and variety of its tints.

We then went to the New Palace, now the residence of the Crown Prince; he and his family being away, admission was readily granted. This was built by Frederick, after his seven years of gigantic struggle, in a boastful spirit, to show that he had not only triumphed over his foes, but his Kingdom was so unexhausted and rich that he could build a Palace rivalling in splendor those of ancient Kings. But it is said he became very tired and much ashamed of his empty vanity before it was completed. He never lived here much. The most striking thing is what is called the Shell Room, finished gorgeously with shells and various stones. I have seen nothing altogether like it. There were some memorials of Frederick and Voltaire also.

But the most interesting was the next Palace we visited—Sans Souci—the home of Frederick during nearly the whole of his reign. He left here the impress and memorials of himself everywhere. There survives the Windmill in full view of the Royal windows, which was

owned, whilst he was improving Sans Souci, by an humble miller. Frederick wanted to remove it. He and the miller had a suit; and the court was independent enough to decide for the miller. Frederick afterwards became its owner by purchase, and ordered it ever to be kept in repair, as a standing monument of his rapacity and of Prussian justice.

The Palace is a long, one-story building, and kept now as the strange man left it. Near one end, eleven of his dogs are buried, with stones to mark the graves and their names; and the flesh and bones of his horse Condé, which carried him through so many reverses to fortune and fame. The skin of this horse was stuffed, and is now preserved in the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin, of which I have already spoken, a bob-tailed gray—and you would, I think with your horse knowledge, say, a plucky beast in his “make-up.”

Within, the whole Palace is deeply interesting. There is his flute, which he was so fond of; there his portrait, the only one he ever sat for, and from which all other likenesses have been taken, with his small, ill-shapen head, but marvellously piercing eyes. There is his writing-desk and utensils; there his library, well-bound and preserved, with his own marks; there the room in which he slept and in which he died. At the other end of the Palace are the rooms which Voltaire occupied. Knowing much of the history of the two men, I tried to recall them into these scenes once more, and watch their selfish associations, both full of genius and void of heart; and as I was now doing it, in strolling through the rooms my eye caught on one of the tables the diminished bronze figure of Carlyle, exactly as he was sitting when I saw him last, at the head of Cheyne Row on the banks of the Thames, looking out so sadly on its waters.

Frederick ordered that his remains should be buried with his horse and dogs, but the Prussian Government thought this beneath the dignity of so great a man and their King, and avoided the order by saying it was mistaken or misunderstood, or that his mind wandered in the pains of sickness and infirmities of age. His bones, as you have seen, rest by the side of his father, in a Christian Church. The only time he and the old man ever agreed so well.

We then visited what is called the Orangery, because of the number of orange trees they grow in the grounds during the summer and preserve in conservatories during the winter. Here is a Palace, too.

Then we went to Belvidere, a house built by King William III., for the fine views commanded from its towers and balconies, and they are beautiful, both of land and river; and then, finally, to visit the Palace where the present Emperor has passed most of his domestic life during his reign. He and the Empress are both absent, and though by this time it was getting late, my guide seemed to be well-known, as he was everywhere during the day, and well received at each place we visited. The keeper allowed him to escort me through the entire mansion, and after awhile sent us a lamp, lest the coming darkness might prevent our seeing as we wished.

What a charming home I found it! Not a show-house, as so many Palaces are, but a refined, not extravagantly luxurious, home, looking as if a happy family lived there and had just stepped out, everything indicating the taste and cultivation of the occupants—paintings, engravings, bronzes, the furniture quiet and domestic in its style, but elegant. I think this is the only one of the many Palaces I have seen whilst travelling which give the idea that at times Kings and Queens put away Kingly and Queenly things and live in comfort.

Now the night had come, and we returned to the station in Potsdam and were soon on the road to this city. My guide had faithfully done his part—had shown me Potsdam and its curiosities as I could not possibly have seen them by myself, and had acted the while as if he was not so anxious to get my money as to give me value for it. Every moment of our time was occupied, save whilst I was treating him and our driver to a lunch. I shall remember my trip to Potsdam as one of the most profitable and pleasing of my tour. I only wish I could give you the impression of it which it leaves in my own memory, for there was much I have not been able to relate for want of time.

This big hotel has two open areas within its walls—one covered with glass, where, every evening, there is a Concert for the guests, of instrumental and sometimes vocal music. As I write, there is a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and, whilst the music sounds, they talk or sip their wine or beer and curl their smoke, and, to us looking on, all seems to “go merry as a Marriage Bell.”

SAME HOTEL, BERLIN, *Monday, October 22, 1883.*

This has been a day that might be regarded as the choicest of an Indian summer spell. I have utilized it first in going to my Bankers and getting two more letters from home—one from you, October 7, and one from Mary of same date. I am glad that you have nearly gotten to the end of your building enterprise and satisfied with the result. I have no doubt you have had worry enough. If you have not, you are the first one I ever heard of who built a house and escaped that penalty. I hope you will be able to secure a tenant for the large room.

To-day, having seen the main objects of interest in Berlin, I wandered leisurely, picking up some things I had not seen and taking a general view of the city. After leaving my Bankers, I strolled through Schiller Platz, near Jager Strasse, then struck for Frederick Strasse, the chief street of the city after Unter den Linden, and walked its length till it is intersected by Wilhelm Strasse at the Belle Alliance Platz, where there is a Monument, or Column of Peace, with Statuary. I then walked Wilhelm Strasse, turning off to visit Leipziger Strasse and Platz, and observing the various Palaces of the Emperor and his family and the nobles of the Empire, along Wilhelm Strasse, which, in one of its sections, is pretty full of such structures. On reaching the Brandenburg Gate, which, as I have told you, stands at the end of Unter den Linden and opens into the Park or Thiergarten, I went in and visited König's Platz, that lies not far from the gate on the right and from which rises a splendid Columnar Monument of Victory to the memory of those who fell in recent wars.

Around this and not far off stand some palatial residences, and among them those of Von Moltke and the Prussian General Staff. I then walked on the eastern side of the Park, visiting a white marble Statue of Goethe near the path, and then the Statue of Frederick William III. and his Queen Louisa—her's an exquisite thing in pure white marble—then on through the Park by the Rousseau Lake to the Zoölogical Gardens at the further end. I will not bother you with the animals save to say that some of them were fine and finely kept—the stock of deer, in variety and numbers, surpassing any I have seen. I then took tram at the entrance of the Garden and rode back to my hotel.

This was a long tramp, for I diverged from the line every now and then, visiting squares or platzs where there are Statues, the names of which I will not mention, for most of them are Germans of local celebrity, and you would not know if I were to write them. When I reached the hotel the day was far advanced. In this and previous walks I have seen Berlin. It has nothing else to show me of any importance. Now, what of it?

It has been compared to Paris. This is folly. It has Museums and Galleries, but how can anyone compare them with the collections of Paris? It has one street a mile long—"Unter den Linden," dignified with the title of Boulevard. Paris has miles of such ways, many sections of which quite equal and many surpass the Linden. It has more than 1,200,000 people, and being the centre and Metropolis of a vast Empire, many crumbs fall from its table, and the streets are well paved with stone and asphalt, mostly the latter, and are well cared for. But the Palaces, Theatres and principal Buildings, public and private, are of brick and stuccoed, few are built of iron or stone. You can hardly in this age call such structures very fine, and the effect appears constantly in the worn and ragged looks of these large edifices. I had supposed that so far from the sea the foundations would be good, but my courier told me in our talks, that many of them are built on piles, and none are safe without such substructure. On some of the streets, the houses recently built or repaired present an imposing appearance. But to me, many years will come and go before Berlin can rival Paris in any particular, within or without. It has no advantage of site, whatever may be its geographical position.

But I must stop. I want to send this before moving further away from you, which I do, towards Vienna in the morning. Don't grow impatient, I'll soon turn and travel rapidly home. With tender love.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 51.]

HOTEL HAUFFE, LEIPSIK,
Tuesday, October 23, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I sent a letter for Mary to Taylor this morning from Berlin (No. 50).

You see I am further still into the heart of the Continent of Europe. I left Berlin at nine o'clock and arrived at half-past twelve p. m., distance one hundred and one miles.

The day opened with a fog which continued with us for an hour or two after we were moving, and did not disperse entirely during the entire journey, consequently I did not have so good a view of the country as I wished. After awhile, that immediately in the vicinity could be seen, the distant only obscurely. But as far as I was able to observe, the same level area continued, relieved sometimes by a few undulations, but they were neither frequent or violent. The land seemed to be better and better cultivated; though we passed over and through some quite as bad as I had seen further north, there was evidently an improvement in the quality and quantity of its cultivation. There was a large acreage in wheat and roots, the former looking green and healthy; some ploughing still going on for spring purposes. The preparation of the soil was admirable everywhere.

So soon as I arrived I came to this hotel, and then started out to see the city, which contains 150,000 people. I walked the whole afternoon, stopping only long enough to dine, for the day, as yesterday, was fine, though a few degrees cooler. You notice I give you daily, when I do not forget it, the character of the weather prevailing wherever I am travelling. I do so because I have often thought when reading travels, how important a part of a voyager's observation it ought to be, and yet how much neglected. This information adds not only much to the interest of the journey, but much also to the reader's knowledge of a country. Therefore I am sure that I am doing well to give the weather to you from day to day.

Leipsic does not contain many things of interest to the general traveller, but to me, it has always been a point of interest, not only on account of some historical and biographical associations, but

because I have known its name through my boyhood and college days, it being printed on the title-page of the Greek and Latin books I read. It has always been a book-centre, and Tauchnitz has not only given in cheap form the Classics, but he has and is now giving to the reading world the most complete edition of English authors, ancient and modern we have, more so than any uniform editions, either British or American. I think the Crown has lately honored him with a title.

The Museum of Painting and Statuary is now closed—the building undergoing repair and enlargement. I cannot say I am sorry, for the collection is small and I have seen and will see so many more before this tour is finished, that I did not regret having the time that would have otherwise been spent there, utilized in walking about the streets.

This hotel is located near the centre of the city on open and ornamented grounds, which extend through a greater part of it, and on which stand the Theatre, Museum, some Statues and Monuments. Not far off is the Market Square, connected with this by the principal business street called *Grimmaische Strasse*, and at the farther end of the Market Square another street which has importance as having in it the house where the great musician Wagner was born, and the house where Schiller lived for several years—this latter street is called *Hain Strasse*. The city has a University too, in which Goethe studied for awhile, and they show the house near-by where he lodged during his student life.

But more interesting still, in the first-named street above—*Grimmaische Strasse*—there is Auerbach's Kellar, now a Restaurant or Wine-Saloon, where the scenes of part of Goethe's *Faust* are laid, and where Goethe himself had high times in his young days. I resolved to go and see it. I descended one flight of steps and saw the proprietor, a jolly German, and made him understand what I wanted by a few words and signs, for neither he nor any of his employees spoke English. He gave me a cordial welcome and led me to the Kellar, arched and groined, of ancient workmanship; the walls frescoed with the traditions on which the Drama is based. These are very old and were old when Goethe used to go there, and hence, the origin of the conception. The proprietor had many busts and engravings and other memorials of Goethe carefully preserved. He then took me down a still lower flight of steps to another apartment

of the same style of architecture and a wine-cask three or four hundred years old, where the Devil fastened on Faust and where Goethe sowed much wild oats with the same help, and moistened them with revelry and wine.

I bought a pamphlet from the proprietor's little son, telling the story of the Kellar, and took a glass of Madeira, which he said was good, in compensation for his politeness. I had not been altogether right about my "inards" for an hour or two. I do not know how it was, but this glass cured me. Whether the Devil dipped his finger in it or Faust performed, unknown to me, some mystic incantations, or whether it was just the thing I needed, I will not vouch; but I will give a certificate any time that Madeira wine, drunk in Anerbaeh's Kellar, will cure the Mollie Grubbs; and "I don't care who knows it."

I visited in my walks nearly the entire city and its Parks. I saw fewer of the antique houses than usual in German towns. They seem here more generally to have disappeared before the march of modern improvement. Nearly all are of newer and later style. The old City Hall, a quaint affair, stretches itself on one side of the Market Square. On the other three sides are still standing a few of similar architecture for domestic purposes, evidently occupied one day by important people of their time, and wealthy, too. One of them was elaborately frescoed on the outer walls and others finished in a style indicating luxurious tastes.

At various points in the city are Monuments, Statues and Busts in bronze or marble, generally, however, of persons only of local fame. I will not trouble you with even noting their names. There was one, however, to Hahnemann, the Homœopathist, of whom the Doctor and Taylor know. He must have friends and disciples in Leipsic, for he was not born, nor did he die here.

EISENACH AND WARTBURG CASTLE.

EREPRIINZ HOTEL, WEIMAR, GERMANY,

Wednesday, October 24, 1883.

This has been quite a busy day and a pleasant one withal, somewhat off the line of my direct route, but compensating in its results. I determined, while in the heart of Germany, to visit Eisenach, near which is the famous Castle of Wartburg, and Weimar, where I am

now writing, and where Goethe spent fifty-six years of his life, and where Schiller spent the last years of his, and where both died and were buried. Eisenach is almost due east from Leipsic, distant by rail one hundred and seven miles. Weimar is on the same road, but nearer to Leipsic, so that to reach Eisenach I passed Weimar, and returned to it this afternoon.

I made an early start and was up, had breakfasted, and was *en route* by rail at quarter before eight o'clock. The day promised everything I could desire, equalling in the morning the choicest of our October calendar, and the ride, which occupied four hours, was rival to the day. After leaving Leipsic, for some miles the country is level as that hitherto described since I have been writing of Germany, but much surpassing it in quality and cultivation and number of inhabitants. Almost every acre, it seemed to me, on either side as we progressed was under tillage in grain, which was up and flourishing, in roots, which they were gathering, or in grass.

After awhile the country becomes rolling and in places quite hilly, the slopes of which were set in vines. Towards the end of my journey in that direction, we approach the Hills of the Thuringian Forest, which covers an area of nearly one hundred miles in length, running North-West and South-East, by twenty-five miles in width. Eisenach lies near its North-Western border.

On the North of my line of travel lie the Hartz Mountains, some distance off, covering a space of fifty miles in length by twenty in breadth, an entirely isolated Range, rising abruptly from the plain and standing alone, without apparent fellowship with any other mountains. In my travels, as you have seen, I have almost gone around them, though never coming within their shadow—when going to Hanover, North of them; when going to Berlin, East of them; and on this day's travel, South. Brocken is the central and highest group. The vigorous and subtle Teutonic Genius out of their atmosphere has wrought many a weird story. I have no doubt they have the effect of breaking the force of the winds of which I have written, sweeping from the German Ocean across the Northern plains, and rendering the winter climate more genial here. I observed the trees had not the inclination to the South, which I hitherto mentioned.

We passed a number of towns and villages on the way, some of considerable import—Naumburg, Wiemar, Erfurt, Gotha and many other smaller ones—all showing their red tile roofs, which made the

allusion of Luther so significant, when declaring his determination to go into Worms notwithstanding the danger which threatened.

The ride along the banks of the affluents both of the Elbe and the Weser was beautiful enough, containing much variety of scenery, enriched by autumnal colors of deciduous trees, mingled with the pine's perennial green. I here, too, found some of the sources of the Empire's wealth and power. The land was of better quality than that over which I had travelled, and every available acre cultivated, and cultivated well.

So soon as I reached Eisenach I went at once to the hotel near the station and engaged a carriage to take me to the Castle of Wartburg, a half hour's drive. Here, you know, Luther was carried by his Friend of Saxony, when returning from the Diet at Worms. Charles, the Emperor, had promised him safe conduct, but had resolved to break his promise and had issued orders for his arrest, which the Elector Frederick hearing, made his followers take Luther as he was travelling through the Thuringian Forest on his return to Wittenburg, and carry him to this Castle, where he remained concealed for ten months, busy during that time with his translation of the Bible.

The Castle stands upon a most commanding height, overlooking the surrounding country, and the view was very grand as I ascended to it of the Thuringian Hills and Forest, of the cultivated fields, and of the town of Eisenach, which lies at its feet. I found a Castellan, who showed me through. The Castle is in excellent order—its Chapel, its Halls and apartments. The Room occupied by Luther remains as it was when he was there, more than three hundred years ago—a small square apartment. There is his chair, his book-case, his plain deal writing-table, his letters, the mark on the wall, with the plaster off, which the inkstand made when Luther hurled it at the Devil's head. The same lovely and extended outlook from its two windows over the Thuringian Forest now glowing, as I doubt not it did for him, in purple and gold.

I could recall the man himself and put him at his table, at which he sat for so many months, not throwing inkstands at the Devil's head—his stomach was too good for that—but fighting him as he thought with the "sword of the spirit" in his high home, with no shield but the Heavens—one of the most powerful, heroic spirits

which history presents. I had rather visit such a scene than any Palace, unless it is or has been dignified by such an occupant.

Satisfying myself here, I returned to the carriage, which could not ascend to the summit, and came back to the hotel, by which hour clouds had come up and it began to rain. I had time to lunch, and whilst doing so, at another table, two gentlemen were talking in English. We soon made ourselves known to each other, and had a deal of pleasant chat whilst taking our meals. They gave me their names as Rev. Jno. A. Cass, of Boston, Mass., and Rev. J. J. Lansing, New York. They were travelling towards Italy, where they proposed to spend some time. After lunch I bade them good-bye, took train and returned to Weimar, where I am writing this, distant from Eisenach forty-eight miles.

I will not repeat my description of the country. During the whole distance it rained. On my arrival I took a cab and came to this hotel, probably a mile from the station, and by the time I reached here the rain had ceased and I at once walked out. As Shakespeare has made Stratford-on-Avon a pilgrimage to the English-speaking race, so has Goethe made Weimar to the German. He lived here so long ; here were written so many of his works ; here he drew the eyes of the world, during his long life of more than four-score years ; and here he gathered around him Learning and Culture, till they love to call it the Athens of the Kingdom, now the Empire ; and here Schiller came and spent a few years before his death, and now Schiller and Goethe, Goethe and Schiller, are conjoined as most glorious representatives of the tongue they spoke and wrote. Their lives, you know, were very different. Schiller died comparatively young, without the disposition or fortune which seem to make men happy. Goethe's was one long life of prosperity. Of beautiful person and the most versatile and commanding genius, he reaped that Fame during his lifetime which to most is only like its Temple, "shining afar." I came here more especially to see the places which once knew these great men ; just as I went to Stratford and to Wartburg Castle.

The afternoon was advanced when I arrived, and I had to hurry, lest the places of interest should be closed. I went first to the Library, which contains many memorials of the two great men. The Librarian was leaving, as I opened the door to enter ; but he went back most cheerfully and showed me everything, with as much enthusiasm as our old friend, Col. McRae, ever did the memorials of our Virginia Sires.

There were numerous busts and heads of Schiller and Goethe, and other eminent Germans, more especially associated with Weimar—one of Goethe in youth, taken in marble when he was in Rome, and of such manly beauty as to be thought to resemble the Apollo Belvidere. His court-dress, and many things of historic interest, I have not time to speak of: and not the least interesting to me was the hearty manner in which the old man would call my attention to them, seeming to feel profoundly what jewels they were and how he was their honoured Keeper!

Goethe's house is not shown, being now private property; but Schiller's is owned by the city, and is open to strangers. I went there and saw some of the things he had used during life—his writing-desk, the room and bed in which he died, his mask, taken after death, and many other mementoes of him. The house is plain, comfortable enough, contrasting with that of Goethe, not far off, and showing the difference of their worldly fortunes.

Then I walked on further and saw the bronze Group of Goethe and Schiller, standing in the Theatre Platz, well worth seeing. I have met in Germany with several of Goethe I thought good, but this is the first good one I have seen of Schiller; of Goethe, indifferent, in comparison with others I have seen. It seems that Artists as well as Poets "nod." It is rare to find any work perfect in all its parts. Schiller and Goethe here are standing side by side; Goethe, with one hand upon his shoulder as a friend, extends to him a laurel wreath, which Schiller, with one hand averting as if unworthy, the other outstretched and with upturned face, as if modestly declining the proffered crown, is one of the noblest designs and executions I have ever seen. Goethe's figure does not do him justice. Could that of him in Frankfort be put by Schiller's side, the world of Sculpture would not present a nobler pair.

I then strolled, looking at the Statuary here and there, about the city, the houses, public and private when night overtook me in the work, and I came back to my hotel far from dissatisfied with my day's incidents.

With Luther's life I have been familiar from childhood and when enthused with the true yet most romantic story of his pretended capture, and how he lived, worked and fought the Devil with inkstands and the like, it never occurred to me I would ever see the room where the conflicts came off, and the very spot where the missile struck upon the wall and left its mark for these long centuries!

With Goethe's life these memories are not so romantic nor so long, yet enough to make me wish to see his home and walks, and conjure up his daily life. Right here, in the heart of Germany, these two men lived and became in a measure, the architects of their mother-tongue. One, King in the Polemic, and the other King in the German Literary Realm.

BELLEVUE HOTEL, DRESDEN, GERMANY,
Thursday, October 25, 1883.

In Dresden, one of the centres of Art in Europe, and very proud to be so called!

This morning in Weimar I was up by daylight walking and visiting what was worth seeing in its midst. I wanted to get off for this place by an early train, so that I would have an all daylight ride—by postponing to a later hour, I could not have reached here till after dark. As it was, I had a snack and by eight o'clock had concluded my rambles and was on the train bound for Dresden, distant one hundred and one miles.

Weimar looks as if it had been, maybe is, pecuniarily well-to-do. It has many excellent houses and evidences of wealth and comfort, but no evidence that the wealth was made here. It is not a business place. It is also very quiet, with an air of culture. In this it resembles Athens, if at all, saving the "Fierce Democracy." The surrounding country is pretty and highly improved.

I had to come back to Leipsic again, and thence to this city; I could not go by any other route without getting mixed with the odds and ends of railroads, with delays and embarrassments too, in a foreign country. But really, I was not sorry. The entire journey was so attractive, that I had nothing to regret. At first, its picturesque and rolling character, then its level—every available acre under cultivation—and so it continued this side of Leipsic, where I only stopped long enough to walk from one station to another near by.

For some miles the same character of country as on the other side of Leipsic, and then greatly rolling, and finally as Dresden is approached, with hills aspiring into greater elevation. It is a fine country, well cultivated. The people and their surroundings look comfortable and thrifty. The broad area was everywhere under tillage of some sort, with few or no fences; the lines of demarkation of the

lands or crops as rectangular and clean cut as the lines upon a chess board; men and women at work without distinction, women as well as men digging, ploughing or hauling in.

The sky was overcast to-day, and I had not the brightness of yesterday. When I reached Leipsic I walked from one station to the other in a shower. It so continued off and on, till my arrival here. Shortly after I reached the hotel it ceased, and I walked over the city for an hour or two before dark, it being too late to visit any of the Museums or Galleries.

I will send this off to you now, and in my next, tell you something of Dresden. With best love to all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 52.]

HOTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN, GERMANY,

Friday, October 26, 1883.

My Dear Mary,—

I sent your Uncle Taylor a letter for your mother from here this morning (No. 51).

This hotel is deserving of its name. My window looks upon the River Elbe, which flows through this city and is spanned by three handsome bridges—one near the Platz, on which the hotel looks, and the other two above and below a considerable distance, yet both in sight. The side on which the hotel is, is called the old, the opposite the new city. As I write the scene is very interesting—the city, on the other side, glittering along the river with jets of gas and making the water shimmer as it flows.

In the immediate vicinity of the hotel and around the Platz of which I have spoken are the Theatre, the Cathedral, the Museum and the Palace. Across the river, on its opposite banks a little lower down, is the Japanese Palace in full view, with its ornamented gardens and grounds; this is also a Museum. Just above the hotel and on the river bank there is a Terrace half a mile in length, adorned with Statuary, where the Dresdeners love to promenade, and look upon the river and the city beyond. The first thing I did when I reached here yesterday was to use it in that way.

Dresden is not like Rotterdam or Amsterdam—to be seen so much for itself as for what it holds. Not that its outer self is to be despised, by any means, for it has handsome buildings, private and public, good streets, crooked enough to satisfy the picturesque, though nearly all its houses have a modern dress, walks on or near the river, and a handsome Boulevard running back from its water-front and opening into a spacious and highly-improved Park. In this Park is the Zoölogical Garden and the Rietschel Museum, surrounded by Gardens of flowers. While these are things which make it that Dresden cannot be spoken of contemptuously as a city in itself, yet in these things it resembles other cities ; but the distinguishing characteristic is what it holds.

When I rose this morning, after a delightful night's rest, I felt I had a busy day before me. And here I must remark, for I know you will like to hear it, feeling an interest in understanding how I endure such incessant work for so many months, that my fine capacity for sleep keeps me vigorous and fresh. Not that I always sleep so long, but so much. Whilst I am at it, I lose no time any more than when awake.

I made myself familiar with the city's plan—where the buildings were and what they contained, and after breakfast started to see them. It being too soon for the Museums, I crossed the river on the middle bridge and traversed the new city, visiting the Market on the way, and went to the Japan Palace. It was too soon, also, for that and I walked on through, inspecting its gardens and grounds, crossed the lower bridge, then returned to this place, by which time the Museums were open. They are contained in a very handsome structure, enclosing a court, called the Zwinger—the Gallery of Paintings occupying one of its parts, the other portions being filled with casts and Zoölogical, Geological and Mineralogical collections. These last are admirable ; but the Treasure House is the Gallery of Paintings. It contains some of the choicest works of the greatest painters, among them Raphael's Sistine Madonna—so precious that they give it a room to itself in which to shine ; and so it does. There are the Cherubs with their joyous faces, which all the world now knows, looking so glad that the Mother and Child have come. This picture is a revelation : as you gaze upon it, the Virgin and the Infant seem to come from the Unknown like a glorious vision. No picture has ever moved me like this.

There are along the walls, room after room, the productions of Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Flemish artists—Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Snyder, da Vinci, Correggio and others—Masters for generations in their respective Schools, some so radiant with Genius that, ignorant as I am, I had to stop and linger. Sometimes I thought if I had this or that painting by itself, I might sit down and study it, and see how the pencil had drawn some struggling passion from the heart and put it in the face; but by its side there was another and another, each asking the same scrutiny and demanding the same admiration. Mingled with the pleasure of visiting such a place is a sense of curiosity excited, but far from being fully gratified; and the longer you stay, the longer you want to stay, until, without being conscious of it, hours have gone and you are weary—weary to satiety, yet with a longing unsatisfied, lingering with delight, yet glad to get away and rest!

Across the Platz there stands the Palace, in which, among other curiosities, they have what is called the Green Vault—a series of rooms filled with priceless things, grouped and arranged artistically, works wrought from bronze and ivory, wood, silver, gold and precious stones—an array of splendor I have never seen surpassed, if equalled. Many I could not fully appreciate, for I do not know enough of values as applicable to them. One familiar with jewels could enjoy them more; but the works in bronze, ivory and wood I could more knowingly criticize, and some of them I should like to have brought away.

I then looked into the Cathedral, and crossing the River by the middle bridge, visited again the Japanese Palace and inspected its contents—Library and Museum, principally of Casts—and walked through the city on that side; this time up the River, and crossing on the upper bridge, and traversed the streets on the hither side, and went by the Boulevard, of which I have spoken, to the Park, and through its grounds. The evening was genial and mild, as the whole day had been, and justified my walking. The sky was overcast, but not with clouds bearing rain; more the look of Indian Summer clouds.

I passed by the Zoological Gardens, but did not go in. The Animals tempted me in every way—the Lion roared, the Birds cawed or chirped, the Monkeys chattered, with notes suited to their respective vocal organs, inviting me to come in and see how they were getting on; but I resisted, and excused myself upon the ground that I had seen

their brothers and sisters in the same fix in many parts of the civilized world, and could not now stop. I went on a mile or two further, and visited the Museum of Antiquities and Rietschel Museum, and looked at things whose owners and architects have been dead and gone for centuries. The animals would, if they could speak, declare what wretched taste that was!

On my way back, the Park was filled with people, enjoying the sweet autumnal evening; children abounded, till their "name was Legion." Again the thought was forced upon me, as many times before, what a prolific Race! They keep their armies full; they furnish Spirits to follow where Luther and Goethe blazed the path; they furnish men and women, too, to "pick up chips and tote water;" and send a current to swell the tide of Empire, which is "Westward holding its way." Nothing has struck me more in Germany than the vigor and fecundity of the Race.

Then I walked through the New and Old Market, and visited the Johanneum Museum: which finished Dresden. I came back to my hotel as the day was closing—and a busy day it was.

"ELEFANT CAFÉ," CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA,
Saturday, October 27, 1883.

An October day, wellnigh perfect in itself, has been with me as I travelled from Dresden here, one hundred and forty miles. From Saxony to Bohemia—out of the German into the Austrian Empire.

I made an early start. By half-past seven a. m. I had breakfasted, gone to the station, some distance, and was *en route* for this, one of Austria's chief watering-places. Somehow, as with Spa, I thought Carlsbad belonged to Germany. Now I know the former is in Belgium, as you know, too, from my letters thence; and the latter in Bohemia. Turning to your map you will find, if it has the railroads marked, that I travelled first South-East through what is called Saxon-Switzerland, a region twenty-three miles in width, extending from some distance this side of Dresden to the Bohemian line.

It would be somewhat difficult to know why they have given this narrow belt so high-sounding a name, and the knowledge travel gives throws no light upon it save that some small mountains are clustered here, and greet you as you come from the beautiful plain which encompasses Dresden, not level and monotonous to the horizon, but

rather like an amphitheatre, every rood of which is admirably cultivated.

From Dresden, coming South, you cross this, which is in reality the Valley of the Elbe, leaving the river on the North and East and reaching it again after some miles, making, as it were, the chord, whilst the river is the arc. As you reach it the hills or mountains which form the border of the amphitheatre come in towards the river, and compel you to travel on its banks, the mountains thus closing in and making a narrow passage as you go. These mountains stand, never grand, but sometimes very pretty and picturesque, especially where their sides are now ripped with quarries, now clothed with vines, now fresh with evergreens and now capped with steep and living rock, too tempting to the old knights not to crown with a Castle. This is Saxon-Switzerland, and the name is not so shameful a plagiarism as to make one stop and quarrel with it.

Getting through this region our road turned to the South-West, having penetrated the Bohemian Territory, and having the Austrian official ask me, if I was travelling with anything contraband, and having my negative taken for the truth.

At a place called Aussig I had to change trains, and a German gentleman in the ear kindly suggested, that as I had to remain two hours before my train for Carlsbad arrived, that I could go on to Teplitz, eleven miles further, in one that would come in a few minutes, and there better utilize my time, as the ears for Carlsbad also passed through that place. The suggestion was good, and I thanked him for his courtesy.

Teplitz is, like Carlsbad, a watering-place and contests with it for Austrian precedence, each claiming to be the Queen of the Empire's Places of Resort. You know my object in visiting such places, whether in or out of season. Nothing gives a stranger a better idea of a people, their modes of life, thought and progress than the places they hold as Resorts for health, recreation or pleasure. Nothing the Romans have left in their extraordinary career has opened to us more of their peculiar modes, their degree and style of civilization, than their private and public Baths. So I went to Teplitz and spent the two hours in walking over the place. I was not so favorably impressed as with those I had visited in Germany, when going down the Rhine and which I have described. It is a town of 15,000 inhabitants, situated among the hills, and whilst some of the public

buildings are quite imposing, the town itself, especially in its suburbs, looks Bohemian.

I then came on to Carlsbad. Follow me on the map ; you will find in a South-Western direction, parallel with the spurs of mountains which bound Saxony and Bohemia. The scenery from Dresden is varied, never tame ; sometimes beautiful ; now extending into broad plains, now contracting ; now level, now gently or more abruptly rolling ; cultivated, but not nearly so neatly nor so well as in Germany. The population, too, are inferior in appearance and type—men and women laboring at all work alike, with no distinction of sex or strength ; the women, I thought, more drudgingly than the men, carrying burdens literally “too grievous to be borne” by any of either sex ; trudging on the roads or across the fields singly, or in pairs, or in groups, with immense hampers on their backs, with straps around their shoulders, filled with coal or wood or other things, their gait and expression showing that it was hard, very hard work. The women of Bohemia do not live in idleness or ease.

When I arrived at Carlsbad, I went from the station at once to Anger’s Hotel, one of the finest. I found that with it and the other large hotels the season was passed, and their polyglot attendants discharged, and not a soul on the premises who could speak English. They gave me a handsome room, and I walked out and inspected the town and surroundings. I found the place as desolate as such places usually are when the “Season is over.” Hotels closed, stores and booths which “flared” when the strangers thronged, now as dead and silent as if they had gone through the ordeal of a Bankrupt Court. In other words, the Season was ended in Carlsbad.

But I saw what I had come to see. I knew the people had gone, but I knew they had left Carlsbad, its site, buildings, surroundings and fountains, and these I came to see. The place is much more imposing and attractive than Teplitz. Confined by mountains along the Tepel River, which flows with rapid current through the town of ten thousand inhabitants ; it has no room to spread itself, save on the line of the stream or up the side of the mountain. The waters of Carlsbad are said to be uncommonly valuable ; certainly its main Fountain I have never seen surpassed in volume and splendor of flow. It is a Fountain literally of hot medicinal water, not running, but gushing, Fountain-like, throwing its waters up several feet, with intermittent spasms of greater rush.

When time for supper arrived, I found I could not make myself understood, and I came to this Restaurant or *Café*, and here agreeably met with several waiting-maids who spoke English. I got the landlady to agree to give me a room for the night, and I sent over to the hotel and brought my luggage, and am now writing these lines in a quiet, luxurious apartment, with every comfort, and with people who can speak English—a comfort, too, somewhat, in a foreign land ! It is called the Elephant Restaurant, and with the orthography which is blazoned on its front and heads this letter.

ENGLISHER HOF, PRAGUE, BOHEMIA,
Sunday, October 28, 1883.

Prague ! That sounds strange and a very great way off ! When I used to read of Prague, somehow it seemed to be such a foreign place, that I little thought I would ever jostle Bohemians in its streets !

This morning my hostess in Carlsbad aroused me at five o'clock according to promise, and had my breakfast, and did it so pleasantly in her broken English, that I clean forgot how isolated I was before I met her. I gave her and the other servants money enough to make them feel no regret at getting up and entertaining me, and by six o'clock was at the station, a mile distant, waiting for the train to start for Prague. Not long after we were moving, and I reached here at twelve o'clock m., distance one hundred and sixteen miles, and came forthwith to this hotel, took lunch, then started to see the city.

The country I traversed is partly on the route which took me to Carlsbad, returning as far as a place called Komoton, and then turning almost due South, travelling across Bohemia to its capital, situated near its centre. The country is varied : sometimes level, sometimes rolling, cultivated extensively but not artistically ; sometimes the lands are rugged and torn into channels by rain, as our old neglected fields you know so well, unfit for tillage, and sometimes covered with spindling timber or scrubby pines. But recalling the whole, I should say, much the larger part is arable and productive.

The wheat is looking well, and the quantity of beets I saw gathering or gathered simply immense. They lay in piles in the fields, in piles at the station, waiting to be transported in wagon loads, in car loads, and in hamper loads, whose weight the Bohemian women

know. But I was more struck with the number of orchards I saw—apple, pear, and cherry—and with the stacks of poles everywhere, indicating the cultivation of Hops more than other growths, and upon which more care seemed to be bestowed. The stakes or poles were carefully secured for another season, and from their number, an acreage must have been in cultivation surpassing even that of Kent.

The orchards are more numerous and larger than I have seen in any country this side the Ocean, and manifest much care and culture. Every tree is trimmed and protected from the worms by what I took to be cloth around its trunk four feet from the ground, saturated with something I did not know. This being Sunday, I observed no cessation from labor either on the farms or along the road, on public or private work, nor, as I remarked before, any distinction of sex in the character of the employment.

The sky was overcast the entire day, but no rain, and the atmosphere genial. I am somewhat surprised at this. You wrote a few weeks ago that October had begun quite chill and cold. No such weather has disturbed me; whilst frost has touched many of the trees, many are yet quite bright and green.

Prague is on the River Moldau, a tributary of the Elbe. I am beginning to feel a fondness for the Elbe; as you remember I fell in love with the Rhine. I followed the latter from its sources to its mouth. I have reversed my steps and followed the former from its mouth to its sources. Both are most interesting rivers. They not only flow with volume, but they carry memories which are the glory of the lands they visit. We have seen that Hamburg, Germany's Commercial Metropolis, is made so by the Elbe's waters; Berlin, the Empire's Capital is on the Spree, which helps to make the Havel and its Lakes the seat of the Empire's Royal Houses; Leipsic is among waters of smaller streams, its tributaries; Dresden embraces its main flow as it hurries through; Weimar is on the Ilm, which contributes to swell that flow through the channel of the Saal; Wittenburg, where Luther began his wonderful work, is on its banks; it has its fountains in mountains and forests not so mighty as the Alps, yet full of wild romantic scenes which Teuton Genius has evoked and clothed with undying names—so that, really, as it flows on with gathering strength to make of its mouth a harbor for world-wide Commerce, its waters as they tide are syllabbling stories which mark it as no mean rival of

the Rhine. You must not wonder then, that wandering so much along it, I should have given it my heart.

Prague is an interesting old place, and yet it has not specially much or many things of which I can tell you. There is a flavor of antiquity about it which one loves to inhale, yet cannot tell in words, another of it. It has crooked streets and antiquated houses where History hangs; it has had its part in Revolutions, which, in their frequency, have destroyed memorials we would now like to see; one of its main thoroughfares is not crooked with angles, but spirally crooked, as if proving the theory that towns were originally built along paths which men made when they went "a-field"; and unwary travellers may therein lose themselves. It has Bridges spanning the River, several of them are massive and handsome, one of which, divided into sections, as it were, has upon the end of every space Groups of Statuary, principally of a religious cast, which interested me both in their sometimes quaint designs and admirable execution. I crossed and recrossed most of these Bridges, as is my habit, and enjoyed from them the city, its lovely surroundings of mountains, clothed with rich autumnal foliage or covered with mansions and edifices of every sort, some Palatial. It has Churches whose lives run back for centuries, some of which purport to contain those precious things which we felt in Cologne so hard to appreciate. In the midst of its old things it has many new and handsome houses, sometimes placed in conspicuous places, sometimes in mean and narrow streets, which make you wonder what business they have hiding themselves there.

As I wandered I observed the people, for in the afternoon of Sunday they were abroad. I must say, it is a sorry population. The contrast between the soldiers of this and its sister and mightier Empire I have just left is so great as to be startling. Those were soldiers everywhere and everyhow. These are slipshod, careless men, who seemed unconscious of their dress and trade. The people—men, women and children—are, I thought, as indifferent as any I have ever seen in any country. Alas! how can it be otherwise when the mothers perform such labors as I have witnessed in Bohemia? There is not much to admire in their care for anything, save their orchards and their hops and poles. If they could take the same care of their women, they would raise none the less in quantity and

quality of hops and fruit, and vastly better men and women, too, to keep the Double-Headed Eagle in his Eyrie.

I will go on to Vienna in the morning. Before I move towards the East and further from you, I will start this towards the West, burdened with my tenderest love for all. Will add, that this first impression of Austria and its people may be wrong—first impressions often are. Should I find I am mistaken, I will amend.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 53.]

GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA, AUSTRIA,
Monday, October 29, 1883.

My Dear Taylor,—

I mailed you a letter for Mary, this morning, in Prague (No. 52).

This has been quite a long day's journey, 247 miles from Prague, by the route I came, travelling through Bohemia, Moravia, on the Borders of Hungary and through the Province of Lower Austria to Vienna, the capital of the Empire. I made an early start; by seven o'clock was up, had breakfast, gone to the station, and was moving.

The day has been glorious, which is seemingly rather an extravagant word, yet not too much so when we consider the season of the year, and that the sky was cloudless and the atmosphere of that "ethereal mildness" which the poet ascribes to "balmy spring." The route was not direct—there is another more so—but I took this because I wanted to see as much of the country as possible, and because this line was all daylight, the other not so by its present schedule. I left, as I have said, by seven o'clock; I reached here at four p. m., travelling, as you see, not very rapidly, but very pleasantly, without change of cars or long delay anywhere. This is what is called with us an Express train. But I have observed those trains are not so fast in Germany or Austria as in our country, though the accommodations are admirable. I have nearly always ridden second class. They have here and in Germany four classes; have three only in Great Britain and Ireland. But this second class is good enough for anybody.

Look at your map and you will find my Route was almost due East till reaching the line of Moravia ; then turning almost due South, and traversing the whole width North and South of Moravia till reaching the line of the Province of Lower Austria ; then on its eastern border with Hungary, till reaching a point almost due East of Vienna ; thence turning and travelling nearly due West to the city. You observe, quite zigzag, yet enabling me to see a large extent of country and some interesting things.

We passed few towns of import, and none to detain a traveller ; among them Brünn, the capital of Moravia, which looks well from the road, as you approach and recede, with its ancient Castle towering from one Acropolis, and its Cathedral from another ; both near or in the midst of the town. Not far off is Austerlitz, Napoleon's famous Field, and as you approach Vienna, Wagram, another. Every now and then, on either side, as we came, those Old Castles would give us greeting ; generally in ruins, yet still making the landscape beautiful, with their solid but strangely graceful outlines.

The country varies ; generally is good and broadly cultivated, principally in grains and beets—the immense quantities of the latter produced, inviting the construction of Sugar Manufactories, which over a large section are rarely out of sight. The country sometimes is level, sometimes rolling, and as far as you can see on every hand, in cultivation ; without fences, with few trees, so that the rectangular plats are as distinctly drawn as with pencil upon canvass. Sometimes it is hilly, or covered with thickets or small growth of trees. Sometimes would contract along the streams and be only a narrow track for the road ; but this, I think, the exception, not the rule, and taken on the whole, the country is tillable and tilled.

After getting out of Bohemia, I cannot say that I saw any greater industry, for that hardly could be possible ; but I thought a better style of cultivation among the Moravians and the inhabitants of Lower Austria. The dwellings are, in style of architecture, much the same as those in Germany, but inferior ; not so well kept and more frequently covered with thatch, and also I thought fewer isolated houses, but more clustered into villages, and with not so cheerful a look.

I wish I could have gone among these Moravians and been able to talk to and with them. I have a most kindly feeling for them, if they preserve any of their Sires' traits and modes of thought. They

and their fathers have not shone so brilliantly in War, Literature and Art, though they have not been without fame there ; but their sturdy character, honest and brave in its aims, was animated also by a sound Religious Faith, which rather burned than blazed. John Wesley said he never knew what vital religion was till he heard it from the Moravians, when crossing the Atlantic to visit Oglethorpe's Colony, which was the beginning of his wonderful career and influence among men. Wesley was in effect, and according to his own admission, a Moravian Missionary.

As we came south, towards Austria, the spurs of the Carpathian Mountains appeared upon the North-East, which crown Northern Hungary and bound it and Galicia ; then we entered the Valley of the Danube, leaving the waters of our friend, the Elbe. After crossing a great plain we came in view of Vienna, occupying a site upon this plain, with a western background of mountains, some of whose summits were capped with mansions, which added much to the scene.

So soon as I reached the station I took a carriage and drove to the Imperial Hotel. The Portier politely asked if I had telegraphed for a room ? I told him I had not. He then as politely told me he had not one unoccupied in the house. It put me to no inconvenience, for I came diagonally across the street to this, which is also first-class, and in the portion of the city I desired for my purposes, and I am now writing in a delightful apartment.

After getting something to eat, I strolled out for a little while, and seemed to feel, as I passed the throng, the throbs of a big city. We will see.

But dark was coming, and I thought I could spend my time, after so many days of motion, more profitably in bed ; came back to the hotel, and followed the dictates of this judgment. I've no doubt you, too, will say, well done !

SAME HOTEL, VIENNA, *Tuesday, October 30, 1883.*

I slept ten solid hours. I invited Somnus and Lethe, and they both came and sat most kindly by my bedside the whole night long, and kept even dreams away.

This morning I was ready to see something of Vienna. It is situated on the southern arm of the Danube, called the Danube Canal, which passes through its midst, and crossed by numerous bridges.

The main current runs a mile or two North and East of the city. It is divided into the Inner and Outer city. The Inner is the older and contains most of those things which strangers come to see. Around it and upon the site of its walls a Boulevard has been constructed, which, together with its river-front, makes the circuit complete.

This Boulevard is called the Ring, is wide and set with double rows of trees, and including the river-front one-fourth or fifth of the distance, is two miles in length. I walked this to-day, visiting the various objects of interest on and off its line, and it kept me very busy, and, when I had done, concluded that there was nothing to surpass it in the world. This Ring is divided into sections under various names. I will not bother you with them.

My hotel is situated upon this Ring, not far from being equally distant from the river either way. I started towards the West, the river lying on the North. Soon, upon my right, the splendid Imperial Opera House arose, with winged bronze horses on its highest front; opposite it a private palatial residence. A little further on the left the Schiller Platz, ornamented with a Statue of the Poet in bronze, as indifferent as those I have told you of in Germany, save the noble one in Weimar. Of mere literary men, judging from the number of memorials, Schiller seems most to have taken hold of the affections of the German-speaking race. Pity they should have failed so often to give a figure worthy of his fame and their affection!

In the rear of this Statue stands the Academy of Art, containing a Museum of casts and a collection of engravings and drawings, a Gallery of Paintings and a Library. I stopped to see them. Among the paintings the greatest of the masters are represented—Rubens, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, Murillo, Claude Lorraine, and, among the casts, a fair one of The Gladiator, and as I stood and looked with ever-increasing wonder and admiration upon this work of Genius, I could but think, if Gladiator and not Herald, he was much more at home here than in the Capitol at Rome—here

“Where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
His young barbarians all at play,
And their Dacian mother.”

Opposite stands a Palace of one of the Princes, and a little further upon the left, on the side with the Schiller Platz and the Academy of Art, are the Imperial Museums, now constructing—superb buildings.

A little further still, the Palace of Justice and then the Houses of Parliament, of Grecian architecture, with Corinthian columns—a most magnificent and imposing affair. This, too, is not entirely finished. Will any generations again, in any clime or of any race, be able to rival those old Greeks in Architecture, or did they break the Die, never more to be reconstructed? For surely no other Style wears like theirs, combining strength with simplicity and beauty.

Further still the City Hall, or Rathaus, or Hotel de Ville, built in Italian Palatial style, with towers and turrets, also unfinished, containing a number of curiosities illustrative of the Empire's growth—tents, armor, weapons, seals, tapestry and other things, as old Ben Turner, the negro erier, used to say, “too numerous to mention;” and adjoining, on the same side, the new University Buildings. As I got there I heard a thundering noise in the building and shouts, and immediately several hundred young men rushed out, waving their hats. I soon learned what was the matter, as in front of this crowd an elderly man stopped and acknowledged the ovation that was intended for him by taking off his hat and then quietly walking away. He was one of the Professors, and had done or said something that pleased the lads. They will hiss the poor Dominie to-morrow, and, simple man, he will wonder at their insincerity and fickleness.

I then went through the buildings, and I think I may safely say that, when finished, they will be the equal of, if they do not surpass, any in Europe or America. Passing on, I visited the Exchange on the opposite side. Not far off, in the same building and on the same floor with the Gallery, there is the Oriental Museum, filled with Japanese, Chinese, Indian and other Eastern curiosities. The contrast between the quiet which reigned here and the tumult of excited human voices, which made Bedlam of the adjoining apartment, maybe was a type of the respective Civilizations which produced them. I forgot to mention that, before reaching the Exchange and opposite the City Hall, is the Court Theatre—more elegant than the Opera House of which I have spoken.

Nearing the river now I turned off from the Boulevard or Ring, and, a short distance from the inner city, visited the Liechtenstein Picture Gallery at the summer residence of the Prince. This is private property, but is thrown open to the public and contains numerous treasures of Art, filling a large Palace, many of the Old Masters being represented.

I came back then to the stream which is called the Danube Canal, its banks being confined by heavy pavements, rising and receding from the water to prevent washing, and affording solid ground for Commerce. It is not wide, though with abundant water and flowing with quick, clear current. This, you know, is not the first time I have seen the waters of this river. I saw them in its affluents among the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, especially as they adorn the Engadine, and followed them till I lost my tongue at Landeck, and did not quite find it again till I reached Lake Constance.

I crossed the river to and fro on four of the Bridges which span the Danube on the inner city front, thus getting the views I always seek, and then followed the Ring till I reached my hotel, the point from which I started, stopping on my way at the Parade Ground and watching the soldiers drill, and was struck with their inferiority to the German, both in mien and skill. Indeed, wherever I see these latter, either on or off duty, officers or men, I am thus impressed. I saw them often and everywhere, for their Casernes or Barracks fill city and country, so that one cannot fail to learn that he is in an Empire sustained by arms, though they never cramp or impede the traveller.

The day has been fine ; some fog in the morning, but bright afterwards. It was approaching night when I arrived at the hotel. After getting something to eat, I again strolled out, and this time walked across the city by its chief street—Kärnthner Strasse—and Rothen-thurm. The gas was lighted by this time, and throngs ebbed and flowed. The evening was clear and mild, and Vienna's "brave men and fair women" were abroad. The shop windows were brilliant with their exhibits, and I thought a more showy scene I had not witnessed in any city. There were many pretty and handsomely dressed, refined looking women, and the Capital looked as if it were displaying the Empire's best.

SAME HOTEL, VIENNA, *Wednesday, October 31, 1883.*

Another perfect autumnal day ; the sky without a cloud and the air bracing and delightful to move in ; and also another busy day with me. Vienna, in addition to the Danube, which I have described to you as flowing through its midst, has another small stream, called the Wien, flowing also through it and into the Danube within the city

limits. The Inner city lies between these, and along the smaller is laid out one of its Parks, which stretches by the side of the Ring nearly the entire length of the Eastern front, very tasteful and ornamental, the stream flowing in a deep channel and spanned by numerous Bridges.

Out of the Inner city, some half mile or more on the south, is Belvidere, two large and ornamental buildings, once the Palace of the Prince of Savoy, situated at either end of spacious gardens. Here are the chief Picture Gallery and Art Collections of the Empire. I walked to see them. The upper, standing on higher ground, a large and handsome building, is devoted to the Paintings, and many of them of immense value for the names they bear—Raphael, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Corregio, Titian, Van Dyke, Rubens. I spent several hours here.

I wish I knew more of this Art, and probably my partial and ignorant eye would not see so many glaring faults in these what are called Master's works. The more I see of them, here and there, the more I am impressed with the masterly genius sometimes displayed, and the justness of their fame; but the more also am I satisfied with the quantity of nonsense talked and written of them. Often, because they come from one of the great men's pencil, without discrimination, a tune of praise is sounded; little trumpets take it up, however expressionless the face or distorted the figure delineated. I have read enough to allow myself to be somewhat a judge of Literature. I know many things written by great men not worth the second reading; indeed, not worth reading at all. And so it is with Painting. The Artist "nods" as well as the Poet, and I have seen such poor drawing and impossible coloring from Master's hand as would condemn some poor novice and transmit him to oblivion. There is as much nonsense in the cry of "Great is Diana," when applied to Painting, as to the Goddess herself, when it was the cry alone that made her great. But at the same time, there are things about some of these works which steal into your heart and carry you captive, as by an inspiration.

The Lower Belvidere contains a collection of Antiquities—Greek, Roman, Egyptian—and the finest and best mediæval collection of armor I have seen on the Continent, called the Ambras Collection. Leaving here, I walked back towards the city by a different route, visiting one of the churches, and then through the small Park, of

which I have spoken, along the Wien, stopping on the way to visit the Austrian Museum of Art and History, arranged so as to show the progress of Civilization from age to age.

Then I crossed one of the bridges over the Danube, and walking through the Outer city, visited the Augarten, on its northern suburbs, and then across and strolled through the Prater, Vienna's chief Park, which lies upon the North-East. Here the World's Exposition, in 1873, was held, of which the Rotunda, Art Hall, and Pavilions, have been left standing, and are still used for Exhibitions every now and then. I went there and found the Electrical and Magnetic Exhibition in progress; and a splendid affair it is. They will show, doubtless, after awhile, that this little Life of ours, so rounded with a sleep, is nothing but the spasmodic performance of an electric automaton, flashing in and flashing out.

The walk was long, but pleasant. The Park is very large, containing more than 4,000 acres, and highly improved in that portion certainly which I pedestrianized. One of its Avenues is a favorite Promenade and Drive, and as I returned to the city they were out in full force, and showed how wealth, maybe poverty, in its pride, could make display in horses, carriages and equipages. It was quite a brilliant sight, and it did me a vast deal more good to see them rolling by than have been rolled in such style myself.

I observed in going and coming, how many elegant hotels had gone up in this Outer city, and residences too. I have no doubt the Exposition induced the erection of many, which now must be comparatively lost capital, for the objects of interest here, are mostly in or near the older or Inner portion of the city, and strangers, however good the hotels, will not stop so far from the objects which induce their visit. Though really the city seems to be growing in all directions and manifests everywhere business life. It now has a population of more than a million.

On my way back I took a different route, and came through the heart of the Inner city instead of the Ring. I threaded its narrow and crooked streets, which, wherever I went indicated a thronging population, and everywhere too, massive, substantial houses, regardless of the confined outlook.

Another thing I must mention, though I may have done so before. The valuable use they make of their dogs—not only here, but everywhere upon the Continent I have been—in Belgium, Holland, Germany,

Switzerland and Austria, in town and in country, save in Bohemia, where they rather make dogs of the women. They have these quadrupeds at work harnessed to little wagons, in single or in pairs. You would be surprised at the weights they haul; sometimes they are maltreated of course, or are feeble curs and look miserable and curish. But sometimes, and often, they are noble, sturdy fellows, full of life, and strength, and health, drag their little wagons along, trotting by their master's or mistress's side, barking now and then, joyous as they go, as if they were earning honestly their "daily bread," like any other worthy man!

SAME HOTEL, VIENNA, *Thursday, November 1, 1883.*

Another perfect Autumnal day, and used accordingly.

I have carried you around the Ring which circles Inner Vienna, and visited the objects on its route, and have taken you with me to the objects of interest through the Outer city. I did this first, because they could be seen to advantage only in good weather. Before leaving these sections, I will add that they are constructing another Ring still further out, parallel to the first, which passes through the Outer city, and still another is projected which circles many miles, and encloses the suburbs of Vienna. These are, however, in embryo and have nothing as yet to invite the traveller.

To-day I set apart to visit the Inner City, though I have already threaded not a few of its streets in passing to and fro, and traversed nearly every part hitherto unvisited. The streets are generally narrow and crooked, sometimes in curves, sometimes in angles, but as I have hitherto remarked, built up with massive and substantial houses. Here and there it has open platzs, where markets are held or where some one of Austria's heroes is honored with a Monument.

Along the Ring, but within the Inner City, is what is called the Burg, the site of the homes of Royalty. Entered from the Ring through the Burgthor, a gateway of massive stone, one of the remnants of the Fortifications, you stand in a large open space ornamented on either side with two colossal equestrian bronze Statues, one of Prince Eugene, and one of Archduke Charles, the horses of both standing on their hind legs and pawing the air in statuesque style.

On the right as you enter, still further on in the Volksgarten adjoining this space, really constituting one, is a Grecian Temple, in

which is preserved Canova's Theseus and the Centaur in pure white marble. It is worthy of a Temple. You have seen illustrations or copies of it. Theseus is a most heroic figure as he seizes the Monster by the throat, and with uplifted club is about to brain him. But the artist has not done justice to the Monster. The man part is very well, though that is too small in comparison with Theseus to make the victory glorious, but the beast part is feeble, and whilst it might be said, it looks feeble because in the agony of death, it could readily be responded that it could not look strong even in an hour of triumph. It has the fault of Heflebower's bull—"a'ready:" a grievous fault for such a beast to have, as Charles will pointedly agree.

From different parts of the Grounds, I had a fine view of the splendid structures I spoke of in my first day's letter here—the New Museum, the Palace of Justice, the Parliament Houses, the City Hall, the University. I could see them in their various styles of architecture, built regardless of cost—Renaissance, Italian, Palatial, Composite, simple Classic: of the last were the Houses of Parliament, and how they outshone them all in the simplicity of their strength and beauty. They are not so bulky as our Capitol; not vast or pretentious as the English Houses; but to my eye, superior to either in those wonderful graces which make the Greeks unrivalled.

Behind these open grounds are the Palaces and apartments where are contained the Imperial Library, Cabinets of Minerals, Natural History and Treasury. These were closed, being All Saints' Day, which I then found out, though I had observed throngs for some time going about with wreaths of flowers and evergreens. To-day they decorate the graves of the Dead, and the Churches are opened for special services and general business is suspended. I did not regret this. I have seen so many Libraries, Cabinets and Museums, that I am quite sure I missed nothing here, and, as it is, I visited the Churches and Cemetery, and saw Vienna in her holiday attire.

About and among these Palatial structures there are several Platzs, which I visited, ornamented with Statues; but I will not detain you by even naming them, being of Austrian Princes or Generals, whose names will not concern you. But I spent some time in visiting the Churches. I will only mention three or four—the others are of no particular interest.

I went first to St. Stephen's, the Cathedral, which stands near the centre of the city and rivals the largest in size. This has been for

many years the Burial-Place of Austrian Royal Families ; but in more recent times, I am told, they honor two other Churches, burying their bowels here, their bodies in the Church of the Capuchins and their hearts in the Church of the Augustines. These latter Churches are not far off and I went to see them. In that of the Augustines is the famous Monument by Canova of the Archduchess Maria Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa. I wish I could transmit to you an image of this exquisite work of Genius. It is of pure white marble, and stands in the Church fronting the entrance. It represents an open Tomb of pyramidal form. A female is entering it, with her head bowed upon the lid of an urn, which she holds in both hands, two children with her carrying torches. Behind her follows, with sorrowful mien, another female, on whose arm an old man leans, ascending the steps totteringly with her, whilst in the other he holds one end of an unbound wreath, the other held by a little child whom the female leads. At the entrance a Lion crouches quietly and mournfully, with extended paws, whilst the Spirit of Grief—a lovely youth—rests peacefully upon his mane. I would not criticise this work of Art even if it were full of faults. I did not look for them, its beauties are so manifold.

Then I went to a Votive Church which Maximilian, of Mexican memory, founded—handsome inside and out. Then I walked the streets I had not seen and returned to the hotel, having explored Vienna ; but it was early in the day, and I determined to take the tram and go to the Cemetery, three or four miles out, and witness the Decoration of Graves on this All Saints' Day. I did so. The crowd was vast. I have seen nothing like it since Derby. They poured out of the city on foot and in every sort of conveyance, and with every sort of votive offering for the Dead—Baskets, Bouquets, Wreaths. The Cemetery is a new one, not opened long, called the Central, and on a plain of no natural beauties and as yet few artificial.

I did not stay long, and, on my return, met a gorgeous funeral. The dead must have been rich from the display—a hearse and coffin glittering with silver and gold, and a cortege of forty or fifty carriages. This ended my last day in Vienna.

When I picture the city I have so rapidly told you of, I conclude that it is one of the most brilliant in the world ; not equal by any means to Paris, but much more worthy to be put in comparison with it than Berlin, and getting more brilliant every year. They are spend-

ing enormous sums of money in its adornment, and not flimsily spending it either, but with prospect of permanent results; and the Viennese are proud to think if their city is not "gay," it is nothing. Of course the people I see here are the Empire's best, and many who do not belong to its rule, and therefore I cannot say that Austria's subjects are all like these, any more than I could say they were in Prague all Bohemians. You know its sway is over an immense area; embraces peoples speaking different tongues—Bohemians, Galicians, Hungarians, Tyrolese—though the polite language of the Empire is German. I cannot, therefore, express any opinion as to the character of its rule, as I can of Germany, for I have not, as in the case of the latter, visited nearly the whole of its dominions.

To-morrow, I leave in the early train for Munich. I have now reached the end of my travel-tether, and every revolution of the wheels of time, and of the modes of transportation, will bring me nearer and nearer home. I will mail this here, but it is so far off that you may not receive it long before my arrival in your midst. I will therefore say, though I shall continue to write as usual, that I will telegraph you so soon as I arrive in New York. I expect to sail, as I wrote you, on the tenth. I may not get off till a later steamer, so don't be anxious. Now, I will bid you good-night.

With much love to all.

Affectionately,

F.

[No. 54.]

BAVARIAN HOTEL, MUNICH, BAVARIA, GERMANY,
Friday, November 2, 1883.

My Dear Margaret,—

I mailed a letter to Taylor this morning in Vienna (No. 53).

I am writing this 290 miles from where that was mailed, having been travelling from half-past seven this morning till half-past six this evening, when I arrived at the station in this city. I came without change of car, moving constantly, not stopping even for the passengers to dine or lunch, this being the through train from Vienna to Paris and London.

The dinner or lunch affair they manage admirably. I must tell you

of it. The guard asks you, if you wish dinner? If you answer in the affirmative, he telegraphs ahead to the station reached at mid-day and puts a number on the window of your car, so as to enable the waiter to be ready and hand it to you so soon as the train arrives. When it does, at the regular hour, the waiter appears promptly at your car door, with your meal served on a silver-plated tray, consisting of soup in a porringer, a dish of meat and vegetables, bread, pepper and salt, a piece of pound or plum cake, a small bottle of wine and one of water, and a tumbler, with spoon, knife, fork and napkins, all arranged and fastened to the tray in such manner as to avoid any danger in sliding or falling off. You pay him, the price about forty cents in our money, he leaves the tray and the train moves off. You take it upon your lap and eat your lunch leisurely, travelling meanwhile; and at a station, some half-hour or so thereafter, another servant comes and relieves you of the tray. This seems to me an admirable arrangement, and dispenses with the swinish way we have of eating in our country at stations on the through lines, gulping our food and running for fear of being left. And as to the meal, I do not think I have had a better or cheaper one since I have been in Europe.

The weather, of which I have been writing as having accompanied me to Vienna and remained with me during my whole stay there, left to-day. The morning was foggy, and I hoped would soon brighten up, but the sun had not power enough to dissipate the mist; it settled after awhile into murky clouds, which did not fall in rain, but only threatened, and in a measure obscured the landscape. I could not, therefore, for some hours see the country so well as I wished. The map will show you that my general course was West, though by the railroad diverging slightly North and then South; first running North-west to the city of Linz, and then to Salzburg, South-West, and then North-West again to Munich.

We left the Danube on the North at first, the river making a large curve, and travelling direct, struck it again at a place called Melk, and thence on its banks or in view for some miles. The scenery here is uncommonly fine, the river flowing with full, clear volume, now through meadows, now with bluffs on both its banks. At Linz we left the Danube again, and travelling South-West, soon came within view and range of the Eastern Alps, and at Salzburg found ourselves in their midst, and had them in sight upon the South for many miles as we advanced toward Munich.

The country varied much along the Route ; sometimes level, sometimes hilly, sometimes tillable, sometimes covered with unprofitable trees and undergrowth ; though taken as a whole, large areas were cultivated and seemingly well. The houses at first much resemble those in Northern Germany in style and architecture, not often standing singly, but in villages ; after awhile, as we approach the Alps, the style changes and begins to resemble more the Swiss cottages—sometimes a blending of the two. It is interesting to note how nationalities run into each other, when lying on each others borders, in tongue and dress, in customs and architecture.

The scenery also is varied, sometimes attractive. Towards the middle of the day the mist and murky atmosphere fled, and the sun came out and burnished the landscape. The trees have not lost their leaves and they continue bright and fresh, with their many hues, whilst the young wheat and grass are living green. When I looked out and saw the Danube flowing so bravely on, I felt as though I should like to sail down its waters and see what manner of country lay upon its banks, as with increasing flow it goes with mighty volume to swell the current at the Golden Horn. But not now.

When I got to Salzburg and saw the charming mountain cusps in which the city lay, I felt like stopping over to walk its streets and climb its heights, which look down so beautifully, now glowing in sunlight with colors rich and varied, beyond the power of my pen, and visit the spots where Mozart was born, where he worked and where he is buried. But not now.

When I saw my old friends, the Alps—though of the same family, peaks I had never seen before—I felt like wandering among them again and reviving memories of the choicest of my travels. But not now. Have I not said that the revolution of the wheels of Time and of the modes of locomotion will each day carry me nearer and nearer home?

I had the whole compartment of the car to myself nearly the entire day, and had a good time. When I reached here it was dark, and I came at once to the hotel and did not go out again. I will see what sort of a place Munich is to-morrow.

SAME HOTEL, MUNICH, *Saturday, November 3, 1883.*

I have been busy with Munich to-day from quite early morning. There is much to see and worth seeing, and the day has smiled upon me, fortunately, too, for I could not have walked over and seen it so thoroughly in the rain. It did not promise well early—it was misty and murky like yesterday, but, like yesterday towards mid-day, the mist passed off and the sun shone his autumnal best.

Munich is a large city, contains near 250,000 people, and is evidently in a healthy state. Good houses are going up in different parts and it does not look poor. It is larger than Dresden by twenty or thirty thousand, but is much the same character of place and aspires with the same ambition.

The hotel where I am stopping is near its centre and my window opens from the front on Promenade Platz—a fashionable place, ornamented with four bronze Statues of Bavarian heroes, of colossal size. Speaking of Statues, having been about the city, I know no place ornamented with so many in proportion to its size. The River Isar flows on its Eastern front, and one of its principal streets runs at right angles towards it from the centre of the town. It is wide and handsome, ornamented with a fine Monument in bronze to Maximilian II., which stands in its centre not far from the river, which is crossed by a fine Bridge leading up to the Maximilianeum, a School or College for the higher education, situated at the head of the street, on elevated ground, from which an extended view of the city is commanded. On this street is situated the Bavarian National Museum.

Running north, and beginning not far also from the city, is Ludwig Strasse, rivalling Maximilian Strasse in width and beauty, and ending with the Siegesthor, or Gate of Victory, erected by Louis I. to the Bavarian Army, in imitation of the Triumphal Arch of Constantine at Rome, surmounted by the Genius of Bavaria, driving four Lions to a Chariot—all of bronze. On this elegant street are situated the University, Ludwig's Church, the Royal Library, the Blind Asylum, the Palace of Prince Leopold, the Palace of the Duke Max, the War Office, the Odeon, the Theatine Church, ending city-ward with the Hoffgarten, an ornamented square, and the buildings of the Palace; and near its outer end, and not far from the Gate of Victory, with the new Academy of Art, a splendid structure.

On the North-West, we have another handsome street, called Briener Strasse, which, running from the Hoffgarten, is ornamented by Karolinen Platz, in which stands an obelisk built almost entirely of guns captured in battle. Still further on, it opens into König's Platz, on either side of whose wide area stand buildings after the fashion of Grecian Temples—one Ionic, which is the repository of Sculptures, called Glyptothek; the other, Corinthian, which is used for Exhibitions, and ending with a magnificent Gateway, resembling the Propylæa of the Acropolis, the front columns Doric, the inner, Ionic: and what a Gateway it is! And how *jejeune* appear modern inventions in contrast with this imitation of the work of those marvellous people, who touched nothing they did not adorn! I walked through and about this Gateway for some time before I could leave it. Beyond this, on the same street, is Schack's Gallery of Paintings.

Behind the Exhibition Building above named, stands the Basilica of St. Boniface, a most striking affair on its interior, the arches which support the roof, themselves supported by sixty-six Monolithic Columns of Tyrolese gray marble, presenting an airiness and richness, and at the same time simplicity, which I have rarely seen equalled.

Between this street and Ludwig Strasse are located the Picture Galleries of the City, the old and the new—the former called the Old Pinakothek, or Repository of Pictures, containing the works of the Masters; the latter, the New Pinakothek, containing works of later Artists. Each is situated in large grounds, separated from one another by a street. Behind the former is located the Polytechnique School, an imposing building. And further out, still beyond these, is the new City Cemetery.

Not far from the hotel, and connected by a street with the Promenade Platz, on which I have said the hotel stands, towards the West, and nearer than the objects I have named, is Maximilian Platz, an ornamented small Park, in which there is a fine sitting marble figure of Liebig, and at either end, marble Statues of Goethe and Schiller. But neither of them to rival that of the former in Frankfort, and the latter at Weimar, which you remember, I thought conjoined, would make an immortal Group.

The Maximilian Platz, together with the Karl Platz and Sonnen Strasse, which adjoin, all set with trees and improved, bound the Western portion of the Inner or Old city, and make a continuous promenade, ending at Sendlinger Platz, which opens through Send-

linger Thor Strasse, one of the busiest streets, into the heart of the city, crooked and crowded, through which flows the busy tide of its commerce and trade.

I have given you this rapid outline of the plan of Munich and of its many objects of interest to a stranger. I have not mentioned many Statues, standing here and there on the streets and squares, nor described in detail those objects I have mentioned. This is out of the question in a Letter. I was walking and seeing from nine o'clock till dark, and visited nearly all the places I have named. Some of them were not opened for visitors to-day, but most of them were, and you may be sure I enjoyed the rich treat their treasures afforded.

I have told you how I feasted on the Propylæan Gateway, and I might have added on the Classic fronts of the Glyptothek, and the Exhibition Building, fronting each other, across König's Platz; the former, the repository of Sculpture, especially ancient, but closed to-day—I did not see it; the latter, the building where Annual Exhibitions of works of Art are held, which also was shut up for the season. But I visited Schack's Picture Gallery, in the same street, a short distance beyond—principally modern paintings, or copies of or after the manner of the ancient. The Old Pinakothek was closed, too, but I visited the New, adjoining, and spent some time. Then walked into the New Cemetery, but found little to tell of—no Monuments of any import. I think I have written you before in these Letters that the Cemeteries of Europe do not compare with the American. The wealthy and great were buried for so many generations in and around Churches, that little attention was paid to the construction and adornment of Graveyards.

Passing them, I visited the Gateway surmounted by Bavaria driving her chariot with four Lions—very handsome and imposing. Walking down Ludwig Strasse, upon which it opens, I visited the University, and Library, and Church. The Library is an immense affair, and contains, it is said, more than 1,000,000 volumes and 2,500 manuscripts and curiosities in literature, and its history I cannot stop to name; visiting the Theatine Church, not far from the Palace, and the Hoffgarten, a public Park, on which a portion of the Palace opens, and in which there is a Museum of Casts, but not so good, I thought, as Corcoran's Gallery contains.

Then I went to the Bavarian National Museum, on Maximilian Strasse, a truly magnificent collection. When walking through its

numerous apartments, with the precious Historical Memorials they contain, I was impressed more than ever before, with their unspeakable value to the student. Often a single object will throw a flood of light upon pages which one would otherwise read in the dimness of twilight. But these things I, of course, can just glance at in running Letters.

SAME HOTEL, MUNICH, *Sunday, November 4, 1883.*

Another lovely day. I cannot help mentioning this succession of bright and beautiful days which have accompanied me so long. Far superior to summer days in their autumnal beauty: admirers of colors will differ whether they, with their rich autumnal tints, are not more charming than the universal green. As to temperature, there can be no comparison. I name the weather as an important feature of my travels, as I have elsewhere remarked.

The day has been busy as yesterday to see some things I could not get to see then, and also to finish up Munich in and out. Some of the places, it being Sunday, were closed; but I could not think of leaving Munich without seeing them, for I must move to-morrow. I hardly expect to see this interesting place again in my lifetime. I determined to take a courier, and, whenever the place I wished to see was closed, send or go to the Custodian and pay him to open it for my benefit. My plan was a success.

I went first by myself to the Old Pinakothek, which was open to-day from nine to two o'clock. There I spent some time wandering through its various halls and rooms, looking at and enjoying Paintings that made their authors immortal, and looking at and wondering how some of the productions could have given or added to anybody's fame; but I have told you how these canvases affected me hitherto in other places, and I will not repeat. Here, again, are numbers from the prolific brushes of Rubens, Vandyke, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, &c., and again I thought what a blessing these great collections to the student of Art, whether professional or amateur.

I then came back to my hotel, and got my Courier or Commissioner, as they call them now, and with him went to visit the celebrated Munich Bronze Foundry, where so many Monuments and Statues of world-wide fame first saw the light in permanent form. My Courier found the custodian. He came and showed me through the establishment most pleasantly. There I saw the models of many

works with which I am familiar and among them our Richmond Monument—Washington on his prancing horse—Marshall, Lewis, Jefferson, Henry, Mason and Nelson, pretty much filling one room and looking so natural. He showed me also the workshops and the manner of putting these famous people into Bronze. The visit was a most interesting one.

Now I must see the Glyptothek—of more interest to me than anything in Munich, because the objects it contains are altogether Statuary, which I enjoy much more than Paintings, probably because I think that of them I am a better judge. We went to the Custodian's residence, and he kindly agreed to meet us at a certain hour at the place and open its treasures for us. In the meantime, we went to a Restaurant near by and I treated my Courier to a luncheon, which he washed down, like a good German should, with a pot of beer. At the appointed hour we went and found the eustodian faithful to his word. He opened up the Greeian Temple and we found it filled with occupants worthy of such a home. Ancient Statues—Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman—some broken as when found, some restored—the last two, whether broken or restored, shining, in many cases, with that halo which has given them the name of *Classie*, and whose charms language cannot transfer to paper, nor has chisel been able to surpass or fully to rival or imitate in any later time. Among them, also, are some by recent Artists. This visit, I assure you, was enjoyed, and was worth the Courier and the trouble of looking up the Keeper.

I then hired a carriage and, still keeping my Courier, who had hitherto walked with me and been so diligent and successful, we finished the evening with a drive around the suburbs of Munich, visiting first the Bronze Statue of Bavaria and the Hall of Fame. The statue is sixty-nine feet high—one of the largest single figures in the world. She stands upon a granite pedestal, with flowing hair and looking slightly upward, one hand holding aloft a wreath of Laurel to crown any one of her Bavarian sons who earns it. By her side sits a colossal Lion upon his haunches, looking out quietly and royally, whilst her other hand rests upon his mane. It is altogether a most noble figure, whether seen from far or near. She stands in front of the Temple of Fame—a Doric structure beautiful as you can imagine, which, under its columns and around the arches which they support, contains the Busts of the Heroes

whom it was made to enshrine. In front is a large area of open ground extending to the buildings of the city, making the Statue and the Temple she guards most conspicuous. From the elevation on which they stand, the eye takes in upon the south and bounding its horizon the splendid range of the Tyrol Alps, which, you know, I penetrated last summer when making my way from Switzerland.

Leaving the crowds which the lovely evening had brought out, and who thronged the monument, its site and approaches, we drove to the Old Cemetery, which lies on the south of the city, as the New one I visited yesterday lies on the north. Here I was richly repaid for my trouble, not so much in the grounds as in the works of Art with which they are adorned. The grounds, as with nearly all European Cemeteries, have no natural beauties, nor have they been embellished or improved; but around them extends a high brick enclosure, which looks like a wall from the outside, but is really the Vaults which contain the bodies of the dead. The inner part of this wall or enclosure, where the family vaults are, has been from time to time so marked by Statues and Monuments that it is a noble Gallery of Art, and it is worth a visit to see how money and Genius have made the resting-places of the dead so attractive, that the visitor forgets them to admire the objects intended to perpetuate their memory.

Here, also, they had Dead Houses, in which those who die are exposed for two days before burial—rather a shocking thing to our ideas. I looked in, and there were some half-dozen men and women with their faces exposed to the vulgar gaze, dressed in their grave-clothes, covered with flowers. I only wanted one look. The impression was more repulsive than the Morgue at Paris, for there the bodies of the miserable or unfortunate unknown awaited recognition. Here vulgar eyes only gaze in idle curiosity. I don't like the custom or law.

We then drove to the Church of An, lately a small village, now a suburb of Munich. The church was in a great measure built by King Ludwig, and is exceedingly handsome; and then through the improved grounds on either side of the Maximilianeum of which I spoke yesterday, and on through the Englisher Garten, a large Park, which lies on the East and North-East of the city, and is so called because it is left as much as possible as nature made it—like the

English Parks, but it does not rival them in the nobility and robustness of its trees. What does? Then drove back to the hotel.

So ended my sight-seeing in Munich. To-morrow I leave for London *viâ* Strassburg and Paris on through train. My journeyings must have an end, and I make Munich their terminus. There are no other places which I think ought to detain me in Germany now. Winter is coming on apace, though I have felt little of it as yet, but the days are shortening and the hours of sight-seeing are fewer, and cold may fall at any time and close the view. Then I have travelled long enough, and my mind and heart are full of images, and more than anything else I want to see you all.

Munich is a worthy place to end a tour so full of pleasure, knowledge and wealth of emotion which Nature and Art have vied with each other in exciting. Taken everyway I think for its population, it is the richest in interest and Art of any city North of the Alps. If Vienna, as has been said, is not "gay," she is nothing. So it may be well said, if Munich is not Artistic, she is nothing. It is now one of the Art Centres and Art Schools of Europe, and I doubt not many Americans are here at study, and though I have moved so rapidly and industriously as to gather in its sights in so short a time, I have visited no city more thoroughly, and to which my memory will run with more delight.

To-morrow I will on towards you as fast as wheels of Time and Locomotive can carry me.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND,
Monday and Tuesday, November 5 and 6, 1883.

Last night I was travelling, and no separate Letter could be written. I put the two days together, during which and the intervening night I moved without halt from Munich to London.

On Monday, in Munich, I had to rise before daylight, for I had to dress, breakfast and reach the train, some distance, by half-past six in the morning. I got my ticket through to London. You may trace my route on the map. I will give you the main points at which we touched in our transit, beginning at Munich : to Augsburg, Ulm, Stuttgart the Capital of Wurtemberg, Carlsruhe the Capital of Baden, *viâ* Baden-Baden Junction to Strassburg, Nancy, Chalons,

Paris, Calais, Dover, London, somewhere between eight hundred and a thousand miles I should think.

The day again opened unpromisingly, with rain falling for several miles, then clearing up and giving us a fine afternoon and evening. The country through the western part of Bavaria is flat, marshy and boggy, a large part of the distance, and then improves both in quality of soil and cultivation. After passing Ulm, on the borders of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the route lies through what is called the Swabian Alb, a district between the Danube and the Neckar rivers, and the watershed of both. The Neckar towards the North and the Danube on the South. On the Danube side, the region is high, bleak and uninteresting; on the Neckar, many pretty valleys open upon you as the train moves. From Stuttgart the country presents many lovely scenes, and Stuttgart itself is one of the prettiest places in Germany, in its site and surroundings. Carlsruhe, you know, I visited when descending the Rhine last summer, and the route from Strassburg to that city and Baden-Baden on the way, I told you of in my Letter of that date. When we arrived in Strassburg it was dark, and during my journey thence to Paris night prevailed.

At the frontier station between France and Germany, we had to change trains and pass the French Custom House. As to the Custom House, I had no trouble, indeed, in not a single instance in any country have I been requested to open my satchel, accepting my word for it, that I had nothing dutiable. But I had bought a through ticket of second-class, and when the French train moved up to take on the passengers, I found the cars all first-class, and I found I could not go by that train with my ticket. Here was a bother. The agent in Munich ought to have told me of this condition of things. I made a great fuss, and one of the employecs conducted me to the ticket office and had my ticket changed, and I then came on without further delay or trouble; coiled up on my seat I had a good night's sleep.

We reached Paris at five o'clock a. m. I hired a cab and drove to another station, where I was detained two hours, waiting for the train to Calais. At half-past seven I was off, and reached that place on time for the Boat. I had with me a young Catholic priest, who was on his way from India, where he had been a teacher in a Romish School in Bombay. He was an intelligent, nice fellow, and we had much talk, he giving me valuable information of India,

its people, their laws and customs. Maybe I will see for myself one of these days. He came through with me to London, where we parted. His name O'Donnel, he told me, an Irishman.

Now we came to the English Channel! Calais to Dover! The day suited admirably to the taste and exploits of "Mal de Mer." The wind was high, with rain, and the waters surged wildly. I remembered the contest I had with the Monster from Ostend to Dover some months ago, and how he "triumphed gloriously," and I am free to admit that easy victory on his part cowered me, and I stepped on deck with premonitions that he was about to whip me again—and he did. Not long after we got out into the Channel he had me down and kept me there, till I escaped from his clutches on the Dover Landing. But if it was any consolation that nearly everybody on board was conquered like myself, I had that solace.

I will not any more boast, for this Creature is very strong, and whilst one of his choicest homes is in the English Channel, he has claims for a residence in every sea, and he may again join issue with me before I reach a place of safety when crossing wider waters. Nor had I any opportunity, as when attacked before, of diverting my thoughts by talk upon High Art—dramatic or other. Happily, when you get out of his dominions he looses his hold upon you, and you survive. But I am not of the opinion that any one who is well is at all benefited by the fight, as some aver. When one is well, he does better to escape; when he is sick, he may derive some good, by being turned inside out—as the doctors think it is well sometimes to be.

I came, on my arrival in London, at once to the hotel, which is at the station, you know; took my room, and send you these lines to notify you of my safe arrival in England. On Saturday, I will sail from Liverpool, on the "Pavonia."

SAME HOTEL, LONDON, *Wednesday, November 7, 1883.*

Upon reflection, I determined to detain this Letter till I could go to the Bank and get any mail which might be there from you. I have just returned, with two from you, October 14 and 20; two from Taylor, of same date; I am sorry to say, none from Charles. I hope nothing is the matter. I, of course, read them with that zest which a traveller alone can feel, so far away from those he loves.

I have taken and paid for my passage, and if nothing untoward occurs I will be crossing the Atlantic on the night of the 10th, or rather making for it, with that intent. I hope this may reach you before my arrival. I wrote you in my last, or some preceding Letter, that I would send you a telegram on my arrival in New York. The "Pavonia" is a slow vessel, but a staunch one, I am told; and may at this season be a good while at sea, so you must not be uneasy.

Whilst this is the last Letter I will send you, I will still keep memoranda of anything of interest that may occur, so that my Letters of this, to me, splendid tour, may end in New York, where it began. With tenderest love for all.

Affectionately,

F.

There are some things in your letters I would like to comment upon, but I have not time. I want to mail this, hoping it may go on some earlier or faster steamer. We will talk when we meet, which time I now long for.

[No. 55.]

GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND,

Friday, November 9, 1883.

My Dear Charles,—

I mailed No. 54 to Taylor yesterday. I hope it may get the start of the Steamer on which I expect to sail, and reach home before my arrival. It will come to you in due time, and will tell you of my doings up to my arrival in London from the Continent.

This Letter, which will be my last, I address to you. It will be with me, and receive from time to time jottings, till I reach New York, when I will mail it. I began my journeyings and my Letters from that city—there they will practically end. I will see my home people and tell them its contents, whilst you are following me in its pages. When you have read it, forward it to Margaret or Taylor.

I was in London a day or two, and left there this evening at half-past six, reaching Liverpool at half-past twelve. But whilst it was midnight, happily the hotel is right at the station and I was soon in my room.

I remained in London to have some clothing finished, but more particularly to see the Lord Mayor's Procession, who was to-day installed. This, you know, in the olden time, was London's Great Day, and Gog and Magog came down from their high seats in Guild Hall, and headed the Parade and escorted the Mayor-elect to their Palace, and presided at the Princely Table, and proclaimed London's Majesty. "Temple Bar" then stood, whose sanctity not even the Royalty of England dare invade without a Permit. But alas! "Temple Bar" is gone! The Juggernaut of Modern Civilization has passed over and crushed it, with many other Ancient things, and with them have gone sentiments and customs which added to the romantic interest of those places. Did they not add to the Nation's individuality and power?

The daily papers now contain squibs and letters ridiculing and abusing the Lord Mayor's Show, and declaring the Ceremony useless—fit to be abolished, being a thing which the Times have outgrown, and which interferes greatly with the business affairs and transactions of London. And soon, I think, these ideas will prevail, and the successors of Whittington will no longer march through the metropolis in splendor to their Throne, but will enter upon office without their subjects knowing that a New Reign has begun.

To-day the Procession was not by any means contemptible, but whilst vast throngs lined the sidewalks, and the Ancient Coaches and trappings and paraphernalia, which once traversed the streets with so much effective pomp were out, and the show of the different Societies and Orders was quite handsome, and the City Fathers passed in their open Coaches, dressed in their fur-trimmed gowns, with dignity enough, yet you could readily see that the day of the Lord Mayor's Shows was wellnigh done, and that the Genius of Materialism was too powerful for even the fast-fixed customs of Old England. That enthusiasm of the people, from which these customs sprang and by which they can alone be preserved, was evidently wanting; and soon Lord Mayor's Processions will no more parade the streets of London, but like a worn-out garment will be put away. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; but pity 'tis, 'tis true."

I will not bother you any more with details of my experiences in London. I have told you so much from time to time, on my visits there, I doubt not you are weary of it; but as no one can be a day in this wonderful city without seeing something to comment on, how-

ever often his visits are repeated, the more I see of London, the more am I impressed with its magnitude and greatness. It is by far the greatest city in the world; I believe it is the greatest city the world has ever seen. Paris, alone, can approximate it; after Paris, all others are distant, "*longo intervallo*." If London be Metropolitan, others are Provincial.

To-day I walked through the Strand, Ludgate, St. Paul's and Cheapside to my Bankers' to receive Letters from you, as I hoped. The throng was simply immense, and what a charm it was to thread it! They speak of the Season as being the time to visit London—that is, during the Session of Parliament. Unless one wishes to engage in social gaieties, I can see no such time. The advent of the world of Fashion adds nothing to the apparent force of London. With a few feathers it floats, to an observant eye, upon the current. They come and go; but the full tide of human life flows on unbrokenly without any apparent increase or diminution by their advent or departure. Nor do you weary of London as of other cities. When you have seen the latter, you feel that you have exhausted them and want to go. Not so with London. Like Switzerland among countries, so London is among cities. They two alone, of all I have visited, are inexhaustible.

But in my talk of London and its crowds, I have overlooked too long to notice the Letters I received—the last that will come to me on this side the water, and which you may be sure gave me the usual pleasure, though I hope so soon to see the writers. One from you, October 27; Mary, October 24; Taylor, October 28.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "PAVONIA," CUNARD LINE,
Saturday, November 10, 1883.

This morning in Liverpool I breakfasted, paid my bill at the hotel, and, with my baggage, drove to the office of the Cunard Line and left it there—the polite agent agreeing to send it to the Landing for me at the time appointed for the Steamer's departure. Thus relieved and having several hours to spare, I went out to find my friend, Mr. English, to bid him good-bye and revive the memories of our delightful companionship among the mountains of Switzerland. Several Letters have passed between us since then, in each of

which he gave me most cordial invitations to make his house my home when I came to Liverpool.

I met him on my way to his office. The greeting was as cordial as the invitation. I had written him the day before from London of my intended departure on this Steamer, which Letter he said he had received, and that the ladies had determined to go down and see me off. The day was bleak and unpleasant, and I told him the ladies ought not to turn out, and that I would go up and see them. I accordingly took an omnibus and went to his residence, and had a warm reception from his daughters and a pleasant talk of our travelling experiences.

I then walked about Liverpool. You remember I did not stop here on my arrival from America. The weather being bad, I went on direct to London; but there really is not much in Liverpool to detain an American. There is nothing Historic—nothing old or ancient on which stories or legends hang. Only some massive modern houses of business or entertainment, or works which indicate how Commerce and Trade are thriving and how Materialism is, with its hammer, knocking off protuberances and smoothing things into active, it may be, but still dull uniformity. I have nothing to tell you that you will not see in kind, often in as great if not greater proportions in many American cities. The same rattle of wheels upon hard pavements; the same clamor of voices on 'Change; the same rapid strides, verging into a trot, along thoroughfares; the same puffing of tugs, pluckily transferring sluggish boats and ships from landing to lauding, or bringing them in from sea or helping them out. Commerce and Trade dominate Liverpool, as they do many American cities, with which you are so familiar that I will not stop to tell you.

At the appointed hour, two o'clock p. m., I went to the wharf to see to the boarding of my baggage upon the small steamboat which was to take freight and passengers to the Steamer, a mile or two out. Mr. English and his two daughters, and Mrs. Long and Miss Clegg, my Alpine friends, all came down to see me off notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, and remained upon the wharf and waved me "Good-bye" as we steamed out upon the long voyage. This acquaintance accidentally formed was of great service to me in Switzerland, as I have before told you, and the kind feeling that seems to have been aroused for me with the individuals of that party, is certainly gratifying.

The agent was faithful to his promise, and chose for me an excellent room near midships. The crowded condition of the vessel rendered it impossible for me to have it to myself. My room-mate is a Mr. Coxon of London, who is engaged in speculations in America, and who I think will make himself agreeable. The departure is not favorable, the sky is overcast, and the winds roughen the waters, and the season is too late to hope for better : but we will hope nevertheless. You see from my straggling pen, that it is not easy to write in such a sea.

ON BOARD SAME STEAMER, *Sunday, November 11, 1883.*

Last night I slept soundly, the motion of the vessel acted as a lullaby. During the night the wind calmed down and we steamed peacefully on our voyage. In the afternoon we anchored off Queens-town, to take on mail and such passengers as had not boarded at Liverpool, which was done by means of a small steamboat. When I last passed here and my Steamer went through the same process, I longed to disembark and look at Queenstown, and visit the Emerald Isle. More than six months have gone since then, and I have invaded it from another direction and have traversed it so thoroughly, that I had no desire whatever now to go ashore.

Whilst the sea has been calm, only rolling those big billows which seem but its healthy breathing, the sky has been foggy and sullen-looking, and prevented us from seeing the shores as they would have shown themselves had the sky been unclouded. In a few hours we lifted anchor and with head to sea, our fine ship cut loose from land and bravely pushed out upon the waters.

ON SAME SHIP, *Thursday, November 15, 1883.*

The days since Sunday have gone without incident, as usual the same routine—Breakfast, half-past eight to ten ; Lunch, one to two ; Dinner, six to eight ; sometimes, the hours remembered and the gong responded to by a good many passengers, sometimes by very few. The state of the weather and the condition of the sea determine the number. Monday and Tuesday were both quiet, and the tables were well occupied. Wednesday and to-day, the numbers have been few. On Tuesday night the wind rose and the ship has been tossing and

rolling since, which has made the bad sea-goers feel uncomfortable. This morning, of more than a hundred passengers scarcely a dozen appeared at Breakfast.

Whilst writing these lines very slowly, stopping every now and then for the vessel to right herself, I am entirely free from the Malady, and have not lost a meal. The Monster has not, so far, pursued me. The two easy victories he gained in the last few months, in crossing from the Continent to England seems to have satisfied him—that satisfaction and the plenteous material he has to work upon in my fellow passengers, seems to have restrained him from any attack on me. My pluck has returned, and confidence in my sea qualities has returned with it, and I never was better in my life, rolling now as I am, morning, noon and night on the “briny deep.”

Contrary to my usual habit, I have made few acquaintances; only those with whom I am directly thrown in contact, and then, not seeking or cherishing them. My travels for nearly seven months have been so constant, never resting, that I feel no inclination to talk to any more strangers. I spend my time in reading and thinking, and in so doing am having that time “good.”

I had not read any of the Papers Taylor sent me for three or four months; allowed them to remain in bulk with my Bankers in London, knowing nothing save what your Letters told me. I gathered them up, and since I left Liverpool have read them. I find I did a good thing not to let them abstract one hour even from my travelling time. I have lost nothing by permitting their contents to lapse into history, and I would lose nothing, it seems to me, if I did not remember a single incident they note; often matters discussed and sentiments expressed with which I can have no sympathy, and only calculated to excite my anger or something worse. We will postpone allusion to them till we meet.

They have a creditable little Library on board and I have found amusement there. I cannot sit or walk on deck with that pleasure you remember I enjoyed when navigating the Tropics. The Season and the Sea are “out of joint” for that, for were it warmer the Atlantic does not present those charms, either of water or air, which Tropic climes and seas are ever displaying. There I could sit upon the deck the livelong day, and see the while something to admire in the water, in the air, and their inhabitants; and when the sun

went down, the Sky resplendent with its stars, the Ocean dashing back their image in the vessel's wake.

This ship is said to be a good one, in her construction and sea-going qualities and appointments, but slow—her machinery not being powerful enough for her bulk. This may be so, and doubtless is, but as long as things go, as they are now doing, in order and comfort, and as long as the Monster keeps his victorious hands off me, and I have Books, from which I have for so many months withdrawn myself for “things,” I am not restless, save the simple impulse which makes me long to reach and see my home and friends again.

ON SAME SHIP, *Monday, November 19, 1883.*

Three days have gone since my last jottings—three days of Storm, with its antecedents and effects. Friday was very rough, the elements were gathering their forces, and sea and sky betokened the coming fray. Ugly-looking clouds scudded across the heavens, and in their acts and looks seemed to be inviting the waters to join them in their mad sport. The winds had not yet lifted up their wild voices about us, but had stirred the waves far off and their racers had overtaken or met us, and were bearing the ship upon their backs and carrying it roughly. On Saturday, all the elements had come together and united in their fierce Carnival. The clouds sent down their share in torrents of rain, the wind drove it like shot against and upon the vessel, and stirred up the Ocean into such confusion and tumult that the great hulk was tossed, sometimes it seemed, helplessly upon the waters. Standing or walking with safety was out of the question.

Happily I was not disturbed and the Monster came not nigh. He had so many victims under torture on board he overlooked me. I got a book and was sitting in the saloon, pretty full at the time of ladies and gentlemen, and quite absorbed, when a heavy wave struck the vessel's side and threw her almost flat. In much less time than I take to write it, I was pitched at one toss clear across the saloon, and on the top of a pile of men, women and children, who had preceded me. Fortunately no one was hurt, the carpets and cushions saved us. This kind of tumbling was going on the whole day, or we were kept busy in providing against it.

On Sunday the storm had abated, but its effects continued during the day, and from the rolling of the sea prevented much comfort on

board. Indeed the danger became greater to non-seafaring people, because they became less careful, and two were seriously hurt by being thrown violently upon deck or against the bulwarks. Strange that this should have been the first direct great storm I have experienced at Sea, though now my voyages have extended over so many thousands of miles. I have felt the ground swell of a distant storm, but never before its immediate attack.

To-day the Ocean is beautiful and calm, and we are making up in speed the many hours we have lost by adverse weather. We, of course, have given up all idea of reaching our port in ten days from the time of our departure, for we are now in our ninth and with even good weather, several days from New York. But the ocean is quiet or gently heaving, and the sun shining propitiously and everybody hopeful and bright, unless where the Monster is settling or has settled on them.

Whilst writing the last lines, a gentleman came into the saloon, took a seat near me and entered into conversation, and during it told me of an accident which had occurred on board, probably at the time my toss took place. A passenger was sitting in the smoking-room on the sofa near its centre when the wave struck; he was pitched violently against the side of the vessel in front of him; before he could recover himself the vessel righted, threw him like a shot across the room over the sofa on which he had been sitting, his head breaking a lamp and his heels breaking a panel of the wall on the opposite side of the apartment. How he escaped without a broken back or neck, is one of the mysteries which frequently attend such accidents. I mention this to give you some idea of a storm at sea. You are not always safe, though the vessel be.

Yet, notwithstanding these disagreeables, time to me passes pleasantly enough, principally in reading and ruminating; and having plenty of it, will now give you the result of my experiences. I will take a retrospective view of several points of which you wrote me. Though my friends so widely differ from me, I am now more satisfied than ever that I did right in not accepting hospitalities whilst abroad. In the first place it was against my inclination: I surely, in that sort of life have had enough in the last few years to satisfy; but the hours devoted to that must have been taken from those set apart for seeing objects which induced the tour, and now I am convinced that if I had commenced, much valuable time would have been consumed. I

have mentioned tenders of hospitality which I declined, many others occurred which I did not stop to name. Once begun, I am sure that in Great Britain I would have been handed round till the season for travel would have gone, and my long-looked-for pleasure have never come, filled with enjoyments which I have not been able fully to convey to you in words, and in which not one day was idly lost.

I have been asked more than once, if travelling alone is not lonesome? You will infer from my Letters without my answering, that I have not found it so. The Genius of Travel, to one who travels profitably, is ever sufficient company. With such Society many an hour is saved from inconsequential talk taken from the time which ought to be devoted to study and observation. And then dissimilarity of tastes and wishes pulling in different directions, often prevents the visiting of places wherein most is to be seen, and most profit to be derived.

As you have observed from my Letters, I have had much companionship in my tours, but they have been of short duration. Generally comparatively pleasant and one of great value to me in opening up unfrequented, and to me unknown, paths in Switzerland, and enabling me to visit that most interesting country far more profitably and more thoroughly than I otherwise would or could have done. But this was only a small section of my extended tour. Who would have been willing to have undergone the fatigues I endured for so great a length of time, and the minute manner in which I visited the countries and cities through which I passed? So that whilst I can readily answer, that I have never been lonesome, I can with equal readiness say, that to me it is most profitable to wander alone.

You have observed how I have traversed and re-traversed the same routes, leaving countries to return to them again, thus apparently increasing expense and losing time. Countries and places must be visited in their proper season, and to accomplish it, one must not watch the expense too narrowly, for nowhere, nor how, is expenditure often so profitable. When one is travelling he must not too rigidly count the cost, for the small additional sum it will require to see a place or object, is not to be counted in comparison with the object seen, and this is also true as to the mode or manner, or time in which you see it. If one mode of seeing it is better but costs more, pay the extra cost; it will always be money well spent.

As to losing time, there is not much time lost nowadays in moving

directly between distant places, because the means of locomotion are so rapid. But even if this were not so, a country to be visited profitably, as I have said, must be seen in its proper season. Thus, you know, I left the Continent to visit Northern England, Scotland and Ireland, and then returned to the Continent to travel there, and my experience proved the wisdom of my course.

Another result of my experience and observation is, that the cis-Alpine and the trans-Alpine countries ought not to be visited in the same tour, unless it is extended over many months. I take no credit to my not visiting Italy on this jaunt, for the necessities of the case required it, as I have told you in my Letters. But my views now, based upon experience, make me feel no regrets.

When one has seen the Museums and Galleries of England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Austria, he feels that it is time to rest awhile before he attacks those of Spain and Italy. The miles or acres of Canvas on which he has looked have so wearied the eyes that they weep for repose. Happily though, influenced by other motives, I, in my travels, so varied my scenes that constant change brought relief. And whether I see Italy or not, I am satisfied that had I gone there it would have been without that fresh and ready curiosity and vigor with which the charmed land ought to be invaded.

Before I drop this thing of Cost, my experience tells me that it is better in the end, more economical, to remunerate those liberally who wait upon you at hotels or render you any service—of course keeping an eye that you are not swindled; that is rarely if ever economical or wise. But the servants, I am informed, at the hotels in Great Britain and on the Continent receive but little pay, their reliance being on the guests. This is a wretched custom; but, being the custom, we must so take it, and I have found a not very large expenditure here renders them more attentive to your wants. At hotels where I have pursued this course, and returned to it after awhile, my arrival was hailed with manifestations of pleasure, either of real gratitude for favors received, or with Swiftian gratitude for those to come. The result is the same to the traveller, who is not called upon to investigate motives. The amount in the aggregate is not vast, even upon a long tour.

And, especially, amid the annoyances and vexations of travel, preserve your temper. I have been provoked at times to get mad and

thunder some, but never when the storm was overpast, without regret. There is nothing more persuasive among strangers than "a soul possessed." It is wonderful what strength it gives, and how unpleasantness is converted into peace. Repose is more powerful than passion. How profound, how true, "that he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." When I look back over the whole of my long travel, I am amazed how often the disinterested hand of help came from total strangers, and at times, too, when most grateful to me, induced often by quiet, unobtrusive bearing. Some of these I have mentioned in former letters, others I did not; omitted like many things, for want of time to name.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Friday, November 23, 1883.*

Yesterday, not long after mid-day, the good Ship "Pavonia" came to rest at her wharf in this city, after a voyage of twelve days, two days longer than usual on account of the rough sea and the storm of which I have told you. After that storm had torn the weather into threads, as it tore the sails of a hapless ship we sighted not far from us, and scattered them to the winds, it rested and from that time we ploughed through Summer seas with Summer skies above us. We could sit and walk on deck, and the Atlantic put on her cheeriest looks. To my eye, you know, not first-class sea-looks at any time.

I read, walked and thought, and had a good time generally, perfectly well as I had been through the whole voyage, and by virtue of that experience entirely recovered from my Channel panic, and as full of marine pluck as an old tar.

I continued to keep to myself, making no acquaintances, not knowing the name of a single man, woman or child on board save my room-mate, Mr. Coxon, who is intelligent, and well-informed, and made himself most companionable and agreeable. This seclusion, however, did not shield me from talk, for when I came out of my shell I had to have frequent talks with the passengers who kindly broached them, but I still did not know the name of a single one, nor seek to know.

Nor was I permitted to have my resolve to be quiet, only to be interrupted by these casual talks. I was waited upon and requested to preside, on the last night of our voyage, at an Entertainment, Vocal and Instrumental, to be given by the passengers in behalf of the

Asylum for the benefit of the Orphans of Seamen, established in Liverpool. I at first declined positively; but it would not do. The case was presented in such a light that to have continued in my resolve, would have been narrow and churlish. I did preside and made a speech, in which I ran a parallel between England and America in their National Lives. The result was one of those enthusiastic effects, which move an audience sometimes. Why? perhaps if analyzed, neither they nor the speaker could tell. The congratulations after awhile became so pronounced and so frequent, as to be embarrassing.

On the following day, as I have said, under a bright sun and with balmy temperature, we steamed into the lovely harbor of New York, meeting Steamers going out upon the same venture we had just finished, and winding our way through ships floating the flags of almost every Nationality.

I soon had my baggage off and passed through the hands of the Custom-House officers, who, upon learning who I was, treated me with the greatest courtesy. I sent my trunk to the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, and taking a cab came direct to this hotel. It was too late for bank hours by the time I was fixed, and therefore I was compelled to stay over for a day, to close up my financial matters with my Bankers.

Whilst walking through the hotel, a few moments after my arrival, I met with Col. Anderson, of Richmond, of the Regiment, you know, and he told me of the results of the Virginia Elections, and their effects. We will talk of them when we meet, and try to look out upon a larger and brighter future for our State.

I walked up Broadway and found it as muddy as usual, in such seasons or spells of weather. Many new houses have gone up, and fine ones, too. But I will not now discuss or discourse New York. I will only say New York is not London! The significance of which you can infer from what I have said of the latter in my Letters, and from what you know of the former.

I did not go out after night, but went to bed early. This morning, after breakfast, I went to the Depot—Courtland Street—to see that my baggage had been safely delivered there. I found it all right, and then went to my Bankers, Brown Brothers, in Wall street, and squared accounts; and then strolled about the streets, looked in

at the windows, like any other country Bumpkin, and into the Book-stores and Booths, indulging my prevailing taste.

Then walked over New York and Brooklyn Bridge; enjoyed and admired its wonderful proportions and architecture. Its end on the New York side is near the City Hall. It has a broad footway along its centre, on either side of which are tramways, operated by cable; and on either side of them, again, horse and wagon ways, making five broad roads over its entire length—the footway, as you advance towards its centre, spanning the rim, rises over the other ways and gives the pedestrians a magnificent view of the twin cities, looking on one side up the River, and on the other towards the Sea—I think the finest view that can anywhere be obtained of the cities themselves and their commercial facilities. Whatever shortcomings in other respects, as far as I have been and seen, the Bridge in magnificent proportions and finish has no rival in the world. It is certainly Gotham's greatest curiosity, and seems to be much used. I should think a delightful promenade, in summer, to catch the health-bearing breezes as they come in from the ocean.

In the evening I went to see and hear Irving and his Lyceum Company, in the Merchant of Venice, at the Star Theatre, corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway—Irving as Shylock, and Miss Terry as Portia. You know I saw him in London, in what I regarded as inferior rôles. I wanted to see him in a high one, that I might form some idea of the reach of his abilities. Once more I was disappointed. Miss Terry performed her part of Portia with skill, which amounted to genius; Irving showed again his obtrusive defects, both of manner and voice, which he did in London. His stagey strut and intonations, I am satisfied now, have grown into habits as fixed as second nature, and he can never rid himself of them. They were more pronounced in Shylock, than in either of the characters in which I had hitherto seen him, and the finished manner in which the Play was put upon the boards, and the excellent acting of other members of his corps, only rendered his defects the more conspicuous. He is not a great Actor, nor ever will be. From what I saw of him, you remember, I thought him a good fellow, of fine and generous impulses, which renders more sad the fate which awaits him, if he lives, should a rival appear in London with real genius. The crowds that now attend the Lyceum will dwindle away—he ought to make his hay while the sun is shining.

I will now close this, my last Letter, and mail it to you. To-morrow I leave for home. Let the Record of my doings end here where it began. When I recall the scenes which have trooped across my mental vision in the last seven months, and the incidents with which they are thronged under the rich and nutritious regimen of Travel, I seem to myself to have grown in stature. I now remit them with the infinite enjoyments and pleasures they afforded, from the Domain of Experience to that of Memory—"Like a tale that is told."

Affectionately,
F.

Drop me a letter and let me know how all are, and how things generally are treating you. I hope we shall soon meet and we will have much to talk about, not mentioned in these Letters. Were I to attempt to name them, many more Letters would have to be written. Send this to Margaret when you have read it.

ITINERARY.

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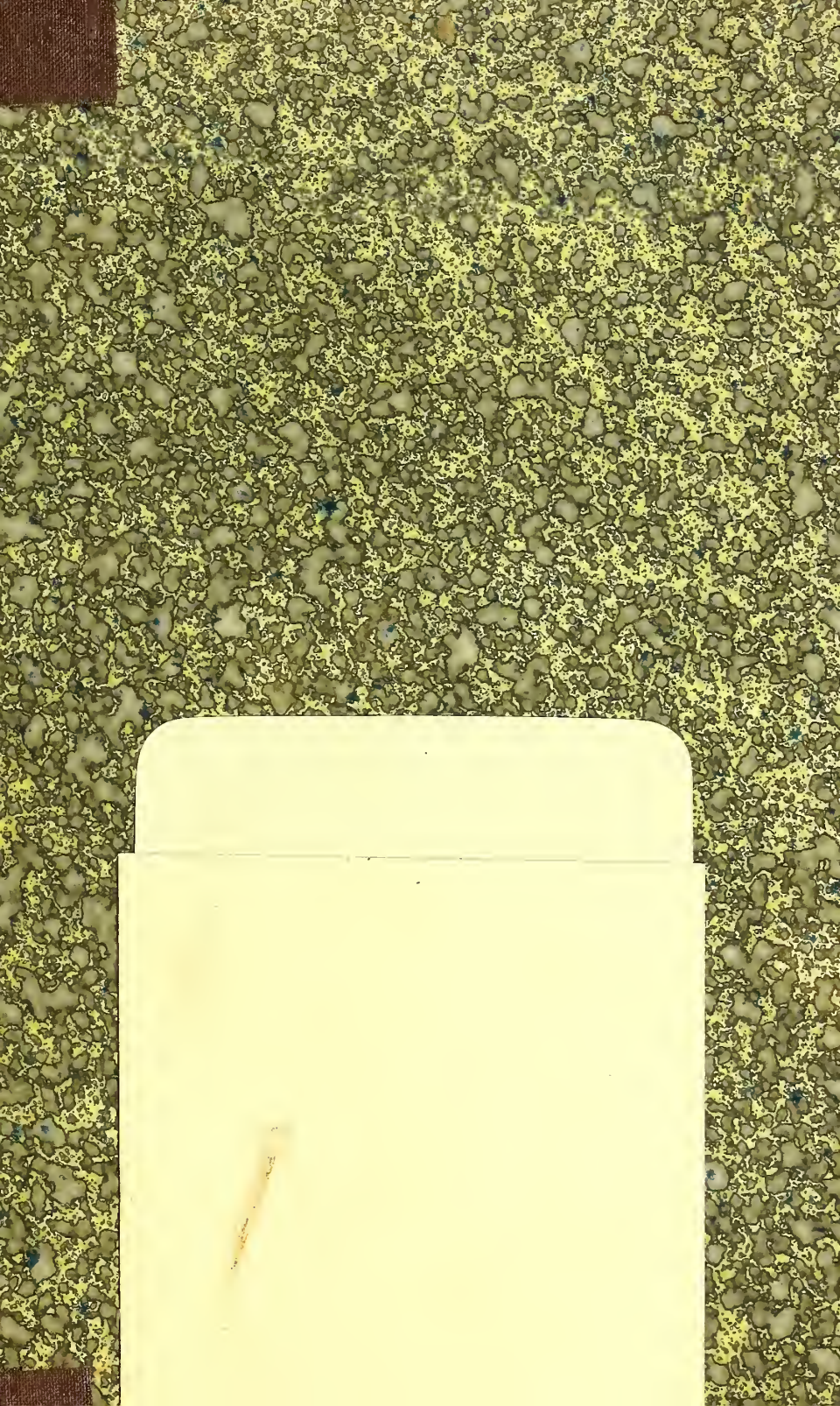
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